

JOSHUA REDIVIVUS.

OR

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's *[SAMUEL RUTHENFORD]* LETTERS,

Divided into three Parts.

THE FIRST,

Containing those which were written from *Aberdeen*, where he was confined by a sentence of the *High Commission*, drawn forth against him, partly upon the account of his declining them, partly upon the account of his *Non-Conformitie*.

THE SECOND, and THIRD,

Containing some which were written from *Arwoth*, before he was by the *Prelats* persecution thrust from his Ministry; and others upon divers occasions afterward, from *St. Andrews, London &c.*

Now published, for the use of all the people of God; but more particularly for those, who now are, or afterward may be put to suffering for Christ & his Cause; By a Wellwisher to the work, and people of God.

The fourth Edition,

JOH. 16. 1. They shall put you out of the synagogues: Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth God service, Vers. 3. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me.

1 THESS. 1. 6. Seeing it is a righteous thing with God, to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you. Vers. 7. And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, &c.

Printed in the Year 1692.

LOSHUA REDIVIVUS

O. R.

THE RIVER OF GOD

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CHRISTIAN READER.

Intended at first, to have given thee, the trouble of a larger Preface to these Epistles; but I perceived upon second thoughts: that as thou shouldest be at a loss in being thereby kept up too long at the entry, so I should gain but little by following my first look; & therefore I have on purpose forborn what I intended: Wherein, as I have pleased my self no worse, so I am sure I have pleased thee much better, than if I had followed forth a design, whereby thou couldest have reaped so little advantage: And therefore leaving and laying it aside, I shall confine my self to what doth more peculiarly relate to this great, little Book.

In the entry give me leave to tell thee, that as there are many of the Authors Papers, both polemick and practical, which he intended for publick use and advantage, that will never see the light, because (being like Appelles picture, which was either to be perfected by his own pencil or wholly laid aside) he carried his pen away with himself, leaving few in the generation that would undertake to follow his notion and finish it, or if they should essay it, it would be in the issue, *humano capitis cervicem iuncta fere equinam*: upon which account the Church of God may lament the loss of such a Master in Israel: as the world (I say) is, at no small loss, by being robbed of so rich a treasure, which was intended for them; so, these few, which the Author did not at all intend for publick use, are here sent abroad: he did violence to the desires of many in refusing to publish them (howbeit he was known to consult the satisfaction and advantage of the truly godly, more than his own contentment or ease) not because he thought them unworthy of a scholar, as not being stuffed with a great many sterill notions:

If any alledge this, it's *non Causa pro Causa*; but the true reason why he endeavoured to suppress and conceal them from the world, was, lest any man should think of him above what was meet, because (if not of the abundance of revelation, which yet God did indeed give his suffering servant, as will be clear by comparing what he foresaw, both as to the work in general, and as to some particular persons, with the event; yet) of the abundance of soul-refreshing manifestations that he had: 'This was the true reason which made him inexorable, and kept him from listening to the most pressing & assiduous entreaties of his friends: he had many things which commended him to the people of God, but his covering his great attainments as a Christian, and the pregnancie of his parts as a scholler, with the vail of humility (which is the chief ornament of a gracious spirit) as it did render him pecuniary & deservedly dear to them, so it made both the one and the other shine more brightly, & did besides their native and intrinsick beauty, give an adventitious brightness and lustre to all that great stock of Grace and store of Parts, which were found (*rara avis in terris*) joyntly in him. It was manifest to all who were but a little acquaint with him, that his modestie and humility was such, that in all his most eminent appearances for God, he studied to disappear, lest he should by standing up, be guilty of intercepting any part of that glory, which belongs to him alone, *of whom are all things, & for whom are all things*: neither was he at any loss hereby; for thus he became great in the Kingdom of God: his growing downward, in that high and Gospel-adorning grace of humility, made him grow upward in favour with God and all Good men; and thus by denying himself, and seeking God alone, he both found what he sought, and got what he was not willing to take, nor would own as his due.

But, besides this true account I have given, why the world was deprived of so useful and edifying a piece to this day; I think it should not pass without a remark, that God in his good providence, hath reserved the publication thereof, for such a time as this, wherein it seems to promise a singular advantage, beyond & above what was probably attainable at any other season: First, as the suffering people of God, who while they are deprived of these things in publick, for the most

most part, which comforted them over all their sorrows, and while the fountains of the Sanctuary (because the Philistines have stopped most of those wells, out of which they used to draw and drink with joy, that, which was sweeter to the taste, than honey to the mouth; or they have thrown that into them, which hath not only made them lose their former relish & sweetness, but hath rendred them so bitter, that they are now become gall and wormwood) are turned into howling and bitter lamentation; while it is thus, I say, with the people of God, that instead of being made glad in his house of prayer, as formerly, they are sighing for the ceasing of those solemn assemblies: they may in their sad hours commune with this sufferer, who not being willing to eat his morsel alone, speaks to them good words, and comfortably he telleth you, beloved sufferers, what a heavens is to be had in Christ's company, even when ye are put to bear the cross, & to have thame and suffering for his sake, as your inseparable companion: Neither is his discourse upon this subject, an empty or idle speculation; nay, he speaks what he knoweth; the God for whose Cause he suffered comforted him in the like tribulation, & so he is in case to comfort you, by the comforts, wherewith he himself was comforted of God. Next, as to those of the Ministers of the Gospel, who by the violence of their Adversaries are driven from their flocks [which to a godly Minister is the greatest of afflictions] such I say, may see for strengthening of their hands, while they are put to contend with those that are too strong for them, how this noble witness, who suffered for the same cause, carried, how he acquitted himself, & overcame: the Archers shot sore at him, but his bow abode in it's strength, the arms of his hands were made so strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob, that he was too hard for all that entered the lists with him: & when they thought they had done sufficient, either to force him to a compliance, or to make him faint under the effects of their fury, by depriving him of his ministry, which was dearer to him than his life, he was not by all this so much put to suffering (to speak properly) as he was for a season a little removed from the noise & distraction that is abroad in the world, to be alone with God. O blessed solitude! O sweet societie! he was taken out of the clamour

mour & confusion that is here below, up to the mount, where he was admitted to a neer familiarity, & experienced the sweetneſs of that fellowſhip with God, which he had preached unto others: Though he was not taken from the earth, yet he was not only kept from the evil that was then, and is now, in the world; but he enjoyed ſuch a heaven under his heavy preſſures, that if the being about his Maſter's buſineſs, had not been prized by him, as preferable to his own conſolation, he would have been in hazard of forgetting the troubles of Zion, and of ſaying, *it's good for me to be here*; but he was ſuch a ſervant, as made it his meat & drink to do his Maſters will; he had ſo learned Chriſt, as to prefer his concernments to his Chief joy; & therefore, ye will find him often in theſe Epistles, feaſting upon the conſolations of God, with the tear in his eye, while he remembers Zion, & calls to mind the deſolate condition of the ſtocks of Chriſt [particularly his own] for whom nothing was prepared. He found in his ſolitude ſuch a meaſure of preſence, as could hardly have been expected, out of the chamber of preſence, where there is fulneſs of joy & pleaſure for evermore: he knew more in this happy retirement, of the exerciſe of them who are above (who being made Kings unto God, have crowns upon their head, & being made prieſts alſo, ſacrifice theſe to the giver) then he could have learned, by revolving all the volumes that are written in many ages; amidſt the greateſt outward calm & tranquillity: This is the ſummer fruit which grew out of the hard tree of the croſs of Chriſt that he was put to bear, which was ſo ſweet to his taſte, that it made him diſdain the dainties of his Adverſaries, and diſreliſh theſe ſour and unſavoury delights of the ſons of men, which however they may at firſt ſeem to have ſome petty ſweet in them, yet they quickly ſet the teeth of the eater on edge, and are found bitter in the belly, and of a bad digeſtion: Theſe were the quiet fruits of righteouſneſs that his ſervant reaped by his ſufferings for Chriſt, & that in ſuch plenty, that out of his abundance, he ſends ſome baſkets of theſe ſweet fruits abroad amongſt his friends, both to bring up a good report upon his liberal Lord and Maſter, who allows on his followers, while they are pinched with penury of other comforts, full meaſure, heaped up, running over, and ſhaken together, and upon the croſs of
Chriſt

Christ also, to the end it might appear, that this burden is so far from imbittering the life of a suffering saint, that by the contrary, as the sufferings of Christ abound in him, so his consolation also aboundeth by Jesus Christ. The publication then, I say, of these Epistles, seems in providence to be trysted on purpose, with the sufferings of his servants at this time, that we may be encouraged by his example, to a Zealous faithfulness, & a cheerful suffering, & may wax bold by his bonds, under, & in which, he did experience much of the glorious liberty of the sons of God: How oft do we find him preferring his confinement to all the sublunary contentments of his persecuters? here did he feed upon these pure and unmixed delights, which put such gladness in the heart; as expels all the latent & lurking griefs that are there, and causeth the soul, while surrounded with all outward trouble to sing, while they feed upon ashes, and fill their belly with the east wind, who feast upon the tears of the people of God, and seem to have nothing else to interrupt their tranquillity, but how they may trouble the children of peace: It was under this restraint, and in this house of his bondage, when being shut up from, and spoiled of all creature comforts, that he found the surpassing sweetness of the consolations of God: which taste best when they are most free of the mud, & mixture of other enjoyments: there it was where he found the truth of that saying of *Augustin*: *Tanta est dulcedo celestis gaudii, ut si una guttula diffunderet in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni absorberet*: If one drop of heavenly joy should fall into hell, it would swallow up, or sweeten, all the bitterness of that place of torment. The love of God and the joy of the Holy Ghost, was so abundantly shed abroad in his heart, while he was in the furnace, that his cross was not only made thereby light & easie, & his life pleasant, but ye have him often saying (because he found by these foretastes what inconceivable consolation must be in the immediat vision and full fruition of God) that if there were no other way to come at the possession of that blessedness, he would, not only chuse to swim through a sea of outward troubles; but he would wade through the lake of fire and brimstone, to be possessed of God himself: and there is none, who knew the gracious sobriety of this holy man, that will judge he complemented in saying so: nay, there are

none, who have found what a cool refreshing shade and abundant consolation the soul finds, in the company of the son of man, while they walk with him amidst the flames of the most scorching fiery trials: but they would think strange, if he spake otherwile. Let us then be ashamed to scare at the cross, or at Christ's company, because of it; since it bears the man, who bears it: Let us resolve to take joyfully the loss of all things, life it self not being excepted, in the service of such a Master, who makes us gainers by our losses, and then in a special way makes up all our wants, according to his riches in glory, when we have forsaken all to follow him: Let us study to carry in the sight of Adversaries, as men who cannot be made miserable by affliction: for if we be but indeed faithful to him, we are more happy at our worst, then we know; or rather we are only in so far miserable, as we know not how happy we are: he who is admitted to know that he hath a place in the heart of God, needs but care little what he meet with from the hand of man: this may wipe all tears from his eyes, even while he sighs out that sad word, *I am poor and needy*, that he knoweth, and is in case to add that other, yet the Lord *thinketh upon me*, & doth earnestly remember me still: And by the way (though it's neither far out of my way nor thine, nor excentrick to my present purpose) let me say, that if the question were moved, how it cometh to pass, that he found so much, and other worthy sufferers also before him, that these things seem almost dreams, and incredible to us? truly (without speaking any thing of the absolute sovereignty of God, who may do with his own what he will, and dispense as he pleaseth, both as to measure & time) the reason may seem to be very obvious: his, & their witness-bearing for Jesus Christ, did every way, & in all respects, exceed our's: They gave to God as Kings [though it was of his own they served him] their *Testimonies*, against the corruptions of their times, whether in *King*, or *Parliament*, or *Church-men*, had so much of ministerial faithfulness, so much of freedom, so much of grave and Gospel-becoming boldness in them, so much holy zeal, even for the least of the concerns of the Kingdom of Christ—[upon which we are loath to state our sufferings, or for the keeping whereof we are unwilling

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to hazard the loss of any thing] that it was apparent, they loved him so well, that they loved not their lives unto the death, and that Christ could require nothing of them, as a signification of their zeal for his interests, which they were not at a point to part with, and were not ready to give away: And he upon the other hand, to make it appear, that they could not serve the Lord for nothing, and to evidence his special complacency in such a zealous frame of spirit, did, not only extraordinarily support them under their trouble, so that they did not sink, even when they seemed to others, to be pressed out of measure, and beyond strength; but did manifest himself in a most familiar manner unto them, so that when they were almost at this, that they had nowhereupon to lay their head, they had then free access, to lean it and lay it on his bosom: in a word, God did declare, that he thought nothing too great, nor too good for them, who gave themselves away so intirely to him: so that if the question were asked at God, whence is it, that there is so vast a difference betwixt his dealing with his former witnesses, and those who now give some kind of testimony to his name? He could quickly silence and put to shame the movers of that question, by sending us back, to see what a difference there is, betwixt what those worthies did and suffered for him: and what we have done, though under more obligations, at least subjective, under more oaths, Covenants, engagements, protestations, and these often reiterated, than many of them were: He met them, as men whose hearts were lifted up in the wayes of the Lord, as men who rejoyced and wrought righteousness, and could neither be flattered nor frowned out of their fidelitie and freedom, and he hides himself from us, as it were ashamed of such witnesses, whose very testimony is so unworthy of such a Master, and so far short of what it ought to be, as if indeed we were ashamed of him and his truth, or thought the torn and the lame a sufficient sacrifice for him. It was not the main question of these men in a suffering time, how much they might let go, and yet keep the substantials of religion, or how long they should be silent, out of fear, lest while they endeavoured to acquit themselves faithfully, they should both be reput rash and imprudent, and provoke the Magistrate, by venting their
needed-

needleſs jealousies, to do what he intended not: They did not think it enough to give ſome oblique intimation of their diſlike, or half ſignification of their deteſtation of theſe courſes, whereby they conceived their Maſter's intereſts, wronged his prerogative, incroched upon, and the whole indangered: Nay, nay, theſe men of God, who knew the times, and what Iſrael had to do, thought ſuch a carriage unworthy of the Ambaſſadours of Chriſt, who are ſet for the defence of the Goſpel, and upon the matter but as a touching of Aſſes under the burden: they would ſooner have parted with their lives, than with one hoot of what belonged to their Maſter. They thought it more worthy of a watchman, to put all on their guard, upon the leaſt appearance of the approach of an enemy, than ſuffer themſelves to be ſhamefully ſurpriſed in their ſecurity: And they thought it more like the good ſouldiers of Jeſus Chriſt, to cover the ground where they ſtood with their dead bodies; then, as afraid or terrified by their adverſaries in any thing, to make a diſhonourable retreat: He who would have put them from witneſſing a good confeſſion, when the danger of the work of God called them to cry aloud and not to ſpare; behoved, not onely to have threatned them (for that would not have done the buſineſs, they being men of ſuch mettal, as could have looked death out of countenance in it's moſt formidable ſhape, and carryed in the face of all oppoſition, as thoſe whom no affliction could make miſerable) but to ſilence them perfectly, he behoved to have ſent them into the other world; which could not be terrible to them, who had the certain expectation, that if ſo diſmiſſed, they ſhould take up their place amongſt the ſouls under the Altar, ſlain for the word of God, and their teſtimony that they held: And I may ſay particularly, to the commendation of the grace of God, in this his faithful ſervant (who having ſerved his generation according to the will of God, is now fallen aſleep) that to the obſervation of all, he never was afraid of the face of man, in appearing for the intereſts of Chriſt, neither knew he what it was to be ſilent, when he ſaw theſe in hazard; nay, he was ſuch a ſon of Levi, as knew neither friend nor brother in the matters of God: Which bleſſed diſpoſition did accompany him to his grave; for though ſuch was the

indulgence of his Master to so faithful a servant, that he
would have him to die in peace (though he denied him not
the honour of a martyr, dying under a sentence of confine-
ment to his own house) plucking him out of the jaws of a
bloody death, wherewith he was threatned, and which
was intended for him, by them whose indignation had
almost come to that hight, as to say upon the matter, *bring
him hither upon the bed that we may kill him*: for not being
satisfied with the testimony of the Physicians, nor the Ma-
gistrates, nor the Ministers of the place, certifying, that
he was not able to travel to *Edinburg* [as by the sequel was
too sadly confirmed] he was confined in his own house, when
he was not able to go abroad, & put to shame in that place,
where he had deservedly gained the repute of one of the most
learned & successfully laborious Doctors, that ever had filled
that chair, & one of the most faithful & diligent Ministers
that ever watched over, or laboured amongst a people. *Alas
Scotland, Scotland!* whicher hast thou caused thy shame to go?
If it had been an enemy who had sought to deal thus with thy
Seers & faithful Prophets, it had become thee better, to have
hid these by fifties in caves, from the fury of their enemies,
or if thou couldest not have preserved the lives of such wor-
thies, either to have died with them, or to have made it ap-
pear, thou only lived to lament the loss of a greater trea-
sure, then if thou hadst lost all the gold of *Indie* and *Ophir*:
but for thy own sword to devour thy own Prophets, & that
under the colour of law, what canst thou say for this that
will satisfie? what Apology canst thou make to God, for mis-
using his Prophets, & shedding the blood of the just in the
midst of thee? What canst thou say for satisfying the
Nations, who have heard of the renown of these
men, these precious sons of *Zion*, comparable to
fine gold, who have been dashed in pieces in the midst of
thee, and dealt with, as earthen pitchers, the work of the
hands of the potter? wilt thou not be speechless, & not
have wherewith to Answer him that reproveth and repro-
ched thee? Canst thou look forward, and not blush to
think; what succeeding generations will say of thee? What
wilt thou say, when it shall be asked, by one whom thou
must Answer, what manner of men were these whose
blood thou didst shed? (however thou hast represented
them

them now as malefactors, that thou mightest deal for with them; yet then must thou say) all of them were as the sons of Kings. Ah Scotland! Scotland! the most solemnly ingaged to God, and the most guilty and ungrate of all the nations under the heavens: Dost thou not fear after all this, the cry of the souls under the Altar? *Saying with a loud voice, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?* Thou was once made use of as a Carpenter, to fray the horns of them who did push the inheritance of the Lord; but now the spirit of the horns hath entered into the Carpenters: and dost thou think thy self secure after all this? It's true, there is no visible power or party upon earth, of whom thou hast much reason to be afraid; but remember, that he who is higher than the highest regardeth, who will make inquisition for the blood of his saints, which thou hast shed and his interests: If thou wilt fear nothing else, let me recommend the *Scythian* fear unto thee, of whom it is reported, that they fear nothing, *but that the heavens should fall upon them:* Alas! if thy enemy be above thee, how wilt thou guard thy head, or secure thy heart, when he gives the blow, and recompences thy way upon thine own head? but if thou wilt still go on, and instead of smiting on thy thigh, and saying, what have I done? harden thy self, and think to prosper; I shall desire Grace to have such a frame of soul, as to weep for thee in secret: but to return to my purpose from which this sad meditation hath a little withdrawn me: though such, I say, was the tenderness of his master to this servant, yet when he had nothing else to complain of (being for many dayes together before his death, filled with as much joy of the Holy Ghost as he could hold) he went away regretting this (though with a sweet submission to his Master's will) that he died not in that bed of honour, and was not brought forth, to breath out his life and last upon a scaffold, since his Master was dealing such favours amongst his followers (for to some (and blessed be he eternally who carried them honourably through) it was given, not only to believe, but also to suffer, and to the convictions of their enemies, as men who seemed rather to triumph over that King of terrors, than to be daunted by it's dreadful aspect:) and since
he

he was taking such proofs of the fidelitie and affection of
 some of his followers, it will not be amiss, for this pur-
 pose, to insert his own words, which were taken from his
 mouth, not once but often reiterat: Now [said that faith-
 ful servant, even when he was upon the threshold of glory,
 ready to receive the immortal crown] *my tabernacle is weak,*
and I would think it a more glorious way of going hence, to lay
down my life for the cause, at the Cross of Edinb'rg or St. An-
drews; but I submit to my Master's will. Is it any wonder
 then, I say, since he, and those other worthy mens way in
 witnessing for God, was so unlike ours, and so far beyond
 what is to be found in our faint appearances for him, as
 the one keeps no proportion with the other; that there
 should be so remarkable a difference, betwixt his bearing
 witness to, and testifying his complacencie in what they did,
 and what we do: if there be, for the most part, some pro-
 portion, betwixt the dispensation of God, and the disposi-
 tion of men; What wonder, that he who admitted them
 to the nearest familiarity with himself, deal thus with us,
 and so let us know his breach of promise? nay, if there be
 anything strange, and to be wondered at in this, it is ra-
 ther, that he hath not been more terrible to us, by writing
 his displeasure against our lukewarmness in greater Cha-
 racters, than that we have not been more indulgently dealt
 with. It is exceedingly of all our concerns, to lay this
 to heart, and seriously to consider, whether this be not
 the very thing that makes him keep a distance from us. I
 suppose, upon a very overly search, and survey of our way,
 it will be found, that by our unworthy carriage in his mat-
 ters, we have rewarded this evil to our own souls: Our suf-
 fering [if it deserve that name] is with less edification and
 advantage to the Church, and less comfort to our own
 souls; because if our testimony be weighed in the Ballance of
 the sanctuary, it will be found light, and to want many
 pounds, not only of what it ought to have, but what theirs
 had whose work was found perfect before God. But if we be
 really desirous, to be dealt with as they were [and what is so
 desirable, next to heaven, and the coming of the Kingdom
 of the son of God upon the earth] let us endeavour to carry
 as they did: were they not men of the like passions and in-
 firmities with us? why then should not we aim, to be

men of the like faithfulness and zeal with them : then is it ; that we may hope to have sweet and halcyon dayes in his service ; such as will make us the envy of our enemyes , a comfort to our friends , and an ornament to our profession : hereby shall a good report be brought up upon the ways of God , and we shall be living witnesses , that Godliness with all disadvantages , and when accompanied with the fiery trial , is great gain , and hath it's hundred fold in this life , even with persecution. Let us study to be like them in going about our Master's work , and then we have rational ground to hope , that he who shewed by his dealing with the cloud of witnesses that went before us (and do still compass us about , and call to follow on) that he was not unrighteous , to forget their zeal in doing , their patience in suffering , their work and labour of love ; will also remember us , with the favour that he bore to these who went before us : then may we expect that he will say to our souls in secret , when we have faithfully acquitted our selves for him in publick , go your way now , and eat your bread , though it be brown , with joy , and drink your drink , though it be not wine , with a merry heart : for I have accepted your works , and these are come up in remembrance with me. O but one of these hours , which *Mr. Rutherford* had in God's company , were worth many years suffering , and sweating in the heat of the day ! I know the *Prelats* and their Party , will think themselves at a loss , to hear of it , or have it said , that God did admit to such familiarity with himself , his faithful witness against the wickedness of their way [I grant indeed , it is a special prejudice to them ; for though it be strange , yet they who persecute his favourites and followers , would even be thought to do God good service] but lest I should seem to say , that there was some singularity in God's dealing with him [which I know would grate the ear of some of them , who pretend to be chief amongst the rest , that had a particular spleen against this eminent servant of Jesus Christ . I need not trouble the world in telling them who he is , that being no secret , though I know not whether he would blush to have it said , he hated and persecuted a man , so greatly beloved of God , and dear to all his people , or if he would not rather boast of it ; I owe him the charity that the latter of the two will be his choice , and that for fear of being

ing charmed he will stop his ear from hearing that, *why persecutest thou me?* and will essay to justifie himself, and satisfie others, by saying (according to his accustomed candor and conscience) that he was a ring-leader amongst the Phanaticks: it will sound harsh also I know, in the ears of them, who, in joyning with him, have served themselves heirs, to these, who went before them, in persecuting him, and such faithful men as he was: For as they have come in their places, so they persist in their practices, only with this difference, that in making havock of the Church of God, they out-do all that ever made Apostasie to that way, and run at that rate, in endeavouring the ruin of the work of Reformation, as if they were afraid to be out-run by any who should come after them, or have it said, that there had ever been men, who with more malice did persecute, and stretch forth their hands, not against certain of the disciples, but against the whole Church of God. Reader, Pardon I pray thee, that I now and then digress in a parenthesis, while these men come in my way, for thou knowest very well according to the proverb, that the devil should have his due, and I desire to do them justice, & here I close it, if they should take it ill, I say, to have so much said to the advantage of this worthy man. If it will be acceptable to them to hear it, I have a mind to gratifie them so far, as to say, that *Mr. Rutherford* was not alone in this, as his practice in that opposition was not peculiar to himself (for he but walked in the way of them who left him an example, to continue with Christ in his temptations) so, his privileges were not so peculiar to himself, that he had none to share with him: And therefore I say [if they can reap any satisfaction by having it said, or if they have a mind still to quarrel, see if there be any of them in case to convince me of a falshood] that God made it known, not only to themselves, but to the world, how highly he esteemed the fidelity of others also before him, who were his constant witnesses against introducing and establishing of *Pre-lacy* in Scotland, he not only made themselves find what favourits they were, by putting them (if I may say so) upon his secrets: (for *Mr. Davidson*, *Mr. Welsh*, *Mr. Bruce* and many others of the valiant souldiers of Christ and worthy witnesses

in their time, were known to have been Prophets (which I could evince by many particular passages, but they deserve a more honourable mention, and it may be some will undertake it, then to be shut up within the limits of a parenthesis) particular removed Mr. *Welsh*, who at home, and abroad in *France*, was taken notice of, as an extraordinary man, as a servant from whom his Master did not conceal what he was about to do: not one word hath fallen to the ground, of all that which by that *Seer* was foretold, concerning the trouble of *Scotland*: Hath not the sword of strangers, according to his prediction, been made drunk with the blood of the slain? Is not Christ crucified this day in *Scotland*, which he foresaw would follow? Yea, and buried too; and for fear that he should rise again, there is by the procurement of the chief *Priests*, a watch set, the great stone rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre is sealed, and all made as sure as they can: because if he rise upon them again, this last error will prove worse than the first by far: the Lord, I say, hath fulfilled in every circumstance the word of his servant hitherto; only the last part of it is not yet accomplished, wherein he foretelleth of the glorious resurrection of Christ crucified and buried in *Scotland*; but the exact accomplishment of the former, puts us in expectation of the latter, notwithstanding that the great stone of an *Ast rescissory*, and many subsequent *Acts* (suitable to that sad One, is rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre, and notwithstanding that the *Priests* (the *Prelats* I should say) have by their importunity, procured an order from the Magistrate to make it as sure as they can, and being now clothed with the formality of that law whereby he was crucified (for alas we have a law now, by which law he must die!) they are most diligent in setting their watches and making all fast: This is the thing, I say, that his sad-hearted disciples are in expectation of; notwithstanding of all the endeavours of his enemies to the contrary, and then *Prelacy* in *Scotland* will breath out it's life and last together: for between Christ's rising and reigning, and their falling, there hath ever been seen amongst us, a certain connection: And truly for as great an enemy as they may think me, I would make a very friendly overture unto them (I grant I come to counsel uncalled, and I hope also, that my soul shall never enter

into

into their secrets) and this is the advice I have to give them; that they would even look so far before their nose, as to make their Testament, so long as they are in case to go to Kirk and market; but I fear I lose my labour; for ere ever Judas will part with his pieces, he is in the next door to hang himself, and who can help it, God not only dealt thus with them, I say, as to put them upon his secrets, but he made their very enemies take notice of them oft-times, as men that had been with Jesus. Hath it not been a heart-staying, and hand-strengthening *remark* amongst the servants and people of God in our native Land, especially in a declining time, that God did singularly shine from heaven upon, and shew his satisfaction in the way, and towards the persons of those of his servants, who stood firm in their opposition to Prelacy; and that he did as signally, one way or other, either sooner or later, give significations of his dislike of the way and persons of them who turned aside to these crooked courses? And was it ever more visible (as to the latter part) than at this day? It may be that they will think it sufficient to convince me of a lye, that their greatness and grandure is such, as if they had monopolized to themselves all the riches and honour of the Nation; but if they will have patience to hear me to *Amen*, I may possibly convince them of a truth they are not willing to hear, for I only grant, that they have forgotten their Master's directions, inhibiting them, to lift up themselves above their brethren, but I will grant them this also [for they must have much given them] that they have carryed away the *primacy*, and *precedency* from the Nobility, on whose necks they now trample; but when all this is granted them, yet they have not convinced me of telling an untruth: they must have leave to put out mine and other mens eyes besides, [which we are not willing to give them; though if any man would gratifie his Grace, and their Lordships, he must part with these in the first place; for an implicit faith is the basis and foundation of their Kingdom of darkness, without which, it would fall about their ears, and but overwhelm them in the rubbish, and that would be very sad to them; for I suspect they have no great mind to die] before this come so much as under debar, almost with indifferent men, whether God be angry at their way? His very giving of
d.c.m

them up, to persecute his people and servants, sayes nothing, if it say not this; that what ever be their outward prosperity, he hath classed them with *Pharaoh*, in pouring out his plagues upon their heart: Is not this seen, that so soon as a man becomes serious in seeking of God; he becomes the butt of their malice, and the mark against which they bend their bow, and shoot the arrows of their indignation? And so soon as any begins to mind seriously the concerns of his soul, then, *sine monitore*, he falls in a dislike with them, and their way: I do not say, that all who hate the *Pre-lats* are *Saints*; for there is sufficient in their way to make them odious to others; but is not this known, that these who once begin to set their face towards God, turn their back upon them? I am sure this observation does seldom fail, or can be proved false in our native Land: And then on the other hand, since these men were exalted, do not the wicked walk on every side? Is there not a profane spirit (the constant attendant of *Episcopacy* in *Scotland*) broken loose in the land? Is there not such a flood of impiety running through the land, that carries most men down the current, as hath hardly been seen? hath not this leprousie spread it self over the whole land? So that we are an abomination and talk to all about us: And if any would endeavour to accomplish a diligent search, to find out the fountain that casts forth this mire and dirt, to the defiling of the Land; and defacing of congregations, he would it may be find it where it ought least to be expected: These streams of impiety and impurity run from the sanctuary; hence is it, that profaniry goes forth through the whole land; and can it be otherwise when so many faithful Ministers are driven away, and men put in their places to handle the law, of most of whom without breach of Charitie, it may be said, that they know not God, and care not for the souls of his people: It's under the shadow of this plant (which because it is not of our heavenly father's planting, we live under the expectation, and, though our eyes should be shut before we see it, we hope to die in the faith of it's being pluckt up) that these weeds have grown up, so that alas! The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is now no more like his inclosure, it bringeth forth briars and thorns instead of good fruit: He planted the
Church.

Church of *Scotland* a noble vine, wholly a right seed, but since it became a seminary for Prelats, the conversation of the generalitie proclaims this, that we are turned into the degeneration of a strange vine unto him: This is the Prelatical reformation, which is sutable to it self all along; for having purged out of the church the faithful Ministers of Christ [and the few who are yet remaining, being in expectation of the same lot] what can follow among the people: but, that the Land should be drown'd with a deluge of profanity? And are we not for the most part (Oh if with a suitable measure of sorrow I could make mention of it) as the children of the *Ethiopians* to him? Are not our spots unlike the spots of his people? This observation, I say, as it was a very heart-staying consideration in former times, and was instead of many arguments amongst them who were no great disputants: so I hope: (since it was never more evident) it will still prove a heart-establishing consideration in the faith once delivered to the saints.

Reader, how desirous soever thou mayest be, to have dead *Mr. Rutherford* live in the hearts of the present and succeeding generations, by an account of his singularly gracious life, and answerably glorious death: yet, I shall not [for that would lead me a length beyond the just limits of an Epistle, where, contrary to my purpose, I find my self almost arrived already] be able to satisfy thy desire, nor answer thy expectation. It's not my present work to tell thee, that he was a Gentleman by extraction. That he was educated at Schools and Colledges, where he was admired for the Pregancy of his parts, and deservedly looked upon, even then, as a person of whom great things might be expected: Of his being pitched upon for a Profession of Philosophy by the Colledge of *Edinburg* [where he was educated] when he was yet very young. Of his being called thence to the Ministry in *Arnoth* [to which charge he entered, by the means of that worthy Noble-man my Lord *Kennet*, without giving any engagements to the Bishop] where he laboured night and day with great success, the whole country being to him, and accounting themselves, as his particular flock: There it was, where he wrote that great Master-piece of Learning against the *Arminians* [which yet was but a compend of what he then intended, his *Exercitatione Apologetica* :

Of his persecution by the *Prelats*, who were so sound in the faith, as to challenge and accuse him for writing that book. Being called before their *high Commission court*, he appeared and declined it, as none of the Courts of Christ [nor was there need of any thing else for a confirmation that it came not from on high, but from below, save it's procedor; for it's *Acts* had the very dy and visage of hell upon them: If they will plead that it is from above, they will be puzzled to pitch upon a period, or fix upon any other time when it came down, except with the *fallen Angels*; but it may be, this pleases such *Angells* of the Church [so they will be called] for they boast much of Antiquity: And truly that which gives ground for this conjecture, that it came down from heaven in that company, is, that it persecutes the Saints and servants of the *most high*; and if there were none such upon earth, it would have no work] and was by this *high Commission* put from his ministry, and sent to *Aberdeen*, where the Doctors found to their confusion, that the *Puritans* were *Clergy-men* as well as they, on his returning to his former Charge, upon that happy change of affairs, in the Year 1638. & his being shortly after sent to the profession of *Theology* in the *University of Sa Andrews* by the *Generall Assembly* [where he was also called to be worthy *Mrs. Blair's* Colleague in the Ministry] which being the seat of the *Arch-bishop*, was the very Nursery of all *superstition* in worship, and *Errors* in Doctrine, and the sink of all *Profanity* in conversation amongst the Students: where God did so singularly second his servants indefatigable pains, both in teaching in the *Schools*, and preaching in the *Congregation*, that it became forthwith a *Lebanon*, out of which were taken *Cedars* for building the house of the Lord through the whole land: Not a few of whom are this day, amongst those, who have obtained mercy of the Lord, to be his faithful witnesses, against *Scotland's* present shameful and unparallelled defection: Of his being sent with other worthy Ministers, by the *General Assembly*, to the famous *Synod at London*; where, during the time of his abroad, he published several pieces: In a word, of his unparallelled painfulness, and holy Zeal in being about his Master's business; so that he seemed to pray constantly, to preach constantly, to catechise constantly, to be still in visiting the sick, in exhorting
from

from house to house, to teach as much in the schools, and spend as much time with the young men, as if he had been sequestered from all the world besides: and withal, to write as much, as if he had been constantly shut up in his closet [sufficient proof whereof hath been given to the world, by the many pieces he hath published: but the great bulk of Manuscripts which he hath left behind him, and must lie buried with himself, will put this further out of doubt] so that one *Mr. Rutherford* seemed to be many able godly men in one, or one who was furnished with the grace and abilities of many. It is not, I say, my present purpose, to give any particular account to the world of these; or of the many things he had to wrestle with, especially towards the end of his dayes, and of his edifying death; that may be done hereafter, by a more dexterous hand, and skillful pen, with much advantage and edification to the Church of God: Only I may say, that if amongst the heathens, *Hercules* was looked upon, as so far both above the applause of any, who undertook to commend him, & beyond the reach of the obloquie & reproach of any, who had so fallen out with his wits, as to derogate from his worth; that it was a Probleme amongst them, whether he who undertook to praise him, or he who vented any thing to his prejudice, did commit the greatest *Salaciism* (tho' it was but *Bestima gloria* whereof he could boast) I suppose, with more reason, among them who know better to make the true parallel betwixt things that differ, and are more fit to judge of that, which is of true worth, and great price in the sight of God, I should seem more ridiculous to say much to the advantage of the Author, whose praise [without the help of my blunt pen] is in all the Churches of Christ; whose manner of life, in all Godliness and holy conversation, rendered him dear to the lovers of holiness, and who hath left his name for a blessing to the chosen of God: he was a true *John the Baptist* indeed, *totus, vox*, a voice in habit, gesture, and conversation: in a word, in his life, and at his death, he obtained that mercy of the Lord, even when he said nothing, to preach to all who beheld his conversation [which was observed to be in heaven, while he conversed amongst men] that there was nothing good, but to draw near to God: And now being got up above, amongst those pages of honour, who wait upon the King's own person, and having taken up his place

amongst the spirits of iust men made perfect (after which
this saint often panted , and for which he prayed night and
day) he doth by these *Epistles* , which he hath left behind
him (wherein thou wilt perceiue how his soul was
drawn forth in uncessant longings after that whereof he is
now possessed) cry aloud to you his companions , the
saints that are in the world , to come up hither and see ,
that , which cannot be seen while ye are there ; that ,
which is only worth the seeing ; that , which if it were
known , would make you quarrel with death for delaying
to shut your eyes upon other objects : Leave the dark world
(doth he say) and come up hither to this blessed land of
light , where all our childish thoughts of God are gone ,
and vanished in this noon-day-vision , where the *under-*
standing is fully illuminat , and there is no cloud to be-night
or eclipse the soul in it's uptakings of God , where the
will hath a through compliance with , and a perfect com-
placencie in the *will* of God , where the *affections* do eter-
nally run in a straight line towards him , and are forever
put beyond hazard of diverting towards any other thing ,
or of being enamoured with any other object. Though I
have no purpose to insist on the particulars of his life ,
or death , I say , yet before I close this section , there are
two things which I cannot , I ought not , for all the haste ,
to conceal or let pass without a *remark* , because one was
looked upon by many , as a thing very observable , and the
other , will I know , be taken notice of , and welcomed by
all the people of God : The first relates to the time when
this faithful labourer was removed to his rest , which was
the night following that dark , and dismal day , wherein
the *Act Rescissorie* was past , the Lord thereby shewing a
special piece of indulgence to his servant , in not adding
grief to his sorrow , but hiding it from these eyes , which
had accustomed themselves to trickle down without in-
termission , both for what he saw , and what he foresaw :
Since the *Parliament* of Scotland , so solemnly engaged to
God , would at once burst all these bonds , and cast away
these Cords from them , which were neither our bondage
nor our burden , but the badge of that glorious liberty ,
whereinto with a strong hand he had vindicat us : and
upon the matter , they would needs say to the God whose
sworn

sworn subjects and servants they were, *be gone from us*; he would not let his faithful servant [whose zeal to the work of God was such, that if the report of this shameful revolt had not killed him at the first hearing outright; yet it alone, without any other sickness, would have been more than enough, to have brought down his head with sorrow to the grave] see another sun arise upon that Land, out of which the sun of righteousness was banished by a law: And alas! Who would desire to dwell where Christ may not reside with freedom, honour, and safety? Who, that prefers Jerusalem to their chief joy, would love to out-live the departing of the glory? Might not Jesus Christ have said to our Parliament, for which of my good deeds is it, that ye stone me? Have I been a wilderness or land of drought unto you? Were ye not honourable and renowned amongst the Churches abroad, after ye became precious in my sight? Did I not make your Adversaries sensible, that he who touched you, touched the apple of mine eye, so long as ye were stedfast in my Covenant? and even after ye had left your first love, and declined from the integrity of your espousals, I only visited this transgression with the rod, and this iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, my loving-kindness did I not utterly take from you, nor suffered I my faithfulness to fail: though I punished you as a Nation, I dwelt amongst you as a Church; and I did not remove your teachers into corners, but your eyes did see these, and ye did still hear the joyful sound; and, as if all that had been too little, I gave you the desire of your heart, restored you to your civil liberties, which ye had sinned away, and set you down in a free Parliament: And do ye thus requite me? What, is this my entertainment, where I was once crowned and cryed up for a King? What a strange and astonishing change is this, that the very persons who swore unto me the Oath of allegiance, and did sing in my company, spreading their garments in the way with shouting, are now crying, *Crucify him, Crucify him*? Shall I not have whereupon to lay my head, except it be on a cold stone in a prison, amongst a people, who after a most solemn manner, had given themselves away unto me? Can these be the very men, who with hands lifted up to heaven, did

did so often, and so solemnly swear, before my father, and before his holy Angels, and in the sight of all the Nations, that they would be mine: and that I should have their lives and fortunes at my disposal? Is it possible that these are the men, who carryed, as they would have plucked out their very eyes, and given them unto me, who now plat a crown of thorns and put upon my head? Is this the Nation and Parliament, who swore that they would serve the Lord their God, and that according to the Pattern shewed them in the mount, and bound their soul to his obedience by an Oath; and as they should answer to him, or expect a comfortable appearance before the judge of quick and dead? Are they [might he say] the very same persons, or is it another generation, who have not heard of that solemn transaction betwixt me and the Nation, who have used me worse than the very *Gaderens*? though these were void of religion, yet they had so much civility, as to complement me out of their coasts, and pray me to be gone, without committing any other Act of hostility against me, or beating me out of their borders with ruck of drum; but now, shall it be by a law, sedition, and treason, to assert any obligation to me, from all these Oaths? Shall it be a Note of incapacity for any place of trust in Church or State, to say, that the land is under the Oath of God, and that no power on earth can loose themselves, or make void that obligation as to others; nay, that the formal abjuring of these engagements to me, shall be, if not the *unum necessarium*, yet the *sine quo non*, to qualify a man for any publick employment: Ah! Scotland, by dealing thus with thy Covenanted God, what hast thou done? may not God, who was thy own God, expostulate with thee, as he did with that people, Jer. 2. 10, 11, 12. Go abroad amongst the Nations, turn over all History sacred & profane, call for the records of the nations, and see, if in these thou canst find any who have dealt with their God as thou hast done? A precedent thou mayest possibly find; but a parallel in every respect thou canst not: Thou art singular, and by thy self; in committing these two evils [but such two, as are comprehensive of all others; such two, as a third is not possible] departing from the living God, and digging to thy self broken Cisterns, that can hold no water: Thou wilt find

find what folly is in this [I wish it be not too late] to
pain thy self in digging an empty Cistern , and in forsaking
the fountain of all consolation, and that a broken one too: as
it hath nothing in it, so it can hold nothing if it had it : is not
this to commit two such evils as makes a soul or nation
truely miserable ? And yet this hast thou done : O ! may not
the heavens be astonished and horribly afraid at this requital
we have given unto Jesus Christ ? yea, we were so bent to
back-sliding, and so hasty and head-strong in departing from
him, that we seemed to have lost, together with our loyalty
to the son of God , all respect to our own reputation [as it
often falls out , that men lose the better part of their reason,
together with their religion : He who lets go the one , does
seldom retain the other] for by that very vote (never to be
mentioned , without tears and detestation) whereby Christ
was robbed of his prerogative , they did [besides their de-
sign] divest themselves of their own priviledges, and while
they un-king him , whom God hath made King in Zion , [or
do that which he will account so] they un-Parliament them-
selves [*Dirum omen* to them , and it may be a token
for good to the Nation] I nothing doubt, but some of
the most sagacious amongst them saw this then [though
the generality , without considering either the ditch they
were digging for themselves , by what they did , or
the danger that would follow upon their falling into
it , suffered themselves to be carryed down with the
current , and did run as they were driven] or they have
had time enough since , to think , in what capacity they
could sit , and act , after that *Vote* ; for all laws being
then repealed , which did exautorat the Prelats , and inca-
pacitat them for sitting , as one of the *Estates* in *Parliament* ,
and these laws then , only being in force , which made
them an integral and essential part of the high court of
Parliament , the third Estate was wanting , while they
were away ; without which the other two were not in Capa-
city to Act as a Parliament ; and if so , they may at their
own leisure consider , whether , the precious blood that they
did shed after that *Vote* , before the close of that session , may
not be required at their hands ; as they would do well , to
think what they would answer before men , if the que-
stion were asked , *quo warranto* did ye shed this blood ?

It may be, they would find themselves further to seek, as to what to say for satisfying any, than they found these worthies in answering all the accusations of their accusers: But what shall I say? It were more fit, to weep over this, than to write it, and to cry unto him, against whom this is done, *Wilt thou refrain thy self for these things, O Lord? Wilt thou hold thy peace and afflict us very sore?* Alas! we made such haste, to pull down that beautiful house, wherein we and our fathers had praised him, and to overturn the very foundations of the dwelling-place of his name to the ground, that in our precipitation to raze it, we have buried our selves under the rubbish; for they are blind who do not see the men who have done this, snared in the work of their own hands: and this till more come, should make the people of God Sing a *Huggaion Selah*. O if all who have had a hand in it, would in time bethink themselves! Sure, in that reflection, if they were serious, they would smite on their thigh, and say, *Alas! what have we done?* The second thing that I have to acquaint thee with, and wherein I know (if thou be one of them, who take pleasure in the dust of Zion's demolished walls) thou wilt have a special complacencie, is, that as his servant did with much sorrow of soul foresee, *Scotland's* shameful revolt (which is plain by the last letter in this book) so, his Lord and Master, put him so far on his secrets, as to let him see a delivery to the church on the other side of it: Let us have but patience, there is a *Plaudite* for the saints, and a song of praise for the most high, after this storm is over and ended: mourn we may and ought; but let us mourn in due time: for he is the Lord *Yehovah*, who will hasten it in his time: Which as it cannot be antedated by us, so it shall not lie in the power of all that oppose themselves to postpone it: And to that purpose, besides what thou mayest see in the last letter of this book, I shall set down some of his own words, without either comment, alteration, or addition. Upon the last of February 1661. Which was about a moneth before he died, at the close of a large *Testimony*, he gave to the work of *Reformation*: These were his words (after he had been speaking of suffering for Christ,) *blessed soul (said he) who loves not his life to death; for on such rests the spirit of Glory and of God,* 1 Pet. 4. 14.

But

But we cannot say, but this is a day of darkness, and a day of
 blasphemy, and rebuke: The Lord hath covered himself with
 a cloud in his anger: we looked for peace, but behold evil: our
 souls rejoiced when his Majesty did swear the Covenant of God,
 and put thereto his seal and subscription, and after confirmed it
 by his royal promise, so, that the subjects mind blessed the
 Lord, and rested upon the healing word of a Prince; but now
Alas! The contrary is enacted by law, the carved work broken
 down, Ordinances defaced, so that we are brought to the for-
 mer bondage, and Chaos of Prelatical confusions, and Anarchy:
 And the royal prerogative due to Christ, pulled off his head:
 we have seen dayes of sorrow, and have just cause to fear we be
 made to read, and eat that book, wherein is written, Lamen-
 tation, and mourning, and woe; but we are to believe, that
 Christ will not so depart from the land, but a remnant shall be
 saved, and he shall reign a victorious conquering king to the
 ends of the earth. O! That there were Nations, Kindreds,
 tongues, and all the people of Christ's habitable world, encom-
 passing his throne with cries, and tears for the spirit of suppli-
 cation, promised to be poured upon the inhabitants of Judah, for
 that effect. Thus he closed his Testimony: I shall only add
 another passage to this purpose: About two hours and an
 half before he was removed: Amongst other things he
 spake, which did relish of heaven, and refreshed the souls
 of all that heard them, he had this expression: *I do no*
wayes doubt of it, but Christ will arise and wound his enemy in
their loins: This was only taken, but the observer saith,
 he had many to the same purpose. Now this was that very
 night, wherein the *Act rescissorie* was past: As if God who
 had taken notice of such an high affront done to him, would
 let his dying servant know, to the end he might communi-
 cate it to others, that he would not only repeal that Act, but
 that he would rescinde the rescinders: A wound in the loins,
 when the blow is given by the hand of him who is God
Almighty, must prove mortal; If he wound them there,
 they must fall, though they were stronger than lions; for
who may stand before him, when once he is angry? The men of
 might will not find their hands, when the party they en-
 gage with, is the omnipotent God: When men are become
 so high, that they are too hard a party for any on earth to
 deal with, if their way be contrary to him, then they fall.

directly in his hand, to deal with them, *and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*: He is such a party, as thou canst neither fight nor flee: Oh Scotland, Scotland! if thou wouldst yet think on thy way, and remember this, before he come to enter the lists with thee, who quickly puts his enemies out of a posture of defence! O, if thou wouldst yet kneel before him, whom God had made King in Zion, and kiss the son lest he be angry! For if he be angry, thou must perish; and there is no way to prevent this, but to remember *from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works*.

As for the letters themselves, I shall not offer to commend them, they had letters of recommendation deeply engraven on the hearts of all who have seen them, and can savour the things that are of God; this they had, I say, amongst them who have their senses exercised to discern good and evil, long before they were made thus publick in the world; so they need not my commendation, nor will the detraction of any, who have a mind for that, blast their repute; as they are above the one, so they despise the other; but sure I am, this may be said, if thou hast any acquaintance with the sweet breathings of the Spirit of God, if thou hast ever seen by tasting how good he is, or hast found what soul-anguish doth follow upon the hiding of his face from a person, who hath placed his satisfaction so entirely in the light of his countenance lifted up upon the soul, that the man cannot enjoy himself, when he doth not enjoy him, but carries as one deprived of all that, which made life more desirable than death; if thou be such, I say, then thou wilt find somewhat here to take thee: here thou wilt perceive both these conditions set before thine eye, and exemplified in an eminent saint: thou wilt both find what a heaven the saints have, or is to be had in this side of glory; and how, as a sensible presence makes them forget all their sorrows, so, a felt absence doth imbitter all their other enjoyments.

In General I may say this of these Epistles [and it may be after thou hast perused them, thou wilt seal it] that thou hast many volumes wrapt up together in a few words, a great soul shut up in a little body, much of the marrow of *real religion*, inclosed in every line: If thou be only taken
and

and delighted with obstruse and high-flown notions, which have not a native connexion with inflaming the heart with love to God; but are rather the *Ignis fatuus* of the age, being for the most part, smoak for light, or at best, a dim flash, rising out of the darkned understanding of men, whose light, till they be illuminat from above, as it arises out of a dark dungeon, so, it leads to destruction; and instead of directing the man who follows it, to a place of rest, it leads him to the pit, and leaves him there to perish. If thou be taken, I say, with such kind of stuff, I shall not bid thee, but I know thou wilt go else where: but if thou be one, who loves not to feed upon ashes, and hast no mind to fill thy belly with that east wind, which instead of nourishment, produceth nothing but much torment in the inward parts, I know thou wilt welcome this piece, as that which hath both meat and medicine for thy soul in it: Here thou wilt meet with one warmed with the love of God, shining and reflecting heat upon all that are about him, letting thee know from his own experience, what is to be found in a fellowship with God, and desirous of nothing so much, as that thou and others may share with him in that same love, which is better than life, and be partakers of that same blessedness, which made him boast of God all the day, and bless himself in his afflicted lot: He would have thee taste of that, which made him cheerful under the cross, and put him in case, not only to look, but to laugh all his troubles out of countenance: And if thou wilt but converse with him a little, it may be, thou find thy heart burn within thee while thou talkest with this warm soul, whose words seem as they drop, to cast fire in the affections, and set the heart in a flame: The Author in his other writings (which have alwayes a special tincture of holiness; for even in following the most obstruse notion, and apparently remote from practice, thou wilt still perceive him *spirare sanctitatem*) he is much above many men; but in these (how low soever at the first look they may appear) he is above himself, being often, either as a man elevate above the pitch of mortality, and caught up already into the Quire of Angels, or as an Angel come down amongst men, shewing the inhabitants of this lower world, somewhat of that, which will be still a great secret, while we are

here, to wit, what a life they live, who see God as he is, and enjoy him.

For the subject matter thou wilt meet with in these *Epistles*, I shall not say much; there is a sweet and pleasant variety of purpose to be found in them, whereof thou canst only expect a just account by a perusal of the whole; but mostly thou wilt find these things insisted upon, 1. What high spring-tides of joy and consolation, did fill and overflow the soul of this sufferer, so, as sometimes ye have him expressing himself as pained with a surcharge of love [O rare and blessed disease] and having nothing else to seek, there are earnest longings, after a more capacious soul, to contain more of that infinit Ocean, which hath neither brim nor bottom: This is the gain of one who can suffer the loss of all things for Christ: This is the cool refreshing shade that they find in the furnace, which not only keeps the fire of affliction from scorching them, or consuming them into ashes; but makes it a more desirable lot, than what others account the best of lives: the soul amidst these flames, being admitted to such a nearness with God, as causeth joy to overflow all it's banks, and perfumes the heart with delight, is so far from complaining, because of the fiery trial, that the cross of Christ is more desirable to it, than a crown: and since it is there, where next to heaven, his people enjoy most of himself, it makes them sing sweetly amidst all the outward sorrows that befall them, and puts them in case to command a consort of Musick within, while others in their fool's paradise, laugh as they list, have sadness at their heart, and find themselves pierced through with many sorrows. 2. Ye have sometimes a felt emptiness [for this full feast, is not, or cannot be the ordinary diet, it may well be the extraordinary desert of the people of God, while they walk by faith, and not by sight; the constancy of that joy, as well as the fulness of it, is reserved for the chamber of presence, no saint, how eminent soever, even, in suffering for Christ, can expect, that all tears shall be wiped from his eyes, till he come to that land, where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads, and where he will be put beyond hazard of sinning, as well as without the reach of suffering] there is sometimes a felt emptiness, I say, that casts into a sever of desires:

That


That river of God that is full of water, which did overflow and refresh the soul, running again into that sea whence it came; & in this low ebbe, ye see how the patient is pained with absence, & what a panting there is for a sensible presence: the soul as it were is evaporate in such wishes as these. O! when wilt thou come unto me! Or, O when shall I come and appear before thee, and be put once for all, and for ever beyond the fear of the arising of any cloud to eclipse the light of thy countenance! The soul in this absence, is scorched with the fever and flame of burning desires; but to keep it from being burnt up, there is hope, this holds the soul in life that it expire not; this saves from swooning, and preserves from sinking into despondency: And though while hope is deferred, the heart be sick; yet there is ease in this very pain; for an unerring expectation of a future good, yields a present ease to the expectant, and makes the man give himself the Check: thus, why art thou cast down O my soul? This sickness was never yet unto death, but ever to the glory of God, therefore hope thou in him, for I shall yet praise him: In a word, that which is principally insisted upon, in these short summaries of a communion with God, is this on the one hand, how a hungry and longing soul is filled and feasted with the Consolations of God, and when in that posture, how puffed and non-plus'd, as to what to think, or say of God: It knows not what to do, or how to lay out it self for him, the satisfaction that it hath in him, and the obligation it sees it self under to him, making it look on every thing it doth for him, sayeth or thinketh of him, with a kind of regrate and holy dissatisfaction: It doth not please it self in pleasing him, and though he accept what love offers, yet love desiderats so much in the offering, that it presents all with a blush: and suitable to this amiable and orderly confusion of spirit, it's greatest Oratory and Eloquence, is, a kind of abrupt, concise, and broken discourse: It is most desirous to speak, but not knowing what to say, which is not unworthy of him, it falls into silent admiration, and yet something it must say; wherein though it do not please it self, yet it makes good sense before him, and is a most pleasant melody in his ears; it's then, when he seems to be so taken with that, wherein the soul finds so many failings

and defects, that he says, speak on, let me see that blushing countenance, let me hear thy voice; *for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.* And truly thou mayest perceive much of this kind of discourse in these Epistles, whereto the holy writer was so habituat in these soliloquies with God, which were ordinary to him in his retirement, that his pen, and preaching, did ever after keep the tincture, and had the relish of that: For while many preached notions, and some spake because they believed, he was perceived oft-times, not so much to speak as believing, as seeing: His being so long in the mount with God, made his face to shine ever thereafter in his publick appearances: And there was some peculiar sweetness in his Phrase [especially in crying up, and commending the love of Christ, in mentioning the joy of the Holy Ghost, or the Glory of the life to come] beyond what was to be found, even with other holy men: Neither was it amongst the dry *School-men*, nor at *Aristotle* his feet (though there were few in the age, so well acquaint with either) that he learned this; Nay, nay, flesh and blood did not, could not reveal it unto him, he was a student above the clouds; & there it was, where he learned these *Metaphysics*. This I say is the thing upon the one hand which is insisted upon, and on the other, thou hast the sad condition of a soul deprived of these sweet enjoyments: He who was just now taken into the banquetting house, and had the banner of love for his canopy, hath that spiced wine which his soul was drinking with delight snatcht out of his hand, and sits panting for a drop of the rivers of his pleasure, wherein not long ago he was bathing himself: Whereupon follows a night of sorrow in the soul; because the sun that did illuminate and warm it, with his rayes, is set: Then, as if the soul would break forth at many passages together, for haste to be after him, who hath withdrawn himself, it runs out at the eyes in tears, and at the mouth in complaints, because of his absence; yea faith sets down the fainter upon the brink of the river, and puts him under an arrest (that he run not away) till the sea flow again: And desire makes him look out with a watery eye as impatient of delay, the inward *Echo* of the heart, in the mean time, being still this, *how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long? and while he is in this posture, ye would not know him to be*

be the man, that a few minutes since he was, and a few
 minutes hence he may and will be: and no wonder, since that
 is wanting and away, which was the health of his counte-
 nance, that he look pale: As the weeping man's eye, being
 blinded with water, cannot take up objects as they are, es-
 pecially if they be at any distance; so ye have this holy man
 in these heavy hours, venting his jealousies, and because
 of withdrawing, giving way to his sorrow: Now, as
 the joy of enjoying God, is by the former, made clear
 to be of all the greatest (for under these full manifesta-
 tions, the soul may be transported to such an extasy of
 delight, that for the time, whether in the body, or
 out of the body, the man knows not) so, the sorrow
 for being deprived of that, (the giver seeing it neces-
 sary, to with-hold and suspend these manifestations, know-
 ing that heaviness for a season through manifold tempta-
 tions, is fit for these, who are sons of consolation, and
 who shall have a few dayes hence, an everlasting year of
 Jubile) is, of all sorrows seen to be the sorest and shar-
 pest. This is soul anguish, and so least any supportable: be-
 cause it makes the very spirit, which if it were sound would
 sustain a man's infirmities, sink under it: While it is thus
 with him, ye may perceive that his bed cannot comfort him,
 nor his couch ease his complaint: And in this fever, there
 are some expressions dropped, which after the heat is over,
 he doth retract, as rash and unadvised, and upon more ma-
 ture deliberation, is made to say, *this was my infirmity*: And
 truly he who intendeth the advantage of the whole, in his
 way of dealing with every member of that body, whereof
 he is head, hath excellently ordered this matter, that
 they who have the fullest feasts of joy, and are admit-
 ted to the neereest fellowship upon earth, to the end,
 that pride may be hid from their eyes, have ordinarily
 the deepest down-castings: These warm hours & hot blenks
 of a sensible presence, are often followed with a sharp showr
 & dark night of bitter desertation; so that if poor souls in re-
 ading these, should begin to think or say, Alas! We are spa-
 ringly dealt with, we are great strangers to such a favourit's
 feasts; let them consider also (besides that he was an Ambassa-
 dour now in bonds, and so his Master allowed liberally upon
 him) that their soul languish is short of his, and so, if they

consider his condition well, they will see, that though he had much, yet he had nothing over; and if they take notice of the mercy that is in their own, they will perceive also, that though they have little yet they have no lack; for he abounds towards his, in all wisdom and prudence. There is a third condition spoken frequently to in these Epistles also, which lies in the middle betwixt these two: And that is, such a communion with God, as consists in the soul's being well pleased with him, and being most desirous to please him in all things, abstracting from these extraordinary transports of joy upon the one hand, and free likewise of these deep down castings upon the other: And this is the more ordinary way of the saints, whose dayly exercise it is, to come and take out their directions from their Master, and endeavour to walk according to these, both as men who are still under their Masters eye, and as those who must give an account of themselves to him: In which service they want not their own sweet peace; for the way wherein they walk is a way of pleasantness, and all these paths are peace; though it be not such an overflowing peace, as amounts to a joy unspeakable and full of glory; so full joy is nothing else, but peace swelling without it's ordinary channel, and overflowing all it's banks: And on the other hand, they want not their own checks and challenges; they are often before God with the tear in their eye, and know what it is to sigh because of a body of death within them; Because of that law which is in their members warring against that law which is in their mind, and bringing them into Captivity to the law of sin, which is in their members; yet this is short of the sorrow of some dear to him, who are made to roar, by reason of the disquietness of their heart, and to cry out of the arrows of the Almighty sticking within them, and the poison thereof drinking up their spirit, so that while they suffer this, they are with wise *Heman* almost distracted. These things I say, are mainly insisted upon, which according to an epistolary method, lie scattered in several parcells up and down the book: In reading whereof, thou wilt easily perceive also, that though the whole of these Epistles may be of singular use for a Christian in every condition, yet a great many of them have a more special reference, both

to

to the comfort and the carriage of a Christian under the
 Cross (whether his affliction be outward trouble, or in-
 ward soul-Exercise and terror) where he is most fre-
 quently to be found: Which is all I have to say for the mat-
 ter. There are not a few in this generation, I know, who
 will make it their business, and think it of their interest, to
 derogate from the esteem which these Epistles do justly
 challenge, and will readily get, from all who know how to
 prize things according to their worth; as knowing very well,
 that what respect these get and gain amongst readers, they
 lose; though I may truly say, and they will at last find it
 so, that if they get the thing they seek by this artifice, they
 lose by that getting: and I may assure my self also, if these
 either find thee a Christian or make thee such, they may well
 lose by this labour any esteem thou hadst for them, but
 they will not proselyte thee, to their profane contempt of
 so spiritual matter; yet I know they will essay it: First, som-
 what to this purpose may be said and will be suggested by
 them, that here is a needless and  seating repetition of
 the same thing; though it may be, they are not so displea-
 sed, that it is said often, as that it is said at all; or if the
 frequency of it offend them, it is out of a fear, that what
 is often said, be once listened to, and at last learned. I
 grant that the same matter and purpose is divers times
 touched and insisted upon; But consider, 1. that this is to
 divers persons, and is there either reason or religion in it,
 to envy him the Liberty of telling all the fearers of God,
 to whom he writes, what was done for his soul, or the
 people of God, the advantage of that relation? Was is not
 for the edification of the Church, that all who had heard
 of his persecution for the Gospel, should hear also, that
 the world, do their worst, cannot make a sufferer truly
 miserable, while God makes him happy in a communion
 with himself: The heat of persecution may dry up or im-
 bitter all the nether springs, but then the soul hath free
 access to the upper, and is admitted to drink, yea, drink
 abundantly of these rivers of his pleasure: This is the spiced
 wine he drinks, and the meat he gets to eat in secret,
 which the world knoweth not of, and cannot take from
 him; and having found how sweet to the taste this bread of
 God, which comes down from heaven, is, he cannot forbear,

to tell others; how he is feasted; to excite desires in all to come and share with him in these duties, and forbear to surfeit themselves with the world's deceitful meat. 2. Consider, that it is at divers times, and surely, he finding the consolations of God new every morning, and abounding every moment, it had been a piece of bale ingratitude in him, to have made mention of that but once, which God had given him often. 3. Consider, though the same matter be often mentioned, yet it is mostly with a sweet and taking variety of phrase; he brings forth the old and new together, nay, there is ever so much new in it, as may contribute to kindle new desires in thee, in order to the satisfaction of thy own soul, to seek what he found, and when thou hast fallen upon that, and art filled with it, thy practice in telling it over to others, will, without doubt, have such a coincidence with his, as will justify what he hath done, and thou wilt then judge, that an apology for publishing and frequent proclaiming the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, is either wholly superfluous, or it doth suppose the reader not to be a Christian, at least in case.

Secondly, something will be said by malicious mutterers, (I know) against the apparent courtesie of some phrases, and commonness of some words made use of by the Author, who all alongst seis himself, to make use of the most ordinary expressions, which are in use among the common sort of people. Something, I say, of this kind may probably be belched forth, by this carping, criticizing, profane, and prejudicat age: But if they would remember, what was said (by men much more knowing than themselves, and more able to discern what ought to be spoken, both as to matter and words) to the commendation of *Plautus*, who made use of the most common words that were in use, amongst the most common sort of people in Rome, *Si ipsæ Musæ loquerentur ore Plautino uterentur*; they would see reason, rather to commend a dexterous making use of common phrases, in writing to people of no extraordinary capacity, than rake, because of this, any occasion to quarrel at, or cry down, that which is so useful and excellent: And if in the opinion of men faithful and famous in their generation, he be the best preacher to a people (and consequently writer too) *Qui, quam maxime trivialiter,*
pue-

pueriliter, populariter docet, as to words, and phrases; I see no great reason such have to carp, or necessity I have to make an Apology: But there is sufficient to be said, if not for silencing of babblers, whose tongue hath more dimensions than their reason (which makes it not worth the while to take notice of their barking) yet for satisfying of the more sober minded. First, Consider that this disciple learned at his Master, both so to write and speak, as not to hide his purpose in a cloud of new coined words: He consulted his own reputation so little, while he sought his Master's honour, that he would rather seem a *Babler* to them, who minded nothing but words; than a *Barbarian* to the meanest, who was taken with spiritual matter: If *Christ's* example, who taught these high and heavenly mysteries of salvation, by plain and obvious similitudes, be not sufficient to silence such persons, who have habituated their tongue to drop satyrs against what is good, whether persons or things; yet it is enough to guard against the prejudice of what they take liberty to say. 2. Consider, that the most common words and ordinary phrases, in use amongst a people, may, by the greatest Orator, be very pertinently used, for illustrating and pressing his purpose: Nay, in some cases, these have a special emphasis, beyond what can be wrapt up, in a great many more comely words, and seemingly neat expressions, and then, they are so far from being a blemish to a discourse, that they seem to give a kind of life, and add a certain lustre to the whole frame; and thou wilt find it often fall out here, that the Author hath so happy a dexterity in making the most common (and sometimes contemptible) phrase, with a graceful sweetness, subservient to his purpose, that let the greatest master of words, alter but one of these words, or charge one of these expressions (which if they stood not there, might almost seem a *Barbarism*) he mairs what he undertook to mend, and while he endeavours to correct the Author, he leaves himself to be put in amongst the *Errata*. 3. Consider that a great many of the persons to whom he wrote, were no scholars, nay, had so little acquaintance with that, which passeth in the world for elegancy of speech, that he had as good have said nothing at all to them, as have made use of any other words than what are pitched upon in expressing his purpose, and so his design being to

make affection, or to move it in the hearts of these to whom he wrote, there was a necessity to suit his stile to their capacity, which condescension in him, is yet managed with so much spiritual prudence and discretion, as it is without debasing high matter, or giving the least rational ground to mock at spiritual mysteries: Yea I may say further, that there is so much majesty in the strain, as that the lowness of the stile is abundantly thereby made up: And further, I might ask thee, if thou who makes the challenge doest pretend to be a Master of reason, whether he is the best Oratour, who can with the least noise, cast fire into the affections of those to whom he speaks or writes, and bring down the highest mysteries in religion, to the capacity of the meanest hearer and reader, or he who wraps up plain truths and obvious purposes, in such an obscurity of phrase, and perplexing intricacy of words, as carries the matter quite beyond the reach of a vulgar capacity, without making any other impression upon the mind of the hearer, than that the man hath forgotten his message, and while he seeks himself, slights his Master's business? It often creates also a suspicion, that the writer or speaker either desires not to be understood, or, while he endeavours to soar too high above others, that he hath fallen into such a confusion, as he knows not where to find himself: and if thou concede here what with reason thou canst not deny, thou hast granted all against thy self, which I need seek, for putting thee to silence. 4. Consider, that though there be some here written to, of the greatest quality in the Nation, and a great many others, who are eminent for their understanding and parts, as well as their grace; yet as these of the greatest quality and parts, may reap advantage, by what hath been written to the meanest and most obscure person! God in his providence led his servant to speak to these of understanding and parts, so, that what was particularly intended for them, might be of special use and advantage to every one: And thus all occasion of carping is taken away; unless, amongst the rest of regularites of this time the *Episcopal Authority* be interposed, to make us read and understand that axiom backward, *bonum quo communius eo melius*, which if it be, I have no more to say, but that it is of a piece.

piece with the rest of their *Reformation*. I suppose by this time, it may be thought, I have said too much upon this head, since it would seem that some things ought rather to be said, for making many things in them plain that are mysterious and dark, than to say so much for taking off prejudice, because of some common words and expressions; but as to that, I shall not undertake it: For there are many things in them, only intelligible by tasting: and he who wants that commentary, will never understand this text. I have no more to say, either for the one or the other, but if any dislike them, he may let them alone; for I intend to obtrude them upon none, who distaste them; yet I cannot forbear to advise even such, so far to consult their own reputation, as, by speaking against what the Author hath here written, not to discover it; it secret to the world, that they are persons void of a gracious principle, to whom the things that are of God are unfavoury: The wind of thy mouth accompanied with all the venom thou canst vomit up, will not blast the Authors reputation, it will only be a blazing of thy own shame, and then thou wilt see thy self so unhappy, as to have hit the mark at which thou didst not aim: For without doing him any hurt, who is far above thy reach, thy tongue falls upon thy own head, and in striking at one whom thou canst not wound, thy sword rebounds back upon thy self, and enters into thine own bowels; but if thou remainest a man of imperwasion, and hast so much pleasure in publishing thine own shame, I cannot help it, it is sufficient for me, to have warned thee of thy hazard; nor shall I endeavour henceforth to deprive the world of their liberty (since thou wilt have it so) to look upon thee, according to the character which thou hast given of thy self, and that is, *Deest aliquid intus*, to make thee a man and a Christian: and since this brutish shape pleases thee, thou mayest go eat grass and let alone this bread, which is only designed for Children: And so I leave thee to make use of that liberty, of saying what thou pleases, which thou hast now purchased with the loss of thy own reputation.

If any think, it had been more convenient, to have concealed the names of those to whom the Author wrote,
for

for some reasons obvious, in regard of the present Lamentable posture of affairs [when it is almost sufficient, to make a man guilty, that ever he was really zealous for God] I have only this to say for my self, that I designed their honour and not their prejudice nor hurt in prefixing their names: Neither can I well imagin [what ever others may apprehend] what prejudice they can sustain, by this; since none, or very few of them, come from the Author, as returns to any thing they had written to him; and there being no law, either discharging him to write, or any persons to receive his letters, there can be no transgression upon their part, and so nothing to ground a prejudice, or found a rational plea against them; And much less in that their names are prefixed; or if there be any thing in this blameworthy, I alone am in the transgression, who have done it without consulting themselves, or asking their consent; yet in order to the satisfaction of any, who may be offended at what is done, I have this to say for my self further, that I was induced to it, first, that thereby it might appear these were indeed the very Letters, which that faithful sufferer and witness of Jesus Christ wrote [though there is sufficient in the stile and strain to put this beyond debat] and no forgeries:
2. Many of these worthy persons being removed [whereby the Church of God is at a seen and sad loss, in that she is deprived of so many, who would have weeped and made supplication on her behalf in this day of her distress, when not a few of her friends have dealt treacherously with her, and are become her enemies] their Posterity might think themselves wronged, if I should have deprived their worthy Predecessors, by suppressing their names and smothering their affection to the work of God, of the honour of making their faithfulness known to the world: And truly, I judged it the least that was due to the memory of these, who ought to be had in everlasting remembrance, to erect this poor monument over their grave, whereby they may live amongst the posterity, when they are gone, as persons who obtained mercy of the Lord, to be faithful in their generation: and that when the account of such comes to be taken, it may be said, this and that man was born there. 3. I did it to encourage the posterity of such, to be followers of the faith and patience of their worthy progenitors, and that they

they may not, without shame & horreur think of declining, or turning aside, either to the right or left hand, from the way of these dear relations, who by following the Lord fully, in an evil time, left them a noble Patern, worthy of imitation. 4. As for such who are yet alive, I hope they will think, that God by this Providence, is making a honourable mention of their fidelity before the nations, and is remembering for them, the Love of their espousals, when they went after him; hereby to ingage them, to cleave more closely, and adhere more firmly to him, with full purpose of heart, when the generality have gadded about to change their way, and many of his professed disciples have gone back, and are like to walk no more with him: And upon the other hand, God will have this to be a witness before the world, against any of them, who shall depart from the good way of the Lord, and be offended in him, because of persecution: I hope what ever hazard threaten these who abide in Christs company, that they will never forsake him, nor give him cause to say, *what iniquity have ye found in me, that ye are gone far from me?* But if it should prove otherwise, they may be sure, that he whose soul hath no pleasure in any man that draws back, and hates the work of such as turn aside, will count himself ingaged in a peculiar way, to lead them forth with the workers of iniquity; but we hope for better things of them all, though we thus speak: if none of these reasons which moved me to do this be strong enough, then let it be judged my weakness; for it is more fit, that I should pass in the world as such [which is no great mistake] than these honourable and worthy persons, should suffer any prejudice, by a deed whereto they had not the least accession.

Reader, much pains hath been taken, in collecting these together, that they might be in the hands of many [a thing greatly desired of a long time by the godly] which have been hitherto only in some broken and imperfect parcels, in the hands of a few: Several of the most correct copies that could be had, have been carefully compared, and many faults thereby corrected, which were crept in, by their being often transcribed; and that by unskilful hands. If it fall out so (as I suppose it shall not often be found) that they who have the Autographs
by

by them, perceive any difference in a word or sentence, betwixt this printed copy and these, let them impute it to my want of the principals; for though I had a good number of them, yet it was not possible for me to get the most part: In some very few places also, to the end that this book might be of more universal use, it may be, that a scottish word, which would have darkned the sense, or rendered the sentence wholly unintelligible to strangers, is either changed into some equivalent one, or a synonymous term inserted by it; but in most places these words are retained, without any alteration; because either alteration, or addition, would have made them less taking with, and acceptable to them, for whom they were at first written, and to those for whom they are now principally intended; because the life and emphasis of the Phrase, is often found to lie in that very word. But having kept thee under too long an arrest in the entry, I leave thee now to peruse these profitable Epistles, which are an account of the many sweet hours and comfortable soliloquies which that eminent saint and sufferer had with God in the furnace of his affliction: Wherein there is much to be seen, beyond the ordinary attainment of a Christian, even who hath made some remarkable progress, and is no small proficient in the wayes of God. Nothing doubt, but when thou perceivest, whilst thou readeest, how much pure zeal to God, doth burn in these lines, thou wilt lament the loss of such a blessed instrument, now, when the Church of God is brought so very low; and there are few of all the sons whom she hath nourished and brought up, to take her by the hand: I grant it is both a rational and religious sorrow; for when we remember the many eminent lights (the removal of whom, hath brought a sad and dark night upon the Church) which did lately shine amongst us, and most say, they are gone who were our faithful guides, it would almost seem pardonable, to abandon our selves to sorrow, and refuse to be comforted: *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrimis?* Yet give me leave to suggest these things (1) Let not the tear blind thine eye, as not to observe the goodness of God, who gave us such: It was a saying of an eminent and exercised Christian (worthy to be remembered in this present case, and to be but upon record for posterity) perceiving
many

many sorrowful, upon the removal of one of the most burning and shining lights, that Britain had to boast of (that great Interpreter *Mr. Durhame* I mean) turn your tears and sighs for this loss (said that worthy person) though it seem to you almost irreparable [an age hardly producing such another] into songs of praises ; and do not so indulge your sorrow , because the Master hath called home an Ambassadour , who did so faithfully and successfully negociat for him ; as ye forget in the mean time to praise the Lord of the harvest , who thrust forth such a labourer into his vinyard : Let not the greatness of your grief make you forget the riches of his goodness to the Church of Christ in Scotland , in that there was a *Mr. Durhame* to die out of it : So I say , when in reading of these , thou remembers that the worthy Author is gone to his rest ; yet be not guilty of so much ingratitude , through the excess of thy grief , as to forget God's care of , and kindness to the Church of Scotland , who amongst others gave her a *Mr. Rutherford* : one who was not only famous at home and abroad for his great Learning ; but such a Minister of the Gospel , as I suppose , there is not a godly Minister in the Nation , who knew his painfulness , his tenderness , his zeal , his shining and Gospel-adorning Conversation , that will think he wrongs himself , in giving the prevence to him , whose watching and weeping and unwearied pains , to propagate the truth , and profit the souls of men , made him without a match or equal , and left deep convictions of short coming , even upon them , who may with a rational confidence , expect the approbation of well done good and faithful servants , at the day of their appearance , and die in the faith of this ; that when the great shepherd shall appear , they shall receive a crown of glory , that fadeth not away . (2) If no other consideration can dry up thy tears , or divert thy sorrow , while thou dost remember thy own and the Churches loss ; yet remember that this is sufficient to make thee mourn in hope ; that the residue of the spirit is with him . We cannot I grant weep back again (though it's like some would be content to weep themselves blind , if that were lawful and would do it) our famous and faithful *Knoxes* , *Davidsons* , *Welsbes* , *Bruces* , *Hendersons* , *Rutherford*s , *Gilespies* , *Guthries* , with a great many besides ,

besides, or their brethren and companions, who did build and fight with them, and were the restorers of the breaches amongst us; whereby they obtained a good report, and are at this day of *blessed memory* indeed; but is there no hope to see them alive in other mens persons? I grant there is but little appearance of that for the present: For Alas! may we say, where is there a man of that spirit to be found? Yet let us not add this to all the rest of our provocations in this wilderness-lot, to limit the holy one of Israel; since these had nothing but what they did receive; he can furnish the Church with men of the same parts and zeal; with men who will shine in light, so, that their enemies must lay their hand upon their mouth when they have spoken; and burn in love to God and his interests: and truly it concerns all the people of God, to be much in importuning him, that he would again give us such standard-bearers, and that he would remember us now, in our low estate, by raising up such, who may be as the Chariots and horsemen of Israel, when the spirit of most is under such a faint, and the men of might do not find their hands: If we were up and doing in this, which is one great part of our work in such a sad time, and gave him no rest, who knows but he would yet breath upon many, who are now as dry bones, without life or motion, and make them stand up for him, and plead his cause against them, who have lifted up their head against heaven, and their heel against his people? They who by falling asleep, till their hair was cut, that they were not in case to shake themselves as at other times, when their enemies were upon them, might yet spoil their adversaries sport, and bring down their *Babel* about their ears, if the spirit of the Lord came upon them as at other times: Or if this were not to be expected, he could raise up a generation, who would serve him with more zeal and faithfulness, than we have done; & that in such a number, as should make his Church say, *who hath begotten me all these? And where have they been?* It may be that he who waits to be gracious, is waiting to be entreated to do this good thing for us: Surely if we were a people of prayer, and particularly for this Church and Nation-mercy, we might be surprised now, when we have scarce a
token

token for good, & when our luke warm temper has banished the faith of such a mercy almost out of the earth, with such a return as that, *I will clothe thy Priests with salvation, and thy saints shall yet shout aloud for joy: I will pour down such a plentiful measure of the Spirit upon them, that by their zeal & faithfulness, the years which this cankerworm and caterpillar of luke-warmness hath eaten up, shall be restored unto you seven fold; which would carry alongst with it, the accomplishment of that other great and Gospel promise, his enemies will I clothe with shame, but upon himself shall his crown flourish. Faxit Deus, & festinet*, should be the constant Echo of our hearts.

Reader, there is one thing more I have to acquaint thee with, and so I have done, and that is to tell thee, that I have made bold for this once, to send these *Epistles* abroad into the world, without the *Prelats Imprimatur*: If he please to take this for an *Apology*, that the Author sought not his permission to write them, which emboldned me to transmit them to thy hands, without his approbation, he may; for I am not in an humor to give him any other account of this action. I know it's very probable, that the fat of these may be the fire; for our late furious Prelats (that *Draco volans* which being got upon the wing spouts down fire upon the Church, whereby the Tabernacles of God are burnt up through the land: For the appearance of this fiery meteor did always portend somewhat fatal to the Church to follow upon it) are a little more hot than their predecessors: It's true, these went so high in their persecution, and drave so hard, that it was thought scarce possible for any to out-do them in persecuting; for they run themselves out of breath, and never drew bridle till they fell in the ditch, and we thought they had died there without succession; but Alas! The Church finds this day, that in respect of their successors, they were mere novices, and had scarce served their Apprentiship in the *black Art*: And this puts me to think whether the people of God should not rather submit to be chastised even with the scourge of scorpions, than to wish that he would throw the rod in the fire, lest if they were gone, and we not fit for a delivery [as indeed we are not] it should fall out with us, according to the story of the old wife

wife of *Syracuse*, who was afraid of *Dionysius* his death ;
 lest the devil should succeed him : but if any should say to
 me, what and he be already come. For if the Holy Ghost
 call these men such, *Rev. 1. 10.* who did *But* cast in prison,
 and did but cast *some* in prison, may he not be said to be al-
 ready come down now having great wrath ; when deposi-
 tion, imprisonment, banishment, yea any thing less,
 then declared worthy to die, is thought a favour : If any
 should urge me with this, I say, I confess he would pose
 me into an absolute silence ; or force an acknowledgment
 from me ; If the Prelats themselves, who are of age, be in
 case to make a reply, let them answer it : For the truth is, they
 are so hot upon their work, that if it be a *heresy* to think so
 of them, they who plead the necessity of their office, for
 preventing of *schism* and *heresy*, are like to turn the better
 part of the world *hereticks* ; but to my purpose, I say, there
 is some reason to fear, that this be thought very fit fuel,
 to make a fire in *Caiphas* his hall : However, though it
 should be so, yet this is not the first time, that some of the
 worthy Author's works, have got such entertainment : and
 truly there is so much zeal to the interests of Christ, so
 much love to God, and the salvation of men, burning in
 these lines ; that, that spirit, whose element is fire, will
 endeavour to blow the bellows, and seek this as a sacrifice
 at their hands, whose once professed sincerity, and perso-
 nal zeal for God and his interests, is now broken out, in
 such high Acts of rebellion against him, and hatred against
 his servants ; whereby the proverb is become plain Scot-
 tish, or English, or both if ye will : *Omnis Apostata secta
 sua Oser* : But if the Prelats would take a poor *Presbyter's*
 advise, they would even let it alone, lest the smook of that
 fire, wherein they burn this, kindle a flame of just indi-
 gnation against them, in the hearts of all the lovers of God,
 as men who have a very perfect hatred against piety : but if
 they care not to be so looked upon, I have no more to say,
 be it so : It's like nothing that I can say, will hinder them,
 from putting this piece in his hands, to whom, as I
 hear, they have committed the revising of learned and
 worthy *Mr. Wood's* Testimony, &c. and who it seems,
 is made choice of by them, as Secretary in Chief, for
 revising all such pieces, to wit, *Joannes Dammianus*,

can Fratibus, & Collegis suis: And therefore I must leave them to their own liberty, which I only do, because I cannot help it: and I am afraid besides, lest I should work too hard, in carrying water to cool them, I over-heat my self, and leave them at last nothing cooler than I found them: But as for thee, Christian Reader, it will be a sufficient *imprimatur*, to tell thee, that these are M^r. RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS: Wherein he gives thee an account, of many a good day, and joyful hour, he had in his Master's company; while his fellow servants did beat and thrust him out of the vineyard: and he invites thee to take a share of his feast; and truly, I wish that both of us would go try and taste, since neither of us are like to have very good entertainment any where else.

I have but one word more to say; for I know it's long since thou expected I should have made an end, and it's only to crave the pardon that I have not done it sooner: when I wrote the first lines, I thought to have made the end and the beginning so contiguous, that I should neither have put thee to this trouble, nor my self to the necessity of an Apology: and in order to that, I did really forbear what (as I told thee) at first I intended, and am carryed this length besides my design; but if the length of what is here offend thee, thou art in case without doing me any wrong, to give thy self the same satisfaction, as if I had said nothing, by passing it, as so much waste paper, and turning over to the Epistles themselves: If thy soul be profited by these (as I hope it shall) I have my design; and all I seek of thee besides, is, that thou wouldest wish his soul's welfare, who was at this little pains, in order to thine, and who desires to be reckoned by thee, amongst the meanest and most unworthy of

The favourers of the dust of Zion,

And thy Well-wisher,

To



To the
R E A D E R.

CHRISTIAN READER,



Onsidering, how little need Mr. RUTHERFOORD'S LETTERS have of any mans Epistle commendatory, His great Master, whom he served with his Spirit, in the Gospel of his Son, having given them one, written by his own hand, on the hearts of every one, who is become his Epistle, and savours the things of God, and is experimentally acquainted with that heart-calming, that marvellously sweet, that near and dear intercourse, betwixt himself and the soul, and hath experienced those rare, those most refreshing, yea and, beyond all expression, ravishing immanations of the love of God upon the soul; and, as the necessary and native result thereof, which cause and produce those immanations of it's love back again upon him, who shed abroad his love in the heart: A thing, as much and manifestly exemplified, in these Epistles, as in any piece (that incomparable, that every way, in all things and respects, matchless, that truely none-such book of God the holy Scriptures being set aside) the World hath yet seen, or this day can show: For, in each of these thou mayest perceive, how the writers heart is enflamed, with a holy fire; and how his soul ascends in the smoak (as snatched

ched up to heaven, and caught up above all that is below God: O how much is what drops from his pen, above the ordinary attainments and experience, even of such, who seem to have out-run others! So that in respect of us, this Angel of the Church speaks, as one standing already in the quire of Angels, or as an Angel come down from heaven among men, to give us some account of what they are doing above? I say, these Epistles not standing in need of any mans Epistle commendatory, much less of what was prefixed to the first impression, I have by choice laid it wholly aside, (not as retreated, but because in all respects rather defective, and every way short of what ought to have been said of and to those things therein touched) neither purpose I to prejudice thee, by substituting any thing else in its place, every letter, as is already hinted, having its own Epistle commendatory in it, and the forgoing being that to it self and to the following, which nothing coming from another Pen can be.

I have only these few things to acquaint thee with, concerning this impression: first, while some were at pains to gather these Letters, which are now added for publick use, there came forth a second impression; but so miserably misprinted, that the sense in many places is so manifestly marred and perverted; as the Reader cannot know what to make of it; so that this impression was necessary, not only because of the wrong the Author hath received, and the injury done to the Reader, who hath been much hereby abused; But also, for preventing a third (perceiving how acceptable any thing is, which beareth but that name) which would have been propably so much worse, even then that second, as it had been only a bundle of blurred paper sent into the world under the name of Mr. Rutherford's Letters. Secondly,

condly, know, that besides the great pains which
hath been taken, to send forth this edition correct,
for the use and edification of those who want it, and
long much after it, there is the addition of sixty
eight Epistles of the same Author, not formerly
printed. Thirdly, know, that as it was the edifica-
tion of the Church and common interest of the Saints,
which was at first aimed at, intended, and con-
sulted, in gathering and publishing these Letters;
so to convince thee that it is not gain, nor filthy
lucre, which drives to this edition, there are so
many of the additional Letters printed by them-
selves, as they who have the first (for I could
allow none to that called, the second, which I
desire may not be owned as a true Copie, and count
my self obliged, if I could, to bury it, in the
grave of perpetual oblivion, or banish it out of the
world) may have that part by it self, without
being put to a necessity, of buying the whole again
together. And thus leaving thee to peruse what is
made publick, for thy edification; and to press
this Pomegranat, and squeeze this grape; and to
suck till thou find thy soul refreshed with its spiced
wine; and wishing thee an experimental knowledge
of that surpassing, and inconceivable sweetness,
which is in the fruition of God, and to be enjoyed in
a fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Je-
sus Christ, and a full draught of these pure streams
of solid joy and consolation, wherein the soul of this
Saint swimed, and which run thorow these lines;
without which, while he speaks at coming forth out
of the Kings banqueting house, to perswade thee to
go in thither, and feast, and bath thy soul in the
same pure delights, and permanent pleasures, where
on he fed, and which flow in upon the soul, and
overflow it, while the Saint finds himself, with
his

his beloveds left-hand under his head, and his right-hand embracing him, he will be to thee a Barbarian. I shall only wish and beg, that thou wouldst seriously seek of God, the same thing for him, who seeks this for thee, and hath his design in the pains taken, in publishing these Letters, if thou be thereby provoked to seek till thou find: This is that adequate recompence, which he seeks, earnestly entreats, and expects,

Who is

Thy Souls Welwisher,

and Servant in Christ Jesus.

An Advertisement.

READER, I am driven to the unpleasant, and afflicting necessity of letting thee know, that the Author, having begun a large Commentary upon Isaiah, wherein were many excellent, and useful digressions, when the late troubles, and his last sickness seized him, and several Chapters thereof being compleated, it seems he had given out some of his papers to be revised or transcribed, which have not been returned: And therefore, let me earnestly beseech and obtest any, who may have these papers by them, or know any who have them, for their own peace, (for it cannot but make a storm in any mans soul, to reflect upon so manifest, and deliberate a robbing the Church of such a treasure, to enrich himself) for the publick good of the Church of God, for the edication of the present generation and of the posterity, to restore these papers: That while the Church, to her great loss, is like to be deprived of many of his other writings and works; Yet she may have the Swan-song of this so sweet a singer in
* * * 2
Israel

Israel. Such a service will be acceptable to God, and to his Saints, and will be abundant also by many thanksgivings to our common Lord and Master; which, I hope, will weigh with any, who may have them, and it may be only forbear to restore them, because they know not, or consider not, that they deprive themselves of the rest, and the Church of the whole, by detaining them. And, if it may have any additional weight of perswasion, I hereby engage, that whosoever shall convey these papers, to the hands of those particularly concerned in that affair, they shall have a copy of that Commentary upon Isaiah, when it is published, freely given them: But lest, notwithstanding of what is said, these papers may still be most innocently withheld, either by some Ministers, who having forgotten that ever they received them, have thrown them aside, amongst their own papers; or by the relics and relations of these Ministers, who may be ignorant, that any such papers are amongst those left by their deceased husbands or friends; Let me therefore beseech such, to be at the pains of looking thorow what papers they may have by them, and if these now wanting be found let them be forthwith restored. I can say no more to perswade to this piece of trouble, but that, as I am perswaded, even though they should not find upon search what is sought, God will yet take notice of it; so, it will not want this reward, at least for the present, a serenity of mind, as being sure they are not the persons, who thus prejudice the Churches edification, which they cannot have, so long as respect to that great concern, puts them not to this small piece of trouble. I must tell them besides (and I hope this also will have weight, and perswade both to a search after these, and a restitution) that I knew the heart and soul of the gracious Author, was more engaged in this work, and he travelled more in birth of this piece, then ever I knew him do of any: Neither was there ever any thing he put his hand to, which would have so powerfully perswaded this panter after the enjoyment of his Masters company, to a submission, to have had his heaven and immediat fruition of God suspended, for a season, as the eager and earnest desire he had to have finished this work, before he had finished his

his course. But, having obtained mercy, to glorify his Master on earth, and finish all the work he gave him to do, his lovely and compassionat Lord and Master, knowing what a storm was ready to blow, yea already begun; and considering what his servant had already suffered, and how much the zeal of his house had eaten him up, would not want this faithful servant any longer, nor suffer such a worker together with God, to want his reward any longer, and therefore came and carried this burning & shining light, seeing and singing, out of the world, of whom the world was not any longer worthy: O let none dare to mar the Child of his old Age! Or to rob the Church of God of the labour of the last Hours of this now glorified Seer! This true Zechariah, who had understanding in the visions of God, of whom it may be said (O happy, is the man to whom it is given!) that when He was old and dead, His eye (as to all the matters of God, and the glorious concerns of his Christ, and in all that related to his own soul) was not dim (nay he fell asleep seeing him who is invisible) nor was his spiritual force abated.

*** 3

Ad

Ad Lectorem in Epistolas.

QUOD Chebar & Patmos divinis Vatribus olim;
Hoc fuerant Sancto claustra Abrode a Viro:
Profuit ut quondam tibi plus Ecclesia carcer,
Libera quàm patuli copia facta fori;
Hic tibi sic scriptis carcer plus profuit ipsis,
Pulpita quàm rauca quæ sonuere tuba.
Pharmaca in hoc prostant, contritis corde, libello,
Hic crucis Blysis est via strata rosis.
Hic Amor & Christi decor, hic celestis & aula
Gloria depicta est, horrida & ira Dei.
Ardua materies, sublimibus apta cothurnis,
Hic tenui & facili fusa legenda stylo est.
Lividus at voces si carpat Zoilus ullas,
Non divina sapit, Cor sine mente gerit.
Præsulibus celerem attulerant hæc Scripta ruinam,
Impressa extremum præstituntque diem.

Mr.



MR. RUTHERFOORD'S
LETTERS.

EPIST. I.

To Mr.

ROBERT CUNYNGAME,

Minister of the Gospel at Holywood in Ireland.



Elbeloved and reverend Brother, grace, mercy and peace be to you; upon acquaintance in Christ, I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you: seeing it hath seemed good to the Lord of the harvest, to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and to lay upon us a more honourable service, even to suffer for his name; It were good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a Desire to see you in the face, yet now being the prisoner of Christ it is taken away. I am greatly comforted to hear of your soldiers-stately-spirit; for your princely and royal Captain Jesus our Lord, and of the grace of God in the rest of our dear brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I suppose. It hath pleased our sweet Lord Jesus, to let loose the Malice of these *interdicted Lords* in his house, to deprive me of my Ministry at *Arwoth*; and to confine me eightscore miles from thence to *Aberden*; and also (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to speak at all in Jesus his

A 4

name,

name, within this Kingdom, under the pain of rebellion: The cause that ripened their hatred was my book against the *Arminians*, whereof they accused me those three dayes I appeared before them; But let our crowned King in *Zion* reign by his grace, the loss is theirs, the advantage is Christ's and truth's; albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me, by my heaviness; and inward Challenges of conscience for a time were sharp: yet now for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand, welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet Cross of Christ. I verily think the Chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth of Christ; and that the *Victorie* shall be by the blood of the lamb, and by the word of his truth; and that Christ lying on his back, in his weak servants, and oppressed truth, shall ride over his enemies bellies, and shall strike through *Kings in the day of his wrath*. It is time we laugh when he laugheth; and seeing he is now pleased to sit with wrongs for a time, it becometh us to be silent, until the Lord hath let the enemies enjoy their hungerie, lean, and feckles paradise: Blessed are they who are content to take strokes with weeping Christ: faith will trust the Lord, and is not hastie, nor head-strong; neither is faith so timorous, as to flatter a temptation, or to bud and bribe the cross. It is little up or tittle down that the lamb and his followers can get no law-surety, nor true wish crosses; it must be so, till we be up in our fathers house: my heart is woe indeed for my mother Church, that hath plaid the harlot with many lovers; her husband hath a mind to sell her for her horrible transgressions, and heavy will the hand of the Lord be upon this backsliding nation. The wayes about *Zion* mourn, her gold is become dim, her white *Nazarites* are black like a coal: how shall not the Children weep, when the husband and the mother cannot agree! yet I believe *Scotlands* skie shall clear again, and that Christ shall build again the old wast places of *Jacob*, & that our dead and dry bones shall become an army of living men; & that, our welbeloved may yet feed among the lillies, until the day break, and

and the shadows flee away. My dear brother let us help one another with our prayers: Our king shall mow down his enemies, and shall come from *Bozra*, with his garments all died in blood, and for our consolation shall he appear, and call his wife *Hephzibah*, and his Land *Beulah*; for he will rejoyce over us and marrie us; and *Scotland* shall say, what have I to do any more with Idols? Only let us be faithful to him, that can ride through hell and death upon a windlestrae, and his horse never stumble; and let him make of me a bridge over a water, so that his high and holy name may be glorified in me: strokes with the sweet mediators hand, are very sweet: he has always been sweet to my soul; but since I suffered for him, his breath hath a sweeter smell then before. Oh that every hair of my head, and every member, and every bone in my bodie, were a man to witness a fair confession for him, I would think all too little for him: when I look over beyond the line, and beyond death, to the laughing side of the world, I triumph, and ride upon the high places of *Jacob*; howbeit otherways, I am a faint dead-hearted cowardly man, oft born down, and hungry in waiting for the marriage-supper of the lamb: nevertheless I think it the Lords wife love that feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants, and desertions: I know not, my dear brother, if our worthy brethren be gone to sea, or not; they are on my heart and in my prayers: if they be yet with you, salute my dear friend *John Stuart*; my welbeloved brethren in the Lord, *Mr. Blair*, *Mr. Hamilton*, *Mr. Livingston*, and *Mr. MacClelland*, and acquaint them with my troubles, and intreat them, to pray for the poor afflicted prisoner of Christ: They are dear to my soul: I seek your prayers and theirs for my flock; their remembrance breaks my heart: I desire to love that people, and others my dear acquaintance in Christ with love in God, and as God loveth them: I know that he who sent me to the west, and south, sends me also to the north. I will Charge my soul to believe and to wait for him, and will follow his providence, and not go before it, nor stay behind it. Now my dear brother, taking farewell in paper, I commend you all to the word of his grace, and to the work of his spirit, to him who holdeth the seven

4 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 2
stars in his right hand, that you may be kept spotless
till the day of Jesus our Lord. I am,

From Irwing, being on my Journey Your Brother in affliction,
to Christs palace in Aberdeen in our sweet Lord Jesus,
August. 4. 1636. S. R.

To his Parochiners.

DEarly beloved, and longed for in the Lord, my
crown and my joy in the day of Christ: Grace be
to you and peace, from God our father, and our Lord
Jesus Christ. I long exceedingly to know, if the oft-spo-
ken-of match betwixt you and Christ holdeth; and if you
follow on to know the Lord. My day thoughts, and
my night thoughts are of you; while ye sleep, I am a-
ffraid of your souls, that they be off the rock: next to
my Lord Jesus, and this fallen kirk, ye have the great-
est share of my sorrow, and also of my joy; ye are the
matter of the tears, care, fear, and daily prayers of
an oppressed prisoner of Christ. As I am in bonds for my
high and lofty one, my Royal and princely master, my
Lord Jesus; so I am in bonds for you: for I should
have slept in my warm nest, and kept the far world
in my arms, and the cords of my tabernacle should
have been fastned more strongly, I might have sung an
Evangel of Ease to my soul and you for a time, with my
brethren, the sons of my mother, that were angry at
me, and have thrust me out the vineyard, if I should
have been broken, and drawn on to mire you the Lords
flock; and to cause you eat pastures troden upon with
mens feet, and to drink foul and muddie waters: But
truly the Almighty was a terror to me, and his fear made
me afraid. O my Lord, judge if my ministry be not dear
to me, but not so dear by many degrees, as Christ Je-
sus my Lord: God knoweth the heavy and sad Sabbaths
I have had: since I laid down at my Masters feet my two-
shepherds staves; I have been often saying, as it is wri-
ten, Lam 3. 52, 53, *my enemies chased me sore like a bird*
with-

without cause, they have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me: for next to Christ, I had but one joy, the apple of the eye of my delights, to preach Christ my Lord, and they have violently plucked that away from me, and it was to me like the poor mans one eye, and they have put out that eye, and quenched my light in the inheritance of the Lord; but my eye is toward the Lord. I know I shall see the salvation of God, and that my hope shall not alwayes be forgotten. And my sorrow shall want nothing to compleat it, and to make me say, *what availeth it me to live?* If ye follow the voice of a stranger, of one that cometh in to the sheepfold not by Christ the door, but climberh up another way: if the man build his hay and stuble upon the golden foundation, Christ *yesus*, already laid among you, and ye follow him, I assure you, the mans work shall burn and never bide Gods fire, and ye and he both shall be in danger of everlasting burning, except ye repent. O if any pain, any sorrow, any loss that I can suffer for Christ, and for you, were laid in pledge to buy Christs love to you, and that I could lay my dearest joyes, next to Christ my Lord, in the gap, betwixt you and eternal destruction! O if I had paper as broad as heaven and earth, and ink as the sea, and all the rivers and fountains of the earth, and were able to write the love, the worth, the excellency the sweetness, and due praises of our dearest, and fairest welbeloved; and then if ye could read and understand it! What could I want, if my ministry among you, should make a marriage between the little bride in that bounds, and the bridegroom? O how rich a prisoner were I, if I could obtain of my Lord (before whom I stand for you) the salvation of you all! O What a prey had I gotten to have you caught in Christs net! O then I had cast out my Lords lines and his net with a rich gain! O then wel-wared pained breast and sore back, and a crased body, in speaking early and late to you! My witness is above, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you: all as two salvations to me, I would subscribe a suspension, and a fristing of my heaven, for many hundred years, (according to Gods

good pleasure) if ye were sure in the upper lodging, in our fathers house, before me. I take to witness heaven and earth against you, I take instruments in the hands of that sun, & day light, that beheld us, & in the hands of the timber & walls of that kirk, if I drew not up a fair contract of marriage betwixt you & Christ, if I went not with offers betwixt the bridegroom, & you; & your conscience did bear you witness, your mouths confessed, that there were many fair trysts, & meetings drawn on, betwixt Christ and you, at communion feasts, & other occasions; there were bracelets, jewels, rings, and love-letters sent to you, by the bridegroom; it was told you, what a fair dowrie ye should have, and what a house your husband and ye should dwell in, and what was the bridegrooms Excellency, Sweetness, Might, Power, the Eternitie and Glory of his Kingdom, the exceeding deepness of his love, who sought his black wife through pain, fires, shame, death, & the grave; and swimmied the salt sea for her, undergoing the curse of the law, & then was made a curse for you; & ye then consented, and said, *Even so I take him.* I counsel you, beware of the new & strange leaven of mens inventions, beside & against the word of God, contrair to the oath of this kirk, now coming among you: I instructed you of the Superstition, & idolatry, of kneeling in the instant of receiving the Lords supper, & crossing in baptism, and the observing of mens dayes, without any warrant of Christ our perfect lawgiver: Countenance not the Sarplice, the attire of the Mass priest, the garment of Baals priests, the abominable bowing to altars of tree is coming upon you: hate & keep your selves from idols: forbear in any case to bear the reading of the new fatherless service-book, full of gross heresies, popish and superstitious errors, without any warrant of Christ, tending to the overthrow of preaching: you owe no obedience to the bastard Cannons, they are unlawful, blasphemous and superstitious: all the ceremonies that lie in the Antichrists foul womb, the wares of that great mother of fornications, the kirk of *Rome*, are to be refused; ye see whither they

they lead you: Continue still in the Doctrine, which ye have received: ye heard of me the whole counsel of God, sowe no clouts upon Christs robe: take Christ in his ragges & losses, and as persecuted by men, & be content to sigh, and pant up the mountain, with Christs crosi on your back; let me be repute a false prophet (& yone conscience once said the contrair) if your Lord Jesus shall not stand by you, and maintain you, and maintain your cause against your enemies: I have heard, (and my soul is grieved for it) that since my departure from you, many among you are turned back from the good old way, to the dogs vomit again; let me speak to these men: it was not without Gods special direction, that the first sentence that ever my mouth uttered to you, was that of *John, Cap. 9. 39.* *And Jesus said, for judgment came I into the world, that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind.* It is possible, my first meeting and yours be, when we shall both stand before the dreadful judge of the World: and in the name and authority of the Son of God, my great King and Master, I write, by these presents, summonses to these men, I arrest their souls and bodies to the day of our compearance; their eternal damnation stands subscribed, and sealed in heaven, by the hand write of the great Judge of quick and dead, and I am ready to stand up, as a preaching witness against such to their face, that day, and to say *Amen* to their condemnation, except they repent: The vengeance of the Gospel is heavier, nor the vengeance of the law; the Mediators malediction and vengeance is twice vengeance, and that vengeance is the due portion of such men, and there I leave them, as bound men, ay and while they repent and amend: You were witnesses, how the Lords day was spent, while I was among you: O sacrilegious robber of Gods day, what wilt thou answer the Almighty, when he seeketh so many Sabbaths back again from thee? What will the Curser, Swearer, and Blaspheemer do, when his tongue shall be rosted in that broad and burning lake of fire and brimstone? And what will the

drunkard do, when tongue, lights, and liver, bones, and, all, shall boil and fry in a torturing fire; for he shall be far from his barrels of strong drink then, and there is not a cold well of water for him in hell? What shall be the ease of the wretch, the covetous man? The oppressor? The deceiver? The earth-worm, who can never get his womb full of clay, when in the day of Christ, Gold and Silver must lie burnt in ashes, and he must compare and answer his judge, and quit his clayie and naughtie heaven? wo, wo for evermore, be to the time-turning *Atheist*, that hath one God and one religion, for summer, and another God and another religion, for winter, and the day of fanning, when Christ fanneth all that is in his barn floor; who hath a conscience for every fair and meate, and the soul of him runneth upon these oiled wheels, Time, Custom, the World and Command of men; O if the careless *Atheist*, and sleeping man, who edgerh by all, (with God forgive our Pastors, if they lead us wrong: We must do as they command) and layes down his head upon times bosome, and giveth his conscience to a deputy, and sleepeth so while the smoak of hell fire flie up in his throat, and cause him start out of his doleful bed! O if such a man would awake. Many woes are for the over-gilded, and gold-plastered *Hypocrite*. A heave doom is for the Lier, and white-tongued flatterer, and the flieing book of Gods fearful vengeance, twentie cubits long and ten cubits broad, that goeth out from the face of God, shall enter into the house, and in upon the soul of him that stealeth, and sweareth falsely by Gods name, *Zechar. 5. ver. 2, 3.* I denounce eternal burning, hotter than Sodom's flames, upon the men that boil in filthie lusts of fornication, adultery, incest, and the like wickedness; no room, no not a foot-broad for such vile dogs, within the clean *Jerusalem*. Many of you put off all with this, God forgive us; we know no better: I renew my old answer, 2. *Thess. 1.* the judge is coming in flaming fire, with all his mighty Angels, to render vengeance to all those, that know not God, and believe not. I have often told you, security shall slay you: all men say they have faith, as many men and women

men

men now, as many saints in heaven; and all believe [say ye] every soul dog is clean enough, and good enough; for the clean and new *Jerusalem* above; Every man hath conversion, and the new birth; but it is not soe come; they had never a sick night for sin: conversion came to them in a night dream: in a word, hell will be empty at the day of judgement, and heaven panged full: Alace! It is neither easie nor ordinarie, to believe and to be saved; Many must stand in the end at heavens gates; When they go to take out their faith they take out a fair nothing [or as ye use to speak] a *blesseme*, O lamentable Disappointment! I pray you, I charge you in the name of Christ, make fast work of Christ, and salvation: I know there are some believers among you; And I write to you; O poor broken-hearted believers: All the comforts of Christ in the New and Old Testament are yours. O what a father and husband you have! O if I had pen and ink, and ingin, to write of him! Let heaven and earth be consolidat in massie and pure gold, it will not weigh the thousand part of Christs love to a soul; even to me a poor prisoner; O that is a massie and marvellous love! Men and Angels unite your force and strength in one; ye shall not heave nor poise it off the ground: Ten thousand thousand worlds, as many worlds as Angels can number, and then as a new world of Angels can multiply, would not all be the balk of a balance, to weigh Christs excellency, sweetness, and love; Put ten earths or ten worlds, O what beauty would be in it, and what a smell would it cast! But a blast of the breath of that fairest rose in all Gods Paradise, even of Christ Jesus our Lord, one look of that fairest face, would be infinitely, in beauty and smell, above all imaginable and created glory. I wonder that men doe hide off Christ: I would esteem my self blessed, if I could make an open proclamation, and gather all the world, that are living upon the earth, Jew, and Gentile, and all that shall be born to the blowing of the last trumpeter, to flock round about Christ, and to stand looking, wondering, admiring, and adoring his beau-

ty and sweetness; for his fire is hotter then any other fire; his love sweeter then common love, his beauty surpasseth all other beauty. When I am heavie and sad, one of his love looks would do me meckel worlds good: O if ye would fall in love with him! How blessed were I? How glad would my soul be, to help you to love him? But amongst us all we could not love him enough, he is the son of the Fathers love, and Gods delight, the Fathers love lieth all upon him; O if all mankind would fetch all their love, and lay it upon him, invite him, and take him home to your houses, in the exercise of prayer, morning and evening, as I often desired you; especially now, let him not want lodging in your houses, nor lie in the fields, when he is shut out of pulpits and Kirks. If ye will be content to take heaven by violence, and the wind on your face for Christ and his cross; I am here one, who hath some tryal of Christs cross, I can say, that Christ was ever kind to me, but he overcometh himself (if I may speak so) in kindness, while I suffer for him: I give you my word for it, Christs cross is not so evil as they call it, it is sweet, light, and comfortable; I would not want the visitations of love, and the very breathings of Christs mouth, when he kisseth, and my Lords delightful smiles, and love embracements, under my sufferings for him, for a mountain of fine gold, nor for all the honours, court, and grandour of velvet-kirk men: Christ hath the yolk and heart of my love; *I am my beloveds, and my welbeloved is mine.* O that ye were all handfasted to Christ! O my Dearly beloved in the Lord, I would I could change my voice, and had a tongue tuned with the hand of my Lord, and had the art of speaking of Christ, that I might paint out unto you the worth, and highness, and greatness and excellencie of that fairest and renowned bridgroom! I beseech you by the mercies of the Lord, by the sighs, tears, and heart blood of our Lord Jesus, by the salvation of your poor and precious souls, set up the mountain, that ye and I may meet before the Lambs throne, amongst the congregation of the first born. Lord grant, that that may
be

be the tryſting place, that ye and I may put up our hands together, and pluck, and eat the apples of the tree of life; and we may feaſt together, and drink together, of that pure river of the water of life, that cometh out from under the throne of God, and from the Lamb: O how little is your hand-breadth, and ſpan-length of dayes here! Your inch of time is leſs, then when ye and I parted; eternity, eternity is coming, poſting on with wings; then ſhall every mans blacks and whites be brought to light. O how low will your thoughts be of this fair-skined but heart-rotten apple, the vain, vain, ſeckleſs world, when the worms ſhall make their houſes in your eye holes, and ſhall eat off the fleſh from the ball of your cheeks, and ſhall make that body a number of drie bones! Think not the common gate of ſerving God, as neighbour and others do, will bring you to heaven; few, few are ſaved; the Devils court is thick and many, he hath the greateſt number of mankind for his vassals. I know, this world is a great forreſt of thorns in your way to heaven; but ye muſt through it: acquaint your ſelves with the Lord, hold faſt Chriſt, hear his voice only, bleſs his name, ſanctifie and keep his day, keep the new commandment, love one another, let the Holy Spirit dwell in your bodies, and be clean and holy, love not the world, ly not, love and follow truth, learn to know God, keep in mind what I taught you; for God will ſeek an account of it, when I am far from you: abſtain from all evil and all appearance of evil; follow good carefully, and ſeek peace and follow after it; honour your King, and pray for him; remember me to God in your prayers, I do not forget you: I told you often, while I was with you, and now I write it again, heavy, ſad and ſore is that ſtroke of the Lords wrath, that is coming upon Scotland; wo, wo, wo to this Harlot-land, for they ſhall take the cup of Gods wrath from his hand, and drink, and ſpue, and fall, and not riſe again. In, in, In with ſpeed, to your ſtrong hold, ye priſoners of hope, and hide you there while the anger of the Lord paſs:

Follow

Follow not the Pastors of this Land, for the sun is gone down upon them: as the Lord liveth they lead you from Christ, and from the good old way; yet the Lord will keep the holy Citie, and make this withered Kirk to bud again like a rose, and a field blessed of the Lord. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. The prayers and blessing of a prisoner of Christ, in bonds for him, and for you, be with you all. AMEN.

Aberden, July 14.
1637.

Your Lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.

To the Honourable, Reverend, and Welbelov'd Professors of Christ and his Truth in sincerity, in Ireland.

DEarly beloved in our Lord, and partakers of the heavenly calling; Grace, mercy and peace be to you, from God our father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ: I alwayes, but most of all now in my bonds, [most sweet bonds for Christ my Lord] rejoyce, to hear of your faith and love, and to hear that our King, our welbelov'd, our bridegroom, without tiring, stayeth still to wooe you, as his wife; and that persecutions, and mockings of sinners have not chased away the wooer from the house. I perswade you in the Lord, the men of God, now scattered and driven from you, put you upon the right scent and pursuit of Christ, and my salvation on it, [if ten heavens were mine] if this way, this way that I now suffer for, this way that the world nick-nameth, and reproacheth, and no other way, be not the Kings gate to heaven; and I shall never see Gods face, [and alas!] I were a beguiled wretch if it were so] if this be not the only saving way to heaven. Oh that you would take a prisoner of Christ's word for it! nay, I know you have the greatest Kings word for it, that it shall not be your wisdom to spier out another Christ; another way of worshipping him; then is now savingly revealed to you. Therefore, though I never saw your faces, let me be pardoned to write to you, ye honourable persons,

sons, ye faithful Pastors yet amongst the flocks, and ye sincere professors of Christs truth, or any weak tired strayers, who cast but half an eye after the bridegroom, if possibly I could, by any weak experience, confirm and strengthen you, in this good way, every where spoken against. I can with greatest assurance [to the honour of our highest, and greatest and dearest Lord let it be spoken] assert, [though I be but a child in Christ, and scarce able to walk, but by a hold, and the meanest and less then the least of Saints] that we do not come nigh, by twenty degrees, to the due love and estimation of that fairest among the sons of men; for if it were possible that heaven, yea ten heavens, were laid in the ballance with Christ, I would think the smell of his breath above them all: sure I am, he is the far best half of heaven; yea, he is all heaven, & more than all heaven; & my Testimony of him is, that ten lives of black sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments, were all too little for Christ, if our suffering could be a hire to buy him: and therefore faine not in your sufferings, and hazards for him. I proclaim and cry, hell, sorrow, and shame upon all lusts, upon all by-lovers, that would take Christ's room over his head, in this little inch of love, of these narrow sonls of ours, that is due to sweetest Jesus. O highest, O fairest, O dearest Lord Jesus, take thine own from all bastard lovers! O that we could woder, and sell all our part of times glory and times good things, for a lease and tack of Christ, for all eternity! O how are we mist, and mired with the love of things that are in this side of time, and in this side of death's water! where can we find a match to Christ, or an equal, or a better then he, among created things? Oh this world is our of all conceits, and all love with our welbeloved. O that I could sell my laughter, joy, ease, and all for him; and be content of a straw-bed, and bread by weight, and water by measure, in the camp of our weeping Christ! I know his sackcloth and ashes are better, then the fools laughter, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. But alace! we do not harden our faces against

14. Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 3.
 against the cold north storms, which blow upon Christ's
 fair face, we love well summer religion, and to be that
 which Sin hath made us, even as thin-skinned, as if we
 were made of white paper, and would fain be carried
 to heaven in a close covered chariot, wishing from our
 hearts, that Christ would give us surety, and his hand
 write, and his seal, for nothing but a fair summer, until
 we be landed in at heavens gates: how many of us have
 been here deceived, and fainted in the day of tryal;
 amongst you there are some of this Stamp: I shall be
 sorry if my acquaintance A. T. hath left you; I will
 not believe he dare stay from Christ's side. I desire that
 ye shew him this from me; for I loved him once in
 Christ, neither can I change my mind suddenly of him.
 But the truth is, that many of you, and too many also
 of your neighbour Church of Scotland, have been like a
 tenant that sitteth meal-free, and knoweth not his hol-
 ding, while his rights be questioned; and now I am per-
 swaded, it will be asked at every one of us, on what
 terms we broke Christ, for we have sitted long
 meal-free; we found Christ without a wet foot;
 and He, and his gospel, came upon small charges
 to our Doors; but now we must wet our feet to
 seek him: our evil manners, and the bad fashions
 of a people at ease from our youth, and like *Moab*
 not casten from vessel to vessel, *Ier. 48. 11.* hath
 made us like standing waters, to gather a foul scum;
 and when we are jumbled, our dregs come up, and
 are seen: many take but halfe grip of Christ, and the
 wind bloweth them and Christ asunder; indeed when
 the mast is broken, and blown in the sea, it is an art
 hen to swim upon Christ, to drie land; 'tis even possible
 hat the children of God, in a hard Tryal lay them-
 selves down as hidden in the Lee-side of a bush, while
 Christ their master be taken, as *Peter* did; and lurk
 there, while the storm be overpast: all of us know
 the way to a whole skin; and the simplest heart that is
 hath a by-purse, that will contain the denial of Christ
 and a fearful backsliding. O how rare a thing is it, to be
 loyal and honest to Christ, when he hath a controversy
 with

with the shields of the earth! I wish, all of you would consider, that this trial is from Christ, it is come upon you unbought (indeed when we buy a temptation with our own money, no marvel that we be not easily free of it, and that God be not at our elbow to take it off our hand) this is Christ's ordinarie house-fire that he makes use of, to try all the vessels of his house withal, and Christ now is about to bring his treasure out before sun and moon, and to tell his money, and in the telling, to try what weight of gold, and what weight of watered copper is in his house. Do not now jouke, or bow, or yield to your adversaries in a hair breadth; Christ and his truth will not divide; and his truth hath not latitude & breadth, that ye may take some of it, and leave other some of it; nay, the gospel is like a small hairs, that hath no breadth, and will not cleave in two: it is not possible to tryste and compound a matter betwixt Christ and Antichrist, and therefore ye must either be for Christ, or ye must be against him: It was but mans wit, and the wit of Prelats, and their god-father the Pope (*that man without law*) to put Christ, and his prerogatives royal, and his truth or the smallest nail-breadth of his latter will, in the new kalendar of *Indifferencies*; and to make a blank of an inked paper, in Christs Testament, that men may fill up; and so shuffle the truth, and matters they call *indifferent*, thorow other; and spin both together, that the Antichrists wares may sell the better: This is but the device and forged dream of men, whose consciences are made of stoutness, & have a throat, that a graven image greater than the bounds of the Kirk door, would get free passage into: I am sure, when Christ shall bring us all out in our blacks and whites, at that day, when he shall cry down time, and the world, and when the glory of it shall lie in white ashes, like a may-flower cut down and having lost the bloesome, there shall be few, yea none that dare make any point, that toucheth the worship and honour of our king and lawgiver, to be indifferent. O that this mist and blindfolded world would see, that Christ doth not rise and fall, stand or lie, by mens apprehensions! what is Christ the lighter, that men do with him by

open

open proclamation, as men do with clipped and light money; they are now crying down Christ some grain weights, and some pounds or shillings, and they will have him lie for a penny or a pound, for one, or for an hundredth, according as the wind bloweth from the east, or from the west; but the Lord has weighed him, and ballanced him already, *This is my welbeloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him*; his worth, and his waight standeth still; It is our part to cry up, up with Christ, and down, down with all created glory before him. O that I could highten him, and highten his name, and highten his throne! I know, and am perswaded, that Christ shall again be high, and great in this poor, withered, and sunburnt Kirk of Scotland; and that the sparks of our fire shall flee over sea, and round about, to warm you, and other sister-churches, and that this tabernacle of Davids house that is fallen, even the Son of David his waste places, shall be built again; and I know the prison, crosses, persecutions, and trials of the two slain witnesses, that are now dead and buried, Rev. 11. and of the faithful professors, have a back-door and back entrie of escape; and that death and hell, and the world and tortures, shall all cleave and split in twain, and give us free passage and liberty to go through them toll-free; and we shall bring all Gods good metal out of the furnace again, and leave behind us but our dross, and our scum: we may then before hand proclaim Christ to be victorious. He is crowned King in mount Sion; God did put the crown upon his head, *Psal. 2.* And who dare take it off again? out of question he hath sore and grievous quarrels against his Church; and therefore, he is called, *Isa. 31. 9.* *He whose fire is in Zion, and whose furnace is in Jerusalem.* But when he hath performed his work on mount Sion, all Sions haters shall be as the hungry and thirstie man, that dreams he is eating and drinking, and behold when he awaketh he is faint, and his soul empty: and this advantage we have also, that he will not bring before sun and moon, all the infirmities of his wife; it is the modesty of marriage-anger, or husband-wrath, that our sweet Lord Jesus will not
come

come with chiding to the streets, to let all the world hear what is betwixt him and us; his sweet glooms stay under roose, and that because he is God. Two special things ye are to mind. 1. Try & make sure your profession; that ye carry not empty lamps: alace, security is the bane, and the wrack of the most part of the world! Oh how many professors go with a golden lustre, and gold-like before men, [who are but witnessers to our white skin] and yet are but bastard and base metal: consider how fair before the wind some do ply with up-sails and white, even to the nick of illumination, *Heb. 6. 5. And tasting of the heavenly gift; and a share and part of the holy Ghost; and the tasting of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come:* And yet this is but a false nick of renovation, and in a short time, such are quickly broken upon the rocks, and never fetch the harbour, but are landed in the bottom of hell. O make your heaven sure, and try how ye come by conversion; that it be not stolen goods, in a white and well-lustred profession! A white skin over old wounds maketh an under-cotting conscience: False under-water not seen is dangerous, and that is a leak, and rift in the bottom of an enlightened conscience, often falling, and sinning against light. Wo, wo is me, that the holy profession of Christ is made a stage garment by many, to bring home a vain fame; and Christ is made to serve mens ends; this is, as it were, to stop an oven with a Kings robes. Know 2. except men martyr and slay the body of sin, in sanctified self-denial, they shall never be Christs martyrs, and faithful witnesses. Oh if I could be master of that house idol *my self, my own mind, my own will, wit, credit, and ease!* how blessed were I? O but we have need to be redeemed from our selves, rather then from the Devil and the world! Learn to put out your selves, and to put in Christ for your selves: It should make a sweet battering and nifferring, and give old for new, if I could shuffle out self, and substitute Christ my Lord in place of *my self*; to say, *not I, but Christ; not my will, but Christs; not my ease, not my lust, not my seckless Credit; but Christ, Christ.* But alace! in leaving

leaving ourselves, in setting Christ before our Idoll, self, we have yet a glaiked back-look to our old Idol. O wretched Idol, *my self*, when shall I see thee wholly decoarted, & Christ wholly put in thy room? Oh if Christ, Christ, had the full place and room of my self, that all my aimes, purposes, thoughts, and desires, would coast and land upon Christ, and not upon my self! & howbeit we cannot attain to this denial of *me*, and *mine*, that we can say, *I am not my self, my self is not my self, mine own is no longer mine own*; yet our aiming at this, in all we do, shall be accepted: for alace! I think I shall die, but minding and aiming to be a Christian: Is it not our comfort, that Christ the mediator of the new covenant is come betwixt us and God, in the business, so that green and young heirs, the like of sinners, have now a Tutor that is God: and now, God be thanked, our salvation is bottomed on Christ: sure I am, the bottom shall never fall out of heaven & happiness to us: I would give over the bargain a thousand times, were it not, that Christ his free grace, hath taken our salvation in hand. Pray, pray, and contend with the Lord for your Sister Church; for it would appear the Lord is about to ask for his scattered sheep, in the dark and cloudy day. O that it would please our Lord to set up again Davids old wasted and fallen tabernacle in Scotland, that we might see the glory of the second temple in this land! O that my little haeven were wodsset, to redeem the honour of my Lord Jesus among Jews and Gentiles! let never dew lie upon my branches, and let my poor flower wither at the root, so being Christ were enthroned, and his glory advanced in all the world, and especially in these three Kingdoms: but I know he hath no need of me: what can I add to him? but oh that he would cause his high and pure glory run through such a foul channel as I am! and howbeit he hath caused the blossom fall off my one poor joy, that was on this side of heaven, even my liberty to preach Christ to his people, yet I am dead to that now, so being he would hew and carve glory, glory for evermore, to my royal King, out of my silence, and sufferings. Oh that I had my fill of his love; but I know ill manners make an uncouth and strange bridegroom.

Epist. 4.

LETTERS.

19

groom. I intreat you earnestly for the aid of your prayers, for I forget not you; and I salute with my soul in Christ the faithful Pastors, and honourable and worthy Professors in that Land. Now the God of peace, that brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead, the great shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect, in every good work, to do his will; working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight; Grace, Grace be with you.

*Aberden, Feb. 4.
1638.*

*Yours in his sweetest Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the truly Noble & Elect Lady, my Lady

VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

Noble & elect Lady;

THat honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years, with submission to my Lords will, my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me; even to suffer for my royal & princely King Jesus, & for his kingly Crown, & the freedom of his Kingdom, that his Father hath given him. The forbidden Lords have sentenced me with deprivation, & confinement within the town of *Aberden*. I am charged in the Kings name, to enter against the twenty day of *August* next, & there to remain during the Kings pleasure, as they have given it out. Howbeit Christs green cross, newly laid upon me, be somewhat heavy, while I call to mind the many fair dayes, sweet & comfortable to my soul, and to the souls of many others, & how young ones in Christ are plucked from the breast, & the inheritance of God laid waste; yet that sweet smelled & perfumed cross of Christ is accompanied with sweet refreshments, with the kisses of a King, with the joy of the holy Ghost, with faith that the

B

Lord

Lord hears the sighing of a prisoner, with undoubted hope (as sure as my Lord liveth) after this night, to see day light, & Christs skie to clear up again upon me, & his poor Kirk, & that in a strange Land, amongst strange faces: he will give favour in the eyes of men, to his poor oppressed servant, who do not but love that lovely one, that princely one-Jesus, the comforter of his soule. All would bewell, if I were free of old challanges for guiltiness, & for neglect in my calling, & for speaking too little for my well-beloveds Crown, Honour, & Kingdom. Oh for a day in the assembly of the Saints to advocate for King Jesus! If my Lord go on now to quarrels also, I die, I cannot endure it: But I look for peace from him; because he knoweth I do bear mens feud, but I do not bear his feud: this is my onely exercise, that I fear I have done little good in my ministry: but I dare not but say, I loved the bairns of the wedding chamber, & prayed for and desired the thriving of the marriage, and coming of his Kingdom. I apprehend no less then a judgment upon *Gullaway*; and that the Lord shall visit this whole nation, for the quarell of the covenant. But what can be said upon me, or any the like of me, is too light for Christ: Christ dow bear more, and would bear death and burning quick, in his weak servants, even for this honourable cause, that I now suffer for. Yet for all my complaints (and he knoweth that I dare not now dissemble) he was never sweeter and kinder, then he is now; one kiss now is sweeter then ten long since: sweet, sweet is his cross; light, light and easie is his yoke. O what a sweet step were it up to my fathers house, thorow ten deaths, for the truth and cause of that unknown, and so not-half-weloved, plant of Renow, the man called the *Branch*, the chief among ten thousands, the fairest among the sons of men! O what unseen joyes, how many hidden heart-burnings of love, are in the remnants of the sufferings of Christ! My dear worthy *Lady*, I give it to your *Let*; under my own hand (my heart writing as well as my hand) welcome, welcom, sweet, sweet, and glorious cross of Christ; welcome sweet Jesus, with thy

Epist. 4.

LETTERS.

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thy light cross, thou hast now gained and gotten all my love from me, keep what thou hast gotten. Onely, woe, woe is me, for my bereft-flock, for the Lambs of Jesus, that I fear shall be fed with dry breasts; but I spare now, *Madam*, I dare not promise to see your *La*: because of the little time I have allotted me, and I purpose to obey the King, who hath power of my body; and rebellion to Kings is unbeseeming Christs Ministers. Be pleased to acquaint my Lady *Marre* with my case, I will look you *La*: and that good Lady will be mindful to God of the Lords prisoner, not for my cause, but for the Gospels sake. *Madam*, bind me more (if more can be) to your *La*: and write thanks to your brother, my Lord of *Lorne*, for what he hath done for me, a poor unknown stranger to his *Lo*: I shall pray for him and his house, while I live, it is his honour, to open his mouth in the streets for his wronged, and oppressed master Christ Jesus. Now *Madam*, commending your *La*: and the sweet childe to the tender mercies of mine own Lord Jesus, and his good will who dwelt in the bush; I Rest,

Edinb. July 28.
1636.

Yours, in his own sweetest
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Noble & Christian Lady, the

VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

My very Honourable & dear Lady,

Grace mercy and peace be to you, I cannot forget your *La*: and that sweet childe; I desire to hear what the Lord is doing to you, and him: to write to me were charity, I cannot but write to my friends, that Christ hath trusted me in *Aberdeen*; and my adversaries have sent me here to be feasted with love-banquets with my royal, high, high, and princely King Jesus. *Madam*, why should I smother Christs honesty? I dare

not conceal his goodness to my soul, he looked fram'd and uncouth-like upon me, when I came first here; but I believe himself better then his looks: I shall not again quarrel Christ for a gloome, now he hath taken the mask off his face, and saith, kils thy fill; and what can I have more, while I get great heaven in my little arms? O how sweet are the sufferings of Christ, for Christ! God forgive them, that raise an ill report upon the sweet cross of Christ; it is but our weak and dim eyes, that look but to the black side, that makes us mistake: those who can take that crabbed-tree handsomely upon their back, and fasten it on cannily, shall find it such a burden, as wings unto a bird, or sailes to a ship. *Madam*, rue not of your having chosen the better part: upon my salvation, this is Christs truth I now suffer for: if I found but cold comfort in my sufferings, I would not beguile others, I would have told you plainly; but the truth is, Christs crown, his scepter, and the freedom of his Kingdom, is that, which is now called in question: because we will not allow that Christ pay tribute, and be a vassal to the shields of the earth, therefore the sons of our mother are angry at us: but it becometh not Christ to hold any mans stirrup: It were a sweet and honourable death, to die for the honour of that royal and princely King Jesus: this love is a mystery to the world: I would not have believed that there was so much in Christ, as there is; *Come and see* maketh Christ to be known in his excellency and glory; I wish all this Nation knew how sweet his breath is, it is little to see Christ in a book, as men do the world in a card: they talk of Christ by the book and the tongue, and no more; but to come nigh Christ and haufe him, and embrace him, is another thing. *Madam*, I write to your Honour for your encouragement in that honourable profession, Christ hath honoured you with: Ye have gotten the Sunny side of the brae, and the best of Christs goods things; he hath not given you the bastards portion; and howbeit ye get strokes and sour looks from your Lord, yet believe his love more then your own feeling; for this world

world can take nothing from you, that is truly yours; and death can do you no wrong: your rock doth not ebb and flow, but your sea: that which Christ hath said he will bide by it: he will be your tutour; you shall not get your charters of heaven to play you with: It is good that ye have lost your credit with Christ, and that Lord *freewill* shall not be your tutour. Christ will lippen the taking of you to heaven neither to your self, nor any deputy; but only to himself; blessed be your tutour: When your head shall appear, your bridegroom and Lord, your day shall then dawn, and it shall never have an afternoon, nor an evening shadow. Let your child be Christs, let him stay beside you, as the Lords pledge, that you shall willingly render again, if God will. *Madam*, I find folk here kind to me, but in the night, & under their breath; my masters cause may not come to the crown of the causey; others are kind according to their fashion: many think me a strange man, and my cause not good; but I care not much for mans thoughts or approbation: I think no shame of the cross. The preachers of this town pretend great love, but the Prelats have added to the rest this gentle cruelty (for so they think of it) to discharge me of the pulpits of this town: the people murmur, and cry out against it: and to speak truly [howbeit Christ is most indulgent to me otherwise, yet] my silence on the Lords day keeps me from being exalted above measure, and from startling in the hear of my Lords love. Some people affect me, for the which cause, I hear the preachers here purpose to have my confinement changed to another place; so cold is northern love: but Christ and I will bear it. I have wrestled long with this sad silence: I said, what aileth Christ at my service? and my soul hath been at a pleading with Christ, and at yea & nay; but I will yield to him, providing my suffering may preach more, then my tongue did; for I gave not Christ an inch but for twice as good again: in a word, I am a fool, and he is God. I will hold my peace hereafter. Let me hear from your *La*: and your Dear Child; pray for a prisoner of Christ, who is mindful of your *La*: Remember my obliged obedience to my good Lady *Marre*.

24 Mr. RUTHERFORDS. Epist. 6.
Grace, Grace be with you. I write and pray blessings
to your sweet childe.

Aberd. Nov. 22.
1636.

Yours in all Dutifull obedience to
his onely Lord Iesus, S. R.

To the right honourable & Christian Lady, my Lady

VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

MADAM;

GRace Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your
La: letter, it refreshed me in my heaviness: the
blessing and prayers of a prisoner of Christs come upon
you. Since my coming hither, Galloway sent me not a
line, except what my Brother, Earlston, and his son
did write: I cannot get my papers transported: but Ma-
dam, I want not kindness of one, who hath the gate
of it, Christ (if he had never done more for me since I
was born) hath engaged my heart, and gained my bless-
ing, in this house of my pilgrimage. It pleaseth my
welbeloved to dine with a poor prisoner, and the Kings
spiknard casteth a fragrant smell: nothing grieveth me,
but that I eat my fasts alone, and that I cannot edifie
his saints: O that this Nation knew what is betwixt him
and me; none would skare at the crosse of Christ! my
silence eates me up; but he hath told me, he thanketh
me no less, then if I were preaching dayly, he sees how
gladly I would be at it; & therefore my wages are going
to the fore up in heaven, as if I were still preaching Christ.
Captains pay ducly bedfast souldiers, howbeit they doe
not march, nor carry armour; Though Israel be not
gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of my Lord, and
my Lord shall be my strength, Isa. 49. 5. my garland, The
Banished Minister, (the terme of Aberdeen) ashameth me
not: I have seen the white side of Christs crosse; how
lovely

lovely hath he been to his oppressed servant. *Psal. 146: 7, 8, 9. The Lord executeth judgment for the oppressed; he giveth food to the hungry; the Lord looseth the prisoner; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord preserveth the stranger.* If it were come to exchanging of crosses, I would not exchange my cross with any: I am well-pleased with Christ, and he with me; I hope none shall hear us. It is true for all this, I get my meat with many strokes, and am seven times a day up, and down, and am often anxious, and cast down for the case of my oppressed brother; yet I hope the Lord will be surer for his servant. But now upon some weak, very weak experience, I am come to love a tumbling, and raging devil belt, seeing we must have a devil to hold the Saints waking, I wish a comberfome devil, rather then a secure and sleeping one. At my first coming hither, I took the darts at Christ; and took up a stomach against him; I said, he had cast me over the dike of the vineyard, like a drie tree; but it was his mercy, I see, that the fire did not burn the drie tree; and now as if my Lord Jesus had done that fault, and not I, who belied my Lord; (he hath made the first mends, and he spake not one word against me, but hath come again, and quickned my soul with his presence: Nay, now I think the very annuety, and casualities of the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, and these comforts that accompany it, better, then the worlds set rent. O how many rich off-fallings are in my Kings house! I am perswaded, and dare pawn my salvation on it, that it is Christs teuth I now suffer for: I know his comforts are no dreams, he would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones, that trust in him. Your La: wrote to me, that ye are yet an ill scholler: *Madams*, ye must go in at heavens gates, and your book in your hand, still learning: you have had your own large share of troubles, and a double portion; but it saith your Father counteth you not a bastard; ful-begotten bairns are nurtured. *Heb. 12. 8.* I long to hear of the childe, I write the blessings of Christs prisoner and the mercies of God to him: Let him be Christs and yours betwixt you, but

let Christ be whole play-maker, let him be the lender, and ye the borrower, not an owner. *Madam*, it is not long since I did write to your *La*: that Christ is keeping mercy for you, and I bide by it still, and now I write it under my hand: Love him dearly, win into see him; there is in him that which you never saw, he is ay nigh, he is a tree of life, green, and blossoming, both summer and winter: There is a nick in Christianity, to the which whosoever cometh, they see and feel more then others can do: I invite you of new to come to him, *Come and see* will speak better things of him, then I can do: *Come* neerer will say much: God never thought this world a portion worthy of you: He would not even you to a gift of dirt and clay; nay, he will not give you *Esau's* portion; but reserves the inheritance of *Jacob* for you: Are ye not well married now? Have you not a good husband now. My heart cannot express what sad nights I have for the virgin daughter of my people: Wo is me, for our time is coming, *Ezek 7. 10.* Behold the day, behold it is come, the morning hath gone forth, the rod hath blossomed, pride hath budded, violence is risen up in a rod of wickedness, the sun is gone down upon our Prophets. A drie wind upon Scotland, but neither to fair nor cleause: but out of all question when the Lord hath cut down his forest, the after-growth of Lebanon shall flourish, they shall plant vines in our mountains, and a cloud shall yet fill the Temple. Now the blessing of our dearest Lord Jesus, and the blessing of him that is seperat from his brethren come upon you.

Aberden.

*Yours, at Aberdeen the prisoner
of Christ, S. R.*

To the honourable and truly noble Lady, the

VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy and peace be to your *La*: I long to hear from you. I am here waiting if a good wind long looked for shall at length blow in Christs sailes, in this land; But I wonder if Jesus be not content, to suffer more yet in his members and cause, and beauty of his house; rather then he should not be avenged upon this land: I hear many worthy men (who see more in the Lords dealing, then I can take up with my dim sight) are of a contrait mind, and do believe the Lord is coming home again to his house in *Scotland*: I hope he is on his journey that way; yet I look not, but that he shall feed this land with their own blood, before he establish his throne amongst us. I know your *Honour* is not looking after things here-away, ye have no great cause to think, that your stock, and principal, is under the roof of these visible heavens: and I hope ye would think your self a beguiled and cosened Soul, if it were so. I would be sorry to counsel your *La*: to make a covenant with time, and this life; but rather desire you to hold in fair generals, and far off, from this ill-founded heaven that is on this side of the water. It speaketh somewhat, when our Lord bloweth the bloom of our dast hopes in this life, and loppeth the branches of our Worldly joyes well nigh the root, on purpose, that they should not thrive. Lord spill my fools heaven in this life, that I may be saved forever. A forfeiture of the saints part of the yolk & marrow of short laughing happiness worldly, is not such a real evil, as our blinded eyes do conceive: I am thinking long now for some deliverance, more then before; but I know I am in an error: It is possible I am not come to that measure of trial,

B 1

that

that the Lord is seeking in his work. If my friends in *Galloway* would effectually do for my deliverance, I would exceedingly rejoyce: but I know not, but the Lord hath a way, whereof he will be the only reaper of praises. Let me know with the bearer, how the childe is. The Lord be his Father, and Tutour, and your onely Comforter: There is nothing here where I am, but profanitie and atheisme, Grace, grace be with your *La*.

*Aberd. Feb. 13.
1637.*

*Your La: at all obliged obe-
dience in Christ. S. R.*

To the Noble and Christian Lady, the
VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

M A. D. A M.

GRace, Merrey and Peace beto you. I would not omit the occasion to write to your *La*: with the bearer: I am glad the childe is well: Gods favour even in the eyes of men be seen upon him. I hope your *La*: is thinking upon these sad and wofull dayes, wherein we now live; when our Lord, in his righteous judgment, is sending the Kirk the gate she is going to *Romes* brothell house, to seek a lover of her own, seeing, she hath given up with Christ her husband. O what sweet comfort, what rich salvation, is laid up for those, who had rather wash and roll their garments in their own blood, then break out from Christ by Apostacy! Keep your self in the love of Christ, and stand far aback from the pollutions of the world. Side not with these times, and hold from coming nigh the signes of a conspiracy with those, that are now come out against Christ, that ye may be One kept for Christ onely. I know your *La*: thinketh upon this, and how ye may be humbled for your self and this backsliding land; for I avouch, that wrath from the Lord is gone out against *Scotland*.
I think

I think by the longer the better of my Royall and worthy Master: He is become a new welbelov'd to me now, in renewed consolations, by the presence of the Spirit of grace and glory. Christs garments smell of the powder of the merchant, when he cometh out of his Ivory chambers: O his perfum'd face, his fair face, his lovely and kindly kisses, have made me a poor prisoner see, there is more to be had of Christ in this life, then I believed, we think all is but a little earnest, a *four hours*, a small tasting, we have, or is to be had in this life, (which is true compared with the full inheritance) but yet I know, it is more, it is the Kingdom of God within us. Woe, woe is me that I have not ten loves, for that one Lord Jesus, and that love faileth, and drieth up in loving him; and that I find no way to spend my love-desires, and the yolk of my heart upon that fairest, and dearest one: I am far behind with my narrow heart. O how ebbe a soul have I to take in Christs love! for let worlds be multiplied according to Angels understanding, in Millions, while they weary themselves; these worlds would not contain the thousand part of his love. O if I could yoke in amongst the thick of Angels, and Seraphims, and now glorified Saints, and could raise a new love song of Christ, before all the world! I am pained with wondering at new opened treasures in Christ: if every finger, member, bone, and joynt, were a torch burning in the hottest fire in hell, I would they could all send out love-praises, high songs of praise for evermore, to that plant of renown, to that royal and high Prince Jesus my Lord: but alace his love swelleth in me, and findeth no vent: alace what can a dumb prisoner do or say for him. O for an ingine to write a book of Christ and his love: nay, I am left of him bound, and chained with his love: I cannot find a loosed soul to lift up his praises, and give them out to others. But oh my day light hath thick clouds: I cannot shine in his praises, I am often like a ship plying about to seek the wind: I sail at great leisure, and cannot be blowne upon that loveliest Lord: Or if I could turn my sailes to Christs rightarch; and

that I had my hearts wishes of his love! But, I but mar his praises: nay, I know no comparison of what Christ is, and what his worth is: all the Angels, and all the glorified, praise him not so much as in halves: who can advance him or utter all his praises? I want nothing: unknown faces favour me: enemies must speak good of the truth: my masters cause purchaseth commendation. The hopes of my enlargement from appearances are cold: my faith hath no bed to sleep upon, but omnipotency The good will of the Lord, and his sweetest presence be with you and that child. Grace and peace be yours.

Aberden, 1673.

*Your La: in all duty, in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To the right honourable and Christian Lady, the

VICOUNTESSE of KENMUR.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy and peace be to your La: I would not omit to write a line with this Christian bearer, one in your La: own case, driven neer to Christ, in, and by her affliction. I wish that my friends in *Galloway* forget me not; however it be Christ is so good, that I will have no other tutor, suppose I could have waile and choise of ten thousand beside: I think now five hundred heavie hearts for him too little. I wish Christ now weeping suffering, and contemned of men, were more dear and desirable to many souls, then he is: I am sure, if the saints wanted Christs cross, so profitable & so sweet, they might for the gain and glory of it, wish it were lawful, either to buy or borrow his cross: but it is a mercy that the saints have it laid to their hand for nothing, for I know no sweeter way to heaven, then through free grace, and hard trials together, and one of these cannot well want another. O that time would Post faster, and hasten our long-looked-for communion, with
th^e

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LETTERS.

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that fairest, fairest among the sons of men! O that the day would favour us, and come, and put Christ and us in others arms? I am sure a few years will do our turn, and the souldiers hour glass will soon run out. *Madam*, look to your lamp, and look for your Lords coming; and let your heart dwell aloof from that sweet child; Christs jealousie will not admit two equal loves in your *La*: heart: he must have one, and that the greatest; a little one to a creature may, and must suffice a soul married to him: *your maker is your husband, Isa. 54.* I would wish you well, and my obligations these many years bygon speak no less to me; but more I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for to your *La*: than Christ singled & wailed out from all created good things: or, Christ howbeit wet in his own blood, & wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints, at their best, are but strangers to the weight, & worth of the incomparable sweetness of Christ: He is so new, so fresh in excellency, every day of new, to those that search more and more in him, as if heaven could furnish as many new Christs. (If I may speak so) as there are dayes betwixt him & us, & yet he is one & the same. O we love an unknown lover, when we love Christ! Let me hear how the child is every way, the Prayers of a prisoner of Christ be upon him, grace for evermore, even while glory perfect it, be with your *La*:

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Noble and Christian Lady, the

VICOUNTESSE of KENMUR.

M A D A M;

Notwithstanding the great haste of the bearer, I would bless your *La* in paper: desiring, that since Christ hath ever envied, that the world should have your love by him, that ye give your self out for Christ, and that ye may be for no other. I know none worthy

B 7

of

of you but Christ. Madam, I am either suffering for Christ, and this is either the sure and good way, or I have done with heaven, and will never see Gods face: (I which blefs him cannot be.) I write my blessing to that sweet childe, that ye have borrowed from God, he is no heritage to you but a loan, love him as folk do borrowed things: my heart is heavy for you. They say the Kirk of Christ hath neither son, nor heir; and therefore her enemies shall possess her: but I know she is not that ill friended, her husband is her heir, and she his heritage. If my Lord would be pleased, I would desire some were dealt with, for my return to *Anwoth*; but if that never be, I thank God, *Anwoth* is not heaven, preaching is not Christ, I hope to wait on. Let me hear how the child is, and your La: mind and hope of him; for it would ease my heart to know that he is well. I am in good terms with Christ, but oh my guiltiness: yet he bringeth not plea's betwixt him and me to the streets, and before the sun. Grace, grace, for ever more be with your La:

Aberd. 1637.

*Your La: at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.*

To the right honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady

VICOUNTESSE of KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRace mercy and peace to you: I am refreshed with your Letter: the right hand of him, to whom belong the issues from death, hath been gracious to that sweet childe; I do not, I do not forget him, and, your La: in my prayers. Madam, for your own ease, I love careful, and withal doing complaints of want of practice; because I observe many, who think it holiness enough, to complain and set themselves at nothing, as if to say I am sick, would cure them; they think complaints a good charm for guiltiness. I hope ye are wrestling and struggling on, in this dead age, wherein folk have

have lost tongue, and legs and arms for Christ. I urge upon you, *Madam*, a nearer communion with Christ, & a growing communion: There are curtains to be drawn by, in Christ, that we never saw, and new foldings of love in him, I despair that ever I shall win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it. Therefore dig deep, and swear, and labour, and take paines for him; and set by so much time in the day for him, as you can: he will be won with labour, I, his exiled prisoner, sought him, and he hath rued upon me, and hath made a moan for me, as he doth for his own, *Ier.* 31. v. 10. *Isa.* 45. v. 11. and I know not what to do with Christ, his love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but O how sweet and lovely is that burden! I drow not keep it within me: I am so in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven, I would be unwilling to go there. O what weighing and what telling is in Christs love! I fear nothing now so much, as the laughing of Christs cross, and the love-showers that accompany it: I wonder what he meaneth to put such a slave at the board-head, at his own elbow. Oh that I should lay my black mouth to such a fair, fair, fair face as Christs! but I dare not refuse to be loved, the cause is not in me why he hath looked upon me, and loved me, for he got neither budde nor hire of me, it cost me nothing, it is good cheap love. O the many pound-weights of his love, under which I am sweetly pressed! Now *Madam*, I perswade you, the greatest part but play with Christianity, they put it by hand easily. I thought it had been an easie thing to be a Christian, and that to seek God, had been at the next door; but oh the windings, the turnings, the up's, and the down's that he hath led me through; and I see yet much way to the foord: he speaketh with my reins in the night season, and in the morning, when I awake, I finde his love-arrows, that he shot at me, sticking in my heart: who will help me to praise? who will come list with me, & set on high his great love? and yet I finde, that a fire-flaught of challenges will come in at mid-summer, and question me; but it is only to keep a sinner in order, As for Friends, I shall not think
the

the world to be the world, if that well go nor drie. I trust in God, to use the world, as a Canny or Canning master doth a knave-servant, (at least God give me grace to do so) he giveth him no handling or credit, only he intrusteth him with common errands, wherein he cannot play the knave. I pray God, I may not give this world éredit of my joyes, and comforts, and confidence: that were to put Christ out of his office: nay, I counsell you Madam, from a little experience, let Christ keep the great seal, and intrust him so, as to hing your vessels great and small, and pin your burdens upon the nail fastened in Davids house, *Isai. 22. ver. 23*; Let me not be well, if ever they get the tutoring of my comforts: away, away with irresponsal Tutours, that would play me a slip, and then Christ would laugh at me, and say well-wared, try again ere ye trust. Now wo is me for my whorish mother the Kirk of Scotland; Oh who will bewail her! Now the presence of the great Angel of the covenant be with you and that sweet chuld.

Aberd. March. 7.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

*To the right honourable and Christian Lady,
my Lady*

K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

UPON the offered opportunity of this worthy bearer, I could not omit to answer the heads of your letter. 1. I think not much to set down in paper some good things anent Christ, that sealed and holy thing, and to feed my soul with raw wishes to be one with Christ; for a wish is but broken and half-love, but verily to obey this, *come and see*: is a harder matter. But oh I have rather smoak then fire, and guessings rather then real assurances of him: I have little or nothing to say, that I am

as one who hath found favour in his eyes; but there is some pining and mismannered hunger, that maketh me miscall and nickname Christ as a changed Lord; but alas! it is ill fitten. I cannot believe without a pledge, I cannot take Gods word without a Caution; as if Christ had lost and sold his credit, and were not in my books responsal and law-biding, but this is my way; for his way is, Ephes. 1. 13. *after that ye believed ye were sealed with the holy spirit of promise.* 1. Ye write that I am filled with knowledge, and stand not in need of these warnings: but certainly my light is dim, when it cometh to handy-grips: and how many have full coffers, and yet empty bellies? light and the saving use of light, are far different. O what need have I to have the ashes blown away from my Dying-out fire! may be a book-man, and be an Idiot and stark fool in Christs way, learning will not beguile Christ, the Bible beguiled the Pharisees, and so may I be misted: Therefore as night watches hold one another waking, by speaking to one another, so have we need to hold one another on foot; sleep stealeth away the light of watching, even the light that reproveth sleeping. I doubt not but mo should fetch heaven, if they believed not heaven to be at the next door: the worlds negative holiness, no adulterer, no murderer, no thief, no Cousener, maketh men believe they are already glorified saints: but the 6. Chap. to the Heb. may affright us all, when we hear that men may take of the gifts, and common graces of the holy spirit, and a taste of the powers of the life to come, to hell with them: here is reprobate silver, which yet seemeth to have the Kings Image, and superscription upon it. 3. I find you complaining of your self, and it becometh a sinner so to do, I am not against, you in that sense of death is a sib friend, & of kin and blood to life, the more sense, the more life, the more sense of sin, the less sin. I would love my pain, and soreness, and my wounds, howbeit these should bereave me of my nights sleep, better then my wounds without pain. O how sweet a thing is it, to give Christ his hand-full of broken armes, and legs, and disjointed bones.

bones. 4. Be not afraid for little grace, Christ soweth his living seed, and he will not lose his seed: if he have the guiding of my stock, and state; it shall not miscarry. Our spilt works, losses, deadness, coldness, wretchedness, are the ground which the good husbandman laboureth. 5. Ye write that his compassions fail not, notwithstanding that your service to Christ miscarrieth: To the which I answer: God forbid that there were buying, and selling, and blocking for as good again, betwixt Christ and us; for then free grace might go play it, and a Saviour sing dumb, and Christ go and sleep: but we go to heaven with dight shoulders, and all the bairn-time, and the vessels great and small that we have, are fastned upon the sure nail, Isa 22. 24. the only danger is, that we give grace more ado then God giveth it, that is, by turning his grace into wantonness. 6. Ye write few see your guiltiness, and ye cannot be free with many, as with me: I Answer, blessed be God, Christ and we are not heard before mens courts, it is at home betwixt him and us, that plea's are taken away. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

*To the right honourable and Christian Lady,
my Lady*

KENMURE.

M A D A M.

GRace, mercy and peace be to your La: God be thanked ye are yet in possession of Christ and that sweet childe: I pray God the former may be sure heritage, and the latter a loan for your comfort, while he do good to his poor afflicted, withered mount Sion: and who knoweth but our Lord hath comforts laid up in store for her
and

and you. I am perswaded Christ hath bought you by, the devil, and hell, and sin, that they have no claim to you; and that is a rich and unvaluable mercy. Long since, ye were half challenging deaths cold kindness, in being so slow and swier to come and loose a tired prisoner: but ye stand in need of all the crosses, losses, changes, and sad hearts that beset you since that time: Christ knoweth the body of sin unsubdued, will take them all and more: we know that *Paul* had need of the devils service, to buffet him, and far more we. But my dear and honourable Lady, spend your sand-glass well: I am sure ye have law to raise a suspension against all, that devils, men, friends, world, losses, hell, or sin can decree against you: it is good your crosses will but convey you to heavens gates: *Is* can they not go, the gates shall be closed on them, when ye shall be admitted to the throne. Time standeth not still, eternity is hard at our door. O what is laid up for you! Therefore harden your face against the wind, and the Lamb your husband is making ready for you, the bridegroom would fain have that day, as gladly as your Honour would wish to have it; he hath not forgotten you. I have heard a rumour of the Prelats purpose to banish me, but let it come if God so will, the other side of the sea is my fathers ground aswell as this side: I ow bowing to God, but no servil bowing to crosses, I have been but too soft in that: I am comforted that I am perswaded fully that Christ is halfer with me in this well-born and honest cross, and if he claim right to the best half of my troubles, [as I know he doth to the whole;] I shall remit it over to Christ, what I shall do in this case: I know certainly my Lord Jesus will not marre nor spill my sufferings, he hath use for them in his house. O what it worketh on me, to remember that a stranger who cometh not in by the door, shall build hay and stube upon the golden foundation I laid amongst that people in *Amos*: but I know providence looketh not asquint, but looketh straight out, and thorow all mens darkness; O that I could wait upon the Lord: I had but one eye, one joy, one delight, even to preach Christ, and my mothers sons were angry at me, and have

have put out the poor mans one eye, and what have I behind? I am sure this sour world hath lost my heart deservedly, but oh that there were a dayes-man to lay his hand upon us both, and determin upon my part of it. Alas! that innocent and lovely truth should be sold; my tears are but little worth, but yet for this thing I weep, I weep! alas that my fair and lovely Lord Jesus should be miskent in his own house, it reckoneth little of five hundred the like of me: Yet the water goeth not over faiths breadth, yet our King liveth: I write the prisoners blessing, the good will, and long lasting Kindness, with the comforts of the very God of peace be to your La: and to your sweet childe; grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sep. 7,
1637.*

*Your honours at all obedience in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To the much honoured

JOHN GORDON ;

Of Cardones elder.

MUch honoured and dearest in my Lord, Grace, mercy and peace be to you, my soul longeth exceedingly to hear how matters go betwixt you and Christ; and whether or not there be any work of Christ in that parish, that will bide the trial of fire and water: let me be weighed of my Lord in a just ballance, if your souls lie not weighry upon me: you go to bed and you rise with me, thoughts of your soul (my dearest in our Lord) depart not from me in my sleep: ye have a great part of my tears, sighs, supplications, and prayers: O if I could buy your souls salvation with any sufferings whatsoever, and that ye and I might meet with joy up in the Rain-bow, when we shall stand before our judge! O my Lord forbid I have any hard thing to depon against

against you in that day! O that he who quickneth the dead, would give life to my sowing among you! what joy is there (next to Christ) that standeth on this side of death, would comfort me more, then that the souls of that poor people were in safety, and beyond all hazard of losing; Sir, shew the people this, for when I write to you I think I write to you all old and young; fulfill my joy and seek the Lord: Sure I am, once I discovered my lovely, royal, Princely Lord Jesus to you all. Woe, woe, woe shall be your part of it for evermore, if the Gospel be not the savour of life unto life to you: as many sermons as I preached, as many sentences as I uttered, as many points of ditty shall they be, when the Lord shall plead with the World, for the evil of their doings. Believe me, I find Heaven a City hard to be won, the righteous will scarcely be saved: O what violence of thronging will heaven take: alas! I see many deceiving themselves, for we will all to heaven, now every soul dog with his foul feet will in at the neereft, to the new and clean *Ierusalem*: all say they have faith, and the greatest part in the world know not and will not consider, that a slip in the matter of their salvation, is the most pitifull slip that can be; and that no loss is comparable to this loss. O then see that there be not a loose pin in the work of your salvation! for ye will not believe how quickly the judge will come; and for your self, I know that death is waiting & hovering and lingering at Gods command, that ye may be prepared. Then ye had need to stir your time and to take eternitie & death to your riper advisement; a wrong step or a wrong stot in going out of this life, in one property, is like the sin against the holy Ghost, and can never be forgiven, because ye cannot come back again thorow the last water, to mourn for it. I know your counts are many, and will take telling, and laying, and reckoning betwixt you and your Lord; fit your counts, and order them: lose not the last play, whatever ye do; for in that play with death, your precious soul is the price: for the Lords sake spill not the play, and lose not such a treasure. Ye know out of love I had so your soul, and out
of

of desire I had to make an honest count for you, I testified my displeasure and disliking of your wayes very often, both in privat and publick: I am not now a witness of your doings, but your judge is alwayes your witness. I beseech you by the mercies of God, by the salvation of your soul, by your comfort, when your eye-strings shall break, and the face wax pale, and the soul shall tremble to be out of the lodging of clay, and by your compearance before your awfull Judge; after the sight of this letter take a new course with your wayes, and now in the end of your day, make sure of heaven: examine your self if ye be in good earnest in Christ, for some, Heb. 6. 4. *are partakers of the holy Ghost, & taste of the good word of God, & of the powers of the life to come: & yet have no part in Christ at all.* Many think they believe, but never tremble: the devils are further on then these, Jam. 2. 19. Make sure to your self that ye are above ordinary professors; the sixth part of your span-length and hand-breadth of dayes, is scarcely before you: Hasten, hasten; for the tide will not bide: Put Christ upon all your accounts, and your secrets; Better it is that ye give him your counts in this life, out of your own hand then that after this life he take them from you. I never knew so well what sin was, as since I came to *Aberden*; howbeit I was preaching of it to you. To feel the smoke of hell's fire, in the throat, for half an hour, to stand, beside a river of fire and brimstone, broader then the earth, and to think to be bound hand and foot, and casten in the midst of it, quick, and then to have God locking the prison door, never to be opened for all eternity: O how will it shake a conscience, that hath any life in it! I find the fruits of my pains to have Christ and that people once fairly met; now meeteth my soul in my sad hours, and I rejoyce that I gave fair warning of all the corruptions, now entring in Christs house, and now many a sweet, sweet, soft kiss, many perfumed well smelled kisses, and embracements, have I received of my royal Master: He and I have had much love together. I have for the present a sick, dwinning life, with much pain, and much love sickness for Christ: O what

I would

I would give to have a bed made to my wearied soul, in his bosome! I would frist heaven for many years, to have my fill of Jesus in this life, and to have occasion to offer Christ to my people, and to wo many people to Christ. I cannot tell you what sweet pain, and delightful torments are in Christs love? I often challenge time, that holdeth us sundry. I profess to you, I have no rest, I have no ease while I be over head and ears in loves-ocean. If Christs love (*that fountain of delight*) were laid as open to me as I would wish; O how would I drink, and drink abundantly; O how drunken would this my soul be! I half call his absence cruel, and the mask and vaille on Christs face, a cruel covering, that hideth such a fair, fair face, from a sick soul. I dare not challenge himself, but his absence is a mountain of iron upon my heavie heart. O when will we meet! O how long is it to the dawning of the marriage-day! O sweet Lord Jesus take wide steps! O my Lord, come over mountains at one stride! O my beloved, flee like a roe, or young hart, upon the mountains of separation! O if he would fold the heavens together like an old cloak, and shovel time and dayes out of the way, and make ready in haste the lambs wife for her husband! Since he looked upon me, my heart is not mine own, he hath run away to heaven with it: I know it was not for nothing, that I spake so meekle good of Christ to you in publick. O if the heaven and the heaven of heavens were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of brasse, and I were able to write that paper, within, and without, full of the praises of my fairest, my dearest, my loveliest, my sweetest, my matchless, and my most marrowless and marvellous wel beloved! wo is me, I cannot set him out to men and Angels. O there are few tongues to sing love-songs of his incomparable excellency, what can I poor prisoner do to exalt him? or what course can I take to extol my losty, and lovely Lord Jesus? I am put to my wits end, how to get his name made great. Blessed they who would help me in this, how sweet are Christs back-parts? O what then is in his face! These that see his face, how dow they get their eye plucked off him again! Look

up

up to him and love him, O love and live. It were life to me if ye would read this letter to that people, and if they did profit by it. O if I could cause them die of love for Jesus! charge them by the salvation of their souls, to hang about Christs neck, and take their fill of his love, and follow him as I taught them: part by no means with Christ; hold fast what ye have received; Keep the truth once delivered. If ye or that people quit it in an hair, or in an hoof, ye break your conscience in twain: and who then can mend it, and cast a knot on it? my dearest in the Lord stand fast in Christ: Keep the faith, contend for Christ; wrestle for him, and take mens feud for Gods favour; there is no comparifon betwixt these. O that my Lord would fulfill my joy, and keep the young bride to Christ that is at *Amwoth*. And now whoever they be, that have returned to the old vomit since my deparrure; I bind upon their back, in my masters name and authority, the long-lasting weighty vengeance, and curse of God, in my Lords name I give them a doom of black, unmixed, pure wrath, which my master shall ratifie and make good, when we stand together before him: except they timously repent, and turn to the Lord. And I write to thee, poor mourning, and broken-hearted believer, be who thou wilt, of the free salvation; Christs sweet balme for thy wounds, O poor humble believer; Christ's kisses for thy watery cheeks; Christ's blood of atonement for thy guilty soul; Christ's heaven for thy poor soul, though once banished out of paradise; and my master shall make good my word ere long. O that people were wise! O that people would spier out Christ, and never rest while they find him! O how shall my soul mourn in secret, if my nine yeers pained head, and sore breast, and pained back, and grieved heart, and privat and publick prayers to God, shall all be for nothing among that people. Did my Lord Jesus send me but to summond you before your judge, and to leave your sommonds at your houses? was I sent as a witness onely to gather your dirtay's? O my God forbid: often did I tell you of a fan of Gods word to come among you, for the contempt of it.

I told

Epistle. *4*
I told you often of wrath, wrath from the Lord, to come
upon Scotland, and yet I bade by my Masters word; it
is quickly coming, desolation for Scotland; because of
the quarrel of a broken covenant. Now worthy Sir, now
my dear people, my joy, and my crown in the Lord,
let him be your fear; seek the Lord, and his face, save
your souls: do as fits to Christs windows; pray for me,
and praise for me. The blessing of my God, the prayers
and blessing of a poor prisoner and your lawful pastor be
upon you.
*Aberdeen, June 1637. Your Lawful and Loving
Pastor, S. R.*

*To the right honorable and Christian Lady,
my Lady*

R O Y D.

M A D A M;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you, from God our
Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ: I cannot
but thank your La: for your Letter that hath refreshed
my soul. I think my self many wayes obliged to your
La: for your love to my afflicted brother, now embar-
ked with me; in that same cause: his Lord hath been
pleased to put him upon truths side: I hope your La:
will befriend him with your counsel, and countenance
in that countrey, where he is a stranger: and your La:
needeth not fear but your kindness to his own, shall be
put up in Christs accounts. Now Madam for your La:
case, I rejoyce exceedingly that the Father of lights, hath
made you see, that there is a nick in Christianity, which
ye contend to be at; and that is to quit the right eye, and
the right hand, and to keep the Son of God: I hope your
desire is to make him your garland; and your eye look-
eth up the mount, which certainly is nothing but the

C

new

new creature: fear not, Christ will not cast water upon your smoking coal; and then who else dare do it? If he say nay? Be sorry at corruption, and not secretly that companion lay with you in your mothers womb, and was as early friends with you, as the breath of life, and Christ will not have it otherwise; for he delighteth to take up fallen hairs and to mend broken brows: *binding up of wounds*, is his office: *Iſa. 47.* First, I am glad Christ will get employment of his calling in you, many a whole soul is in heaven, which was sicker then ye are: He is content ye lay broken arms and legs on his knee, that he may spell them. 2. Hiding of his face is wise love, his love is not fond, doting, and reasonless, to give your head no other pillow, while ye be in at heavens gates, but to lie betwixt his breasts, and lean upon his bosom: Nay his bairns, must often have the frosty cold side of the hill, and set down both their bare feet among thorns: His love hath eyes, and in the mean time is looking on. Our pride must have winter weather to rot it. But I know Christ and ye shall not be heard, ye will whisper it over betwixt your selves, and agree again, for the Anchor-tow abideth fast within the veil, the end of it is in Christs ten fingers; who dare pull if he hold? *I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying, start not, I will help thee: Iſa. 41. 13. fear not Jacob.* The sea-sick passenger shall come to Land, Christ will be the first that will meet you on the shoar. I hope your *La*: will keep the Kings high-way; go on in the strength of the Lord in haste, as if ye had not leisure to speak to the Inn-keepers by the way: he is over beyond time in the other side of the water who thinketh long for you. For my unfaithful self, Madam, I must say a word. At my first coming hither, the devil made many black lies of my Lord Jesus, and said the court was changed, and he was angry, and would give an evil servant his leave at mid-term; but he gave me grace not to take my leave, I resolved to bide summons, and sit, howbeit it was suggested and said, *what should be done with a withered tree, but over the dikes with it?* But now, now, (I dare not, I drow not keep it up) who is feasted as
his

his poor exiled prisoner? I think shame of the board-head, and the first messie, and the royall Kings dining-hall, and that my black hand should come on such a rulers table: But I cannot mend it, Christ must have his will: once he paineth my soul so, sometimes with his love, that I have been nigh to passe modesty, and to cry out, he hath left a smoking burning coal in my heart, & gone to the door himself, and left me and it together! yet it is not desertion, I know not what it is, but I was never so sick for him as now. I durst not challenge my Lord, if I got no more for heaven, it is a daring cross. I know he hath other thing to do, then to play with me, and trinle an apple with me, and that this feast will end. O for instruments in Gods name, that this is he! and that I may make use of it, when it will be a neer friend within me, and when it will be said by a challenging devil, *where is my God?* Since I know it will not last, I desire but to keep broken meat: but let no man after me, slander Christ for his cross. The Great Lord of the Covenant, who brought from the dead, the great shepherd of his sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, establish you, and keep you and yours to his appearance.

Aberd. March. 7.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To Mr.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

My reverend and dear Brother;

I Received your Letters: They are as apples of gold to me, for with my sweet feasts (and they are above the deserving of such a sinner, high and out of measure) I have sadness to ballast me, and weight me a little. It is but his boundless wisdom who hath taken the turouring of his witless child, and he knoweth, to be

drunken with comforts, is not safe for our stomachs: However it be, shed in and soile and glooms of Christs crosse, ate sweeter then it selfe. I trust to you (my witness is in heaven) Deould with many pound weights added to my crosse, to know that by sufferings, Christs were set forward in this kingly office in this Land. Oh what is my sin to his glory, or my losses, to my sad heart, to the apple of the eye of our Lord, and his beloved spouse, his precious truth, his coyall priviledges, the glory of manifested justice in giving of his foes a dath, the testimony of his faithfull servant, who do glorifie him when he rideth upon poor weak worms, & triumpheth in them: I desire you to pray that I may come out of this furnace with honesty, and that I may leave Christs truth no worse then I found it, and that this most honorable cause, may neither be stained, nor weakened. As for your case, my Reverend and Dearest Brother, ye are the talking of the North and South, and looked to, as if ye were all crystal glass, your moor and dust should soon be proclaimed, and trumpets blown at your slips: But I know ye have laid help upon one that is mighty. In trust not your comforts to mensaury and frothy applause, neither lay your down-castings nor the tongues of tale-mockers, and reproachers of godliness: *As deceivd, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known:* God hath called you to Christs side, and the wind is now on Christs face in this land; and seeing ye are with him, ye cannot expect the lee-side, or the sunny-side of the brae: But I know ye have resolved to take Christ upon any termes whatsoever: I hope ye do not rue, though your cause be hated, and that prejudices are taken up against it; The shields of the world think our Master cumbersome wates; and that he maketh too great din, and that his cords and yokes make blains and deep scores in their neck; therefore they kick, they say this man shall not reign over us. Let us pray one for another. He who hath made you a chosen arrow in his quiver, hide you in the hollow of his hand: Amen.

Aberd. March. 9.

Yours in his sweet Love

1637.

Isaac, S. R.

To

To the right honourable, my Lord

L O R D

MA very noble and honourable Lord, Grace, mercy and peace be to you, I make bold to write to your Lo: that you may know the honourable cause ye are graced to profess, is Christs own truth. Ye are many wayes blessed of God, who hath taken upon you, to come out to the streets, with Christ on your fore-head; when so many are ashamed of him, and hide him (as it were) under their cloak; as if he were a stolen Christ. If this faithless generation; (and especially the Nobles of this Kingdom,) thought not Christ dear waters, and Religion expensive, hazardous & dangerous, they would not step from his cause, as they do, and stand looking on, with their hands folded behind their back, when lawns are running a way with the spoil of sin on their back, and the boards of the Son of Gods tabernacle. Law and Justice are to be hid to any, especially for money, and moeyen; but Christ can get no law, good cheap nor dear. It were the glory and honour of you who are the Nobles of this land, so plead for your wronged bridegroom, and his oppressed Spouse, as far as zeal and standing law will go with you. Your ordinary logick from the event (that is null do no good) to the cause (and therefore silence is best, till the Lord put to his own hand) it is not (with reverence of your Lo: Learning) worth a straw: Events are Gods; let us do, and not plead against Gods Office; let him sit at his own helm, who moderateth all events. It is not a good course to complain that we cannot get a providence of gold, when our laziness, cold zeal, temporising; and faithless fearfulness spillet good providence. Your Lo: will pardon me, I am not of that mind, that tumults or arms is the way to put Christ on his Throne, or that Christ will be served and truth vindicated only with the arm of flesh and blood: nay, Christ doth his turn with less din then with garments tolled in blood. But I would the zeal of God were in the Nobles, to do their part for Christ:

Christ; and I must be pardoned to write to your Lo: this: I dow not, I dare not but speak to others, what God hath done to the soul of his poor, afflicted, exiled prisoner: his comfort is more then I ever knew before, he hath sealed the honourable cause I now suffer for, and I shall not believe that Christ will put his ~~eyes~~ and ring upon an imagination: he hath made all his promises good to me, and hath filled up all the blanks with his own hand: I would not exchange my bonds with the plaistered joy of this whole world. What pleased him to make a sinner the like of me, an ordinary banqueter in his house of wine; with that royal princely one Christ Jesus. O what weighing! O what telling is in his love! how sweet must he be, when that black and Burdensome tree, his own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! O for help to lift him up by praises, on his royal throne! I seek no more but that his name may be spread abroad in me, that meekle good may be spoken of Christ on my behalf: this being done, my losses, place, stipend, credit, ease, and Liberty, shall all be made up to my full contentment, and joy of heart. I will be confident your Lo: will go on in the strength of the Lord, and keep Christ and avouch him, that he may read your name publicly before men and Angels. I will entreat your Lo: to exhort and encourage that Nobleman your Chief to do the same: but I am woe, many of you find a new wisdom, which deserveth not such a name; it were better that men should see, that their wisdom be holy and their holiness wise: I must be bold to desire your Lo: To add to your former favours to me (for the which your Lo: hath a prisoners blessing and prayers) this, that ye would be pleased to befriend my brother, now suffering for the same cause. For he is to dwell nigh your Lo: Bounds; your Lo: word and countenance may help him, Thus recommending your Lo: to the saving grace and tender mercy of Christ Jesus our Lord, I rest,

Aberd. March, 9.

Your Lo: obliged Servant in
Christ; S. R.

To

WILLIAM DALGLISH,

Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am well, my Lord Jesus is Kinder to me then ever he was, it pleaseth him to dine and sup with his afflicted prisoner, a King smelteth hiey and his spikard casteth a sweet smell. Put Christs love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed: we employ not his love, and therefore we know it not: I verily count more of the sufferings of my Lord, then of this worlds lustred and overgilded glory: I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness, with his joyes: my losses, with his own presence: I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christs joyes, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with himself: Brother, this is his own truth I now suffer for, he hath sealed my sufferings with his own comforts, and I know he will not put his seal upon blank paper, his seals are not dumb, nor delusive, to confirm imagination and lyes. Go on my dear Brother in the strength of the Lord, not fearing man that is a worm, or the son of man that will die. Providence hath a thousand keys to open a thousand sundry doors, for the deliverance of his own, when it is even come to a *conclamaturn off*; Let us be faithful and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him, and lay Christs part on himself, and leave it there: duties are ours, events are the Lord's: when our faith goeth to medle with events and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon Gods providence [and beginneth to say, *how wilt Thou do this, and that*] we lose ground: we have nothing to do there, it is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office, and sit his own helm: there is nothing left to us but to see how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak foels [in weldoing] upon him who is God *Conspicent*: Now when,

what we thus essay, miscarrieth, it shall neither be our sin nor crows. Brother, remember the Lord's word to Peter, Simon, *Feed my Sheep*: no greater testimony of our love to Christ can be, then to feed painfully and faithfully his lambs. I am in no better neighbourhood with the Ministers here then before; they cannot endure that any speak of me, or to me: thus I am in the mean time silent, (which is my greatest grief.) Dr. Barras hath often disputed with me, especially about *Arminian* controversies, and for the Ceremonies: three yokings laid him by, and I have not been troubled with him since: now he hath appointed a dispute before witnesses: I trust Christ and truth shall do for themselves. I hope Brother ye will help my people, and write to me what ye hear the Bishop is to do to them: Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your Brother in Christ. S. R.

To Mr.

HUGH McKAILL,

Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Bless you for your letter, he is come down as rain upon the mowen grass, he hath revived my withered root, and he is as the dew of herbs, I am most secure in this prison: salvation is for walls in it, and what think ye of these walls? he maketh the dry plant to bud as the lillie, and to blossom as Lebanon: the great husbandman's blessing cometh down upon the plants of righteousness: who may say this; [my dear Brother] if I, his poor caild stranger and prisoner, may not say it. Howbeit all the world should be silent, I cannot hold my peace. O how many black counts hath Christ & I rounded over together, in the house of my pilgrimage: and how far a portion hath he given to a hungry soul. I had rather have Christ's four bowls, then have dinner and

and Supper both in one from any other: his dealing, and the way of his judgments pass finding out. No preaching, no book, no learning could give me that, which I behooved to come and get in this Town. But what of all this, if I were not mist, confounded, and astonished how to be thankful, and how to get him praised for evermore? And which is more, he hath been pleased to pain me with his love, and my pain groweth through want of real possession. Some have written to me, that I am possibly too joyful of the cross; but my joy over-leapeth the cross, it is bounded and terminat upon Christ. I know the sun will over-cleud and eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shadow; but Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet; yet he would be more welcome to me, I trow, to come then go; and, I hope, he pitieth and pardoneth me, in casting apples to me, at such a fainting time as this: holy and blessed is his name. It was not my flattering of Christ, that drew a kiss from his mouth: but he would send me as a spie into this wilderness of suffering, to see the land, and to try the fount; and I cannot make a lye of Christs cross; I can report nothing but good both of him, and it, lest others should faint. I hope, when a change cometh, to cast anchor at midnight upon the rock, (which he hath taught me to know in this day light) whither I may run, when I must say my lesson without book, and believe in the dark. I am sure it is sin to tast of Christs good meat, and not to eat when he saith, *eat O welbelov'd and drink abundantly*. If he bear me on his back, or carry me in his arms over this water, I hope for grace to set down both my feet on dry ground, when the way is better: but this is slippery ground, my Lord thought good I should go by an hold, and lean on my welbelov'd's shoulder: it is good to be ever taking from him. I desire he may get the fruit of praises for daring, and thus dandling me upon his knee: and I may give my bond of thankfulness, so being I have Christs back-bond again for my relief, that I shall be strengthened by his powerful grace, to pay my vows to

52 Mr. RUTHRECORD'S Epist. 16.
him, But truly I find we have the advantage of the brack
upon our enemies: we are more then conquerours through
him who hath loved us; and they know not wherein our
strength lieth. Pray for me, grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady Boyd.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: the Lord hath
brought me to *Aberd.* where I see God in few. This
town hath been advised upon of purpose for me: It con-
sisteth either of Papists, or men of *Gallio's* naughty faith;
it is counted wisdom in the most, not to countenance a
confined Minister; but I find Christ neither strange nor
unkind; for I have found many faces smile upon me
since I came hither. I am heavie and sad, considering
what is betwixt the Lord and my soul, which none seeth
but he. I find men have mistaken me, it would be no
art [as I now see] to spin small, and make hypocrisie
seem a goodly web, and to go through the mercat as a
saint among men, and yet steal quietly to hell, without
observation: So easie is it to deceive men. I have dispu-
ted, whether or no I ever knew any thing of Christiani-
ty, save the letters of that name: Men see but as men,
and they call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred, but
O! to be approved of God in the heart, and in sincerity,
is not an ordinary mercy: my neglects while I had a pul-
pit, and other things whereof I am ashamed to speak,
meet me now, so, as God maketh an honest cross, my
daily sorrow; and for fear of scandal and stumbling, I
must hide this day of the law's pleading: I know not, if
this court kept within my soul be fenced in Christ's name.
If certainty of salvation were to be bought, God know-
eth, if I had ten earths, I would not prig with God, like
a fool I believed, under suffering for Christ, that I my self
should keep the key of Christ's treasures, and take out
comforts when I listed, and eat, and be fat: but I see
now,

now, a sufferer for Christ will be made to know himself, and will be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner; and will be fain to eat with the basins; and to take the by-board, and glad so: my blessing on the cross of Christ; that hath made me see this. Oh if we could take pains for the Kingdom of heaven; but we sit down upon some ordinary marks of Gods Children, thinking we have as much as will separate us from a Reprobate; and thereupon we take the play, and cry *Holy-day*, and thus the devil casteth water out our fire, and blun- teth our zeal and care: but I see heaven is not the next door: and I see, howbeit my challenges be many, I suffer for Christ, and dare hazard my salvation upon it; for sometimes my Lord cometh with a fast hour, and O but his love be sweet, delightful, and comfortable! Half a kiss is sweet; but our dotting love will not be content of a right to Christ, unless we get possession; like the man who will not be content of rights to bought land, except he get also the ridge and adze laid upon his back, to carry home with him: However it be, Christ is wise, and we are fools to be browden and fond of a pawn in the loof of our hand: living on trust by faith may well content us. *Madam*, I know your *La*: knoweth this, and that made me bold to write of it, that others might reap somewhat by my bonds for the truth, for I should desire, and I aim at this, to have my Lord well spoken of and honoured, howbeit he should make nothing of me, but a bridge over a water. Thus recommending your *La*: your son, and children to his grace, who hath honoured you with a name and room among the living in *Jerusalem*; and wishing Grace to be with your *La*: I rest

Aberd.

Your *La*: in his sweetest Love
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and Dear Brother;

Grace, mercy and peace by unto you: I find great
G man, especially old friends, like to speak for me;

C. 6.

but.

but my Kingly and Royal Master biddeth me try this
 myren to the uttermost; and I shall find a friend at
 hand: I still depend on him; his court is as before; the
 prisoner is welcome to him; the black stabbed free of
 my Lord's cross hath made Christ and my soul very sure;
 he is my song in the night. I am often laid in the dust
 with challenges and apprehensions of his anger; and then
 it a mountain of iron were laid upon me; I cannot be
 heavier: and with much wrestling I win in to the Kings
 house of wine; and for the most part my life is joy; and
 such joy through his comforts; as I have been afraid to
 shame myself, and to cry out; for I can scarce bear what
 I get: Christ giveth me a treasure heaped up, pressed
 down, and running over: and believe it, his love pai-
 neth me more then prison and banishment. I cannot get
 a gate of Christ's love: had I known what he was keeping
 for me, I would never have been so faint-hearted. In
 my heaviest times when all is lost, the memory of his
 love maketh me think Christ's glooms are but for the
 fashion: I seek no more but a vent to my wine: I am
 smothered and ready to burst for want of a vent. Think
 not much of perfection; it is before you; but it is not
 as men conceive of it: my sugared cross forceth me to
 say this to you, ye shall have wailed me, the sick bairn
 it often times the spils bairn: ye shall command all the
 house. I hope ye helped a prisoner to pray and praise
 had I but the annuell of annuell to give to my Lord Jesus,
 it should ease my pain; but Alas! I have nothing to pay;
 he will get nothing of poor me: but I am woe I have
 not room enough in my heart for such a stranger. I am
 not cast down to go further North, I have good cause
 to work for my Master; for I am well paid before the
 end, I am not behind, howbeit I should not get one
 shile more, till my feet be up within the Kings dining-
 hall. I have gone through yours upon the Covenant:
 it hath edified my soul, and refreshed an hungry man:
 I judge it sharp, sweet, quick, and profound: take
 men my word, I fear it get no lodging in Scotland. The
 Brethren of Ireland write not to me; chide with them
 for that, I am sure that I may give you and them a com-
 mission

mission (and I will bide by it) that you tell my beloved, I am sick of love. I hope in God to leave some of my rust and superstition in *Aberdeen*: I cannot get an house in this town, wherein to leave drink-silver in my Master's name: save one only; there is no sale for Christ in the North: he is like to lie long on my hand ere any accept him. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen.

Yours in his sweetest Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MR. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and dear brother, I am a very far mistaken man: if others knew how poor my stock were, they would not think upon the like of me, but with compassion; for I am as one kept under a strict Tutor: I would have more than my Tutor alloweth upon me, but it is good that a barren wit is not the rule which regulate my Lord Jesus: let him give what he will, it shall be above merit, and my ability to gain therewith. I would not wish a better stock (while heaven be my stock) then to live upon credit at Christ's hands, daily borrowing: surely running over love, that vast, huge, boundless love of Christ (that there is telling in for Man and Angel) is the only thing I faintest would be in hands with: He knoweth I have little but the love of that love, and that I shall be happy: Suppose I never get another heaven, but only an eternal lasting feast of that love: but suppose my wishes were poor, he is not poor: Christ all the seasons of the year is dropping sweetness: if I had vessels I might fill them, but my old riven, holty, and running out dish, even when I am at the well, can bring little away: Nothing but Glory will make tight and fast our leaking and rusty vessels. Alas! I have (skailed more of Christ's grace, love, faith, humility, and godly sorrow, than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand, as little do I take away of my great sea, my boundless and running over Christ Jesus. I have not lighted upon the right gate of putting Christ to the bank, and making my self

rich with him: my misguiding and childish trafficking with that matchless pearl, that heaven's jewel, the jewel of the fathers delights, hath put me to a great loss. O that he would take a loan of me, and my stock, and put his name in all my bonds, and serve himself Heir to the poor mean portion I have, and be countable for the talent himself! Gladly would I put Christ in my room, to guide all: and let me be but a servant to run of errands, and do by his direction, let me be his interdicted heir. Lord Jesus, work upon my minority, and let him win a pupil's blessing. Oh how would I rejoyce to have this work of my salvation legally fastned upon Christ! a back-bond of my Lord Jesus that it should be forth-coming to the Orphan, should be my happiness: dependency on Christ, were my forest way: if Christ were my bottom, I were sure enough, I thought guiding of grace had been no art; I thought it would come of will; but I would spill my own heaven yet, if I had not burdened Christ with *All*: I but lend my bare name to the sweet covenant: Christ, behind and before, & on either side, maketh all sure: God will not take an *Arminian*-captorher *Freewill*, a weather-cock, turning at a serpents tongue; a Tutor that couped our father *Adam* unto us, and brought down the house, and sold the Land, and sent the father, and mother, and all the bairns through the earth to beg their bread: nature in the Gospel hath cracked credit. O! well to my poor soul for evermore, that my Lord called grace to the council, and put Christ Jesus with free merits, and the blood of God foremost in the chase, to draw sinners after a ransom. O what a sweet block was it, by way of buying and selling, to give and sell down a ransom for grace, and glory to *Dyours*! O would to my Lord. I could cause paper & ink speak the worth, and excellency, the high, and loud praises of a Brother-ransom! O the Ransom needs not my report; but oh if he would take it, and make use of it! I should be happy, if I had an errand to this world, but for some few years, to spread proclamations and out-crys, and love-letters, of the highness (the highness for evermore) the glory (the glory for evermore)

more) of the Ransomer, whose cloaths were wet, and died in blood; howbeit that after I had done that, my soul & body should go back to the mother *Nosbing*: that their Creator brought them once out from, as from their beginning. But why should I pine away, & pain my self with wishes, & not believe rather, that Christ will hire such an outcast as I am, a masterless body, put out of the house by the sons of my mother, and give me employment and a calling, one way or other, to our Christ, and his wares, to countrey buyers, & propose Christ unto, & press him upon some poor souls, that sinner then their life would receive him? You complain heavily of your short coming in practice, and venturing on suffering for Christ: you have many marrows. For the first, I would not put you off sense of wretchedness, hold on, Christ never yet slew a sighing, groaning child; more of that would make you won-goods, and a meet prey for Christ. Alas I have too little of it! for venturing on suffering; I had not so much free giet, when I came to Christs camp, as to buy a sword, a wonder that Christ should not laugh at such a souldier: I am no better yet, but faith liveth and spendeth upon our Captains charges, who is able to pay for all: we need not pittie him, he is rich enough. Ye desire me also not to mistake Christ under a mask; I bless you, and thank God for it; but alas! masked or bare-faced, kissing or glooming I mistake him! yea I mistake him furthest when the mask is off; for then I play me with his sweetness: I am like a child that hath a golden book, that playeth more with the ribbons, and the gilding, and the picture in the first page, then reading the contents of it. Certainly, if my desires to my well-beloved were fulfilled, I could provoke devils, and crosses, and the world, and tentations to the fields: but oh my poor weakness makes me lie behind the bulh and hide me. Remember my service and my blessing to my Lord; I am mindful of him as I am able: desire him from a prisoner, to come and visit my good master, and feel but the smell of his love: it sets him well, howbeit he be young, to make Christ his garland; I could not wish him in a better case, then in a fever of love-sickness

58 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 13314.
sickness for Christ: Remember my bonds, The Lord Je-
sus be with your spirit.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM HALLIDAY.

Loving friend,

I Received your letter: I wish yetake pains for salva-
tion: mistaken grace, and somewhat like conversion,
which is not conversion, is the saddest and most doleful
thing in the world: make sure of salvation, and lay the
foundation sure, for many are beguiled: Put a low price
upon world's clay, put a high price upon Christ: tempta-
tions will come, but if they be not made welcome by
you, ye have the best of it: be jealous over your self, and
your own heart, and keep touches with God: let him
not have a faint and feeble souldier of you: fear not to
back Christ, for he will conquer and overcome: let no
man skar at Christ, for I have no quarrells at his crosse.
He and his crosse are two good guests, and worth the
lodging: men would faine have Christ good cheap, but
the mercair will not come down: acquaint your self with
prayer: make Christ your captain and your armour:
make conscience of sinning when no eye seeth you. Grace
be with you.

Aber.

Yours in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To a Gentle-Woman, after the Death of
her husband.

DEar and loving sister, I know ye are minding your
sweet countrey, and not taking your lones [the
place of your banishment] for your home; this life is
not worthy to be chethatch on outer wall of your Lord
Jesus his paradise, that he did sweet for to you, and that
he keepeth for you: and silly, and sandblind were our
hope, if it could not look over the water to our best he-
ritage,

stage, and if it stayed only at home about the doors of
our clay-house, I marvel not, my dear sister, that ye
complain, that ye come short of your old wrestlings
you had for a blessing; and that now you find it not
for bairns are but hired to learn their lesson when they
first go to school; and it is enough that those who run a
race see the gold only at the starting place; and possibly
they see little more of it, or nothing at all, till they win
to the rick-end, and get the gold in the loof of their
hand. Our Lord maketh delicates and dainties of his
sweet presence and love-visits to his own; but Christs
love under a vail is love: if ye get Christ, howbeit
not the sweet and pleasant way you would have
him, it is enough; for the well-beloved cometh
not our way; he must waile his own gate himself.
For worldly things, seeing they are meadows and fair
flowers in your way to heaven, a smell is the
by-going is sufficient: he that would reckon and
tell all the stones in his way, in a journey of three or
four hundred miles, and write up in his count book
all the herbs, and flowers growing in his way, might
come short of his journey: you cannot stay in your
inch of time to lose your day (seeing you are in haste,
and the night and your after-noon will not bide you)
in setting your heart on this vain world: it were your
wisdom to read your count book, and to have in rea-
diness your business against the time you come to deaths
water-side. I know your lodging is taken: your fore-
runner Christ hath not forgotten that; and therefore
you must set your self to one thing, which ye cannot
well want. In that our Lord took your husband to
himself, I know it was that he might make room for
himself: he cutteth off your love to the creature, that
ye might learn that God only is the right owner of
your love; sorrow, loss, sadness, death; and the worst
things that are, except sin: but Christ knoweth well
what to make of them; and can put his own in the
crosser common, that we shall be obliged to affliction,
and thank God who leaved us to make our acquaint-
ance with such a rough companion; who can hale us
to.

to Christ: you must learn to make evil your great good, and to spin out comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles; that are Christ's wo-ers sent to speak for you to himself. It is ealie to get good words, and a comfortable message from our Lord, even from such rough serjeants, as diverse temptations. Thanks to God for crosses. When we count and reckon our losses in seeking God, we find godliness is great gain. Great partners of a shipfull of gold; are glad to see the ship come to the harbour: surely we and our Lord Jesus together, have a shipfull of gold coming home, and our gold is in that ship. Some are so in love (or rather in lust) with this life, that they sell their part of the ship, for a little thing: I would counsel you to buy hope, but sell it not, and give not away your crosses for nothing: the inside of Christ's cross is white and joyfull, and the far end of the black cross is a fair and glorious heaven of ease: and seeing Christ hath fastned heaven to the far end of the cross, and he will not loose the knot himself, and none else can (for when Christ casteth a knot, all the world cannot loose it) let us then count it exceeding joy, when we fall into divers temptations. Thus recommending you to the tender mercy, and grace of our Lord, I rest.

Aberd.

Your Loving Brother, S.R.

TO JOHN GORDON,

Of Cardonefs Younger.

Honoured and Dear Brother.

I Wrote of late to you: multitudes of letters burden me now. I am refreshed with your letter: I exhort you in the bowels of Christ, set to work for your soul; and let these bear weight with you, and ponder them seriously. Weeping and gnashing of teeth in utter darkness, for heaven's joy. 1. Think what ye would give for an hour when ye shall lie like dead, cold, blackned clay. 2. There is sand in your glass yet, and your sun is

Epist. 124. L A T T E R P A R T. 61
 in not grace down. 4. Consider what joy and peace is
 in Christs service. 5. Think what advantage it will be
 to have Angels, the world, life, and death, crosses,
 yea and devils, call for you, as the Kings servants and
 servants, to do your businesse. 6. To have mercy on your
 seed, and a blessing on your House? 7. To have true
 Honour and a name on earth, that casts a sweet smell,
 8. How ye will rejoyce when Christ layeth down your
 head under his chin, and berwixt his breasts, and
 dryeth your face, and welcometh you to glory and hap-
 piness? 9. Imagin, what pain and torture is a guilty
 conscience? What slavery to carry the Devils unhonest
 loads? 10. Since joyes are but night dreams, thoughts,
 vapours, imaginations and shadows. 11. What dig-
 nity it is to be a son of God? 12. Dominion and maste-
 ry over temptations, over the world, and sin. 13. That
 your enemies should be the tail, and you the head.
 For your bairns now at their rest, I speak to you & your
 wife [and cause her read this.] 1. I am a witness of Bar-
 bara's glory in heaven. 2. For the rest, I write it under
 my hand, there are dayes coming on Scotland, when
 barren wombs and dry breasts, and childless parents,
 shall be pronounced blessed: they are then in the lee of
 the harboure, ere the storm come on. 3. They are not
 lost to you, that are laid up in Christs treasury in heaven.
 4. At the Resurrection ye shall meet with them, there
 they are sent before, but not sent away. 5. Your Lord
 loveth you, who is homely to take and give, borrow
 and lend. 6. Let not bairns be your Idols, for God will
 be jealous, and take away the Idol, because he is
 greedy of your love wholly. I bless you, your wife and
 children. Grace for evermore be with you.

Aberd. Your Loving Pastor, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON,

Of Cardones Elders.

H Onorable and dearest in the Lord, Your Letter
 hath refreshed my soul. My joy is fulfilled,
 if

if Christ and ye be fast together: ye are my joy and my crown: ye know I have recommended his love to you. I desire the world, Satan, and sin: His love hath neither brim nor bottom in it. My dearest in Christ, I write my souls desire to you, heaven is not at the next door: I find Christianity an hard task: let tot in your evening: we would all keep both Christ and our sight eye, our right hand and foot; but it will not be with us: I beseech you, by the mercies of God, & your compearance before Christ, look Christs count book and your own together, and collatur them: give the remnant of your soul: this great idol god, the world, will be lying in white ashes, in the day of your compearance; and why should night-dreams, & day-shadows & water-froth, & May-flowers run away with your hearts: when we win to the water-side, and black deaths river brinks, and put our foot in the boat, we shall laugh at our folly. Sir, I recommend you unto the thoughts of death, and how ye would wish your soul to be, when ye shall be cold, blew, ill-smelling clay. For any hirceling to be intruded, I, being the Kings prisoner; cannot say much; but as Gods minister I desire you to read, *Act. 1. 15, 16.* to the end, and *Act. 6. 2, 3, 4, 5.* and ye shall find, Gods people should have a voice in choosing Church-rulers and teachers: I shall be sorry, if willingly ye shall give way to his unlawful intrusion upon my labours: The onely wise God direct you: Gods Grace be with you.

Absd. Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To EARLESTOUN YOUNGER.

Much honoured and wel-beloved in the Lord;

GRace, mercy, and peace be to you. Your letters give a dash to my laziness in writing: I must first tell you, there is not such a glassie, icy, and slippery piece of way, betwixt you and heaven as Youth: I have experiences to say with me here, and seal what I assert: the old ashes of the sins of my youth, are new fire of

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find your wounds stound you, presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the true sicknes, and groaneth only for the fashion: faith hath sense of sicknes, and looketh like a friend to the promise, and looking to Christ therein, is glad to see a known face. Christ is as full a feast, as ye can have to hunger: nay, Christ, I say, is not a full mans leaving; his mercy sends alwayes a letter of defiance to all your sins, if there were ten thousand more of them. I grant you, it is a hard matter for a poor hungry man, to win his meat upon hidden Christ: for there the key of his pantry door, and of the house of wine is a seeking, and cannot be had; but hunger must break thorow ironlocks. I bemoan them not who can make a dip, and all the fields adoe, for a Lost Saviour: ye must let him hear it [to say so] upon both the sides of his head, when he hideth himself: It is no time then to be hind-mouth'd and patient. Christ is rare indeed, and a delicate to a sinner; he is a miracle and world's wonder, to a seeking and a weeping sinner, but yet such a miracle, as will be seen by them, who will come and see; the seeker and figger is at last a singer and enjoyer: Nay, I have seen a dumb man get an alms from Christ. He that can tell his tale, and send such a letter to heaven, as he hath sent to *Aberdeen*, it is very like he will come speed with Christ. It bodeith Gods mercy to complain heartily for sin. Let wrestling be with Christ till he say, *How is it, Sir, that I cannot be quit of your bills, O' your mislearned arts?* And then hope for Christs blessing, and his blessing is better then other ten blessings. Think not shame because of your guiltiness; necessity must not blush to beg; it standeth you hard to want Christ, and therefore that which idle on-waiting cannot do, misburtured crying and knocking will do. And for doubtings because ye are not as ye were long since with your Master, consider three things. 1. What if Christ had such tortering thoughts of the bargain of the new covenant, betwixt you and him, as you have. 2. Your heart is not the compass Christ saileth by: He will give you leave to sing as ye please; But he will not dance to your daft spring. It is not refer-

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referred to you and your thoughts, what Christ will do with the charters betwixt you and him: Your own mis-belief hath torn them; But he hath the principal in heaven, with himself: Your thoughts are no parts of the New covenant: Dreams change not Christ. 3. Doubtings are your sins; but they are Christs drugs, and ingredients, that the Physician maketh use of, for the curing of your pride. Is it not suitable for a begger, to say, at meat, *God reward the winners?* For then he sayeth, he knoweth who beareth the charges of the house. It is also meet ye should know by experience, that faith is not nature's il-gotten bastard, but your Lords free gift, that lay in the womb of Gods free Grace, praised be the winner. I may add a 4. In the passing of your bill and your charters, when they went through the Mediators great seal, and were concluded, faiths advice was not sought: faith hath not a vote beside Christs merits, blood, blood, dear blood, that came from your capturers holy body, maketh that sure work. The use then which ye have of faith now, (having already closed with Jesus Christ for justification) is, to take out a copy of your pardon; and so ye have peace with God, upon the account of Christ: for since faith apprehendeth pardon, but never prayeth a penny for it, no marvel that Salvation doth not die and live, ebbe or flow, with the working of faith: but because it is your Lords honour to believe his mercy, and his fidelity, it is infinite goodness in our Lord, that mis-belief giveth a dath to our Lords glory, and not to our Salvation: and so, who ever want (yea, howbeit God here bear with the want of what we are obliged to give him, even the glory of his grace, by believing, yet) a poor covenanted sinner wanteth not: but if guiltiness were removed, doubtings would find no friend, nor life, and yet faith is to believe the removal of guiltiness, in Christ. A reason why ye get less now (as ye think) then before [as I take it] is, because at our first conversion, our Lord putterh the meat in young bairns mouthes, with his own hand, but when we grow to some further perfection, we must take heaven by violence.

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and take by violence from Christ, what we get; and he can, and doth hold, because he will have us to draw. Remember, now ye must live upon violent plucking: Laziness is a greater fault now, then long tarry; we love alwayes to have the pap put in our mouth. Now for my self; Alas! I am not the man I go for in this nation: men have not just weights to weigh me in. Oh, but I am a silly feckless body, and overgrown with weeds; corruption is rank and fat in me! O if I were answerable to this holy cause, and to that honourable Prince's love, for whom I now suffer! If Christ would refer the matter to me, [in his presence I speak it] I might think shame to vote my own salvation: I think Christ might say, *Think'st thou not shame to claim heaven, who does so little for it!* I am very often so, that I know not whether I sink or swim in the water; I find my self a bag of light froth; I would bear no weight, [but vanity and nothing weigh in Christs balance] if my Lord call not in borrowed weight and metal, even Christs righteousness, to weigh for me: the Stock I have is not my own, I am but the merchant that traffiques with other folks goods: if my creditor Christ would take from me what he hath lent, I would not long keep the cause; but Christ hath made it mine and his. I think it manhood, to play the coward, and jouke in the lee-side of Christ; and thus I am not only saved from my enemies, but I obtain the victory. I am so empty, that I think it were an alms deed in Christ, if he would win a poor prisoners blessing for evermore, and fill me with his love. I complain when Christ cometh, he cometh alwayes to fetch fire, he is ever in haste, he may not tarry, and poor I, [a beggerly Dyvout,] get but a standing visit, and a standing kiss, and but, *how dost thou?* In the by-going, I dare not say, he is lordly; because he is made a King now, at the right hand of God, or is grown miskenning and dry to his poor friends; [for he cannot make more of his kisses then they are worth:] but I think it my happiness to love the love of Christ; and when he goeth away, the memory of his sweet pre-

presence is like a feast in a dear summer. I have comfort in this, that my soul desireth that every hour of my imprisonment were a company of heavenly tongues, to praise him on my behalf; howbeit my bonds were prolonged for many hundred years. O that I could be the man, who could procure my Lords glory to flow like a full sea, and blow like a mighty wind upon all the four Airths of *Scotland, England and Ireland*. O if I could write a book of his praises! O fairest among the sons of men, why stayest thou so long away? O heavens, move fast! O time, run, run, and hasten the marriage-day; for love is tormented with delays! O Angels, O Seraphims who stand before him, O blessed Spirits! who now see his face, set him on high, for when ye have worn your harps in his praises, all is too little, and is nothing, to cast the smell of the praise of that fair flower, that fragrant rose of *Sharon*, through many worlds! Sir, take my hearty commendations to him, and tell him that I am sick of love. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 16. 1637. Yours in his sweet L. Jesus, S. R.

To his Honour'd and Dear Brother,

ALEXAND. GORDON of KNOCKGRAY.

Dearest and truly honoured Brother;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I have seen no letter from you since I came to *Aberdeen*; I will not interpret it to be forgetfulness. I am here in a fair prison. Christ is my sweet and honourable fellow-prisoner, and his sad and joyful Lord-prisoner, [if I may speak so.] I think this cross becometh me well, and is suitable to me in respect of my duty to suffer for Christ; howbeit not in regard of my deserving, to be thus honoured. However it be, I see Christ is strong, even lying in the dust, in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christs triumphing chariot. In the sufferings of his own saints, as he intendeth their good, so he intendeth his own glory, & that is the butt his arrows shoot at, & Christ shoots not at the rovers, he hits what he purposes to hit: Therefore he does make his own feckless & weak

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nothings, and these who are the contempt of men, a new sharp threshing Instrument having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them, *I sai. 41. 15, 16.* What harder stuff, or harder grain for threshing out, then high & rockie mountains? But the Saints are Gods threshing instruments to beat them all in chaff: are we not Gods leam vessels? And yet when they cast us over an house we are not broken in sheards: we creepe in under our Lords wings in the great shower, and the water cannot go thorow these wings. It is folly then for men to say, this is not Christ's plea, he will lose the wed-fee, men are like to beguile him: that were indeed a strange play. Nay I dare pledge my soul, and lay it in pawn on Chrill's side of it, and behalfe tinner half-winner wirth my Master: Let fools laugh the fools-laughter, and scorn Christ, and bid the weeping captives in *Babylon*, sing us one of the songs of *Zion*, play a spring to chear up your sad hearted God: We may sing upon luks head before hand, even in our winter-storm, in the expectation of a summer-sun at the turn of the year: no created powers in hell or out of hell can mar our Lord Jesus his musick, nor spill our song of joy: let us then be glad and rejoyce in the salvation of our Lord; for faith had never yet cause to have wet cheeks, and hinging down browes, or to drop or die: what can aile faith, seeing Christ suffereth himself, (with reverence to him be it spoken) to be commanded by it, and Christ commandeth all things? faith may dance, because Christ sings; and we way come in the Quire, and lift our hoarse and rough voices, and chirp, and sing, and shout for joy with our Lord Jesus. We see oxen go to the shambles leaping and startling: We see Gods fed oxen, prepared for the day of slaughter, go dancing and singing down to the black chambers of hell; and why should we go to heaven weeping, as if we were like to fall down thorow the earth for sorrow. If God were dead (if I may speak so, with reverence of him who liveth forever and ever) and Christ buried, and rotting among the worms, we might have cause to look like dead folks; but, the Lord liveth, and blessed be the rock of our salvation,

Psal.

Psal. 18. 46. None have right to joy but we; for joy is sown for us, and an ill summer or harvest will not spill the crop. The children of this world have much robbed joy that is not well come: It is no good sport they laugh at: They steal joy, as it were from God; for he commandeth them to mourn and howl: Then let us claim our welcome, and lawfully conquered joy; My dear Brother, I cannot but speak what I have felt, seeing my Lord Jesus hath broken a box of spikenard upon the head of his poor prisoner, and it is hard to hide a sweet smell; it is a pain to smother Christs love; it will be out, whether we will or not. If we did but speak according to the matter, a cross for Christ should have another name; yea a cross, especially when he cometh with his arms full of joys, is the happiest hard tree that ever was laid upon my weak shoulder. Christ and his cross together are sweet company and a blessed couple. My prison is my palace, my sorrow is with child of joy, my losses are rich losses, my pain easie pain, my heavie days are holy and happy days. I may tell a new tale of Christ to my friends. Oh if I could make a love-song of him, and could commend Christ, and tune his praises aright! O if I could set all tongues in *great Britain and Ireland*, to work, to help me to sing a new song of my welbeloved! O if I could be a bridge over a water, for my Lord Jesus to walk upon & keep his feet dry! O if my poor bit heaven could go betwixt my Lord and blasphemy and dishonour! [Upon condition he loved me.] O that my heart could say this word, and bide by it forever! It is not great art and incomparable wisdom in my Lord, who can bring forth such fair apples, out of this crabbed tree of the cross! nay, my father's never-enough admired providence, can make a fair feast out of a black Devil: nothing can come wrong to my Lord in his sweet working. I would even fall sound asleep in Christ's arms, and my sinful head on his holy brest, while he kisseth me; were it not that often the wind turneth to the north, and whiles my sweet Lord Jesus, is, so that he will neither give nor take, borrow nor lend with me. I complain he is not social; I shall call him proud and lordly of his company, and

70 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 19.
nice of his lookes; which yet is not true. It would
content me to give, howbeit he should not take; I
should be content to want his kisses at such times, pro-
viding he would be content to come near and hand take
my worth, dry and seckleſſ kisses: But at that time he
will not be entreated, but lets a poor soul stand still and
knock, and never let on him that he heareth; and then
the old leavings and broken meat, and dry sighs, are
greater cheer then I can tell: all I have then is, that
howbeit the law and wrath have gotten a decret against
me, I yet lippen that meekle good in Christ, as to get a
suspension, and to bring my cause in reasoning again be-
fore my welbeloved: I desire but to be heard. And at
last he is content to come, and agree the matter with a
fool, and forgive freely, because he is God. Oh if
men would glorify him, and taste of Christs sweetness.
Brother, ye have need to be busie with Christ, for this
whorish-Kirk: I fear Christ cast water upon Scotlands
coal; nay, I know Christ and his wife will be heard, he
will plead for the broken covenant. Arm you against
that time. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June. 16.
1636.

Yours in his sweet Lord,
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady Kilconghair.

MISTRESS.

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to
hear that you have your face homeward towards
your fathers house, now when so many are for a home
nearer hand: but your Lord calleth you to another life
and glory, then is to be found here-away: and there-
fore I would counsel you to make sure the charters and
rights, which ye have to Salvation. You came to this
life about a necessary and weighty business, to tryſt
with Christ anent your precious soul, the eternal salva-
tion of it: this is the most necessary business ye have in
this life; and your other adoes, beside this, are but
royes and feathers, and dreams, and fancies: this is the
greatest haste and should be done first. Means are used
in

the Gospel to draw on a meeting betwixt Christ and you: if ye neglect your part of it, it is as if you would tear the Contract before Christ's eyes, and give up the match, that there shall be no more communing of that business. I know other lovers beside Christ are in suit of you, and your soul wants not many wooers; but I pray you make a chaste virgin of your Soul, and let it love but one: most worthy is Christ alone of all your souls love; howbeit your love were higher than the heaven, and deeper than the lowest of this earth, and broader than this world. Many, alas! too many, make a common strumper of their Soul, for every lover that cometh to the house. Marriage with Christ would put your love, and your heart by the gate, out of the way, and out of the eye of all other unlawful suiters; and then you had a ready answer for all others, *I am already promised away to Christ, the match is concluded, my Soul hath a Husband already, and it cannot have two Husbands.* Oh if the world did but know what a smell the ointments of Christ cost, and how ravishing his beauty, even the beauty of the fairest of the sons of men is, and how sweet and powerful his voice is, the voice of that one welbeloved. Certainly where Christ cometh, he runneth away with the Souls love, so that they cannot command it. I would far rather look but thorow the hole of Christs door, to see but the one half of his fairest, and most comely face, (for he looketh like heaven) suppose I should never win in to see his excellency and glory to the full, than to enjoy the flower, the bloom, and chiefest excellency of the glory, and riches of ten worlds. Lord send me for my part but the meanest share of Christ, that can be given to any of the indwellers of the new *Jerusalem*; But I know my Lord is no niggard: He can, and becometh him well to give more, then my narrow Soul can receive. If there were ten thousand thousand millions of worlds, and as many heavens full of Men and Angels, Christ would not be pinched to supply all our wants, and to fill us all. Christ is a Well of life, but who knows how deep it is to the bottom? This soul of ours hath love, & cannot but love some

fair one: And O what a fair one, what an only one, what an excellent lovely ravishing one is Jesus! Put the beauty of ten thousand thousand worlds of Paradises like the garden of *Eden* in one: Put all trees, all flowers, all smells, all colours, all tastes, all joyes, all sweetness, all lovelyness in one, O what a fair and excellent thing would that be! and yet it should be less, to that fair and dearest welbelov'd Christ, then one drop of rain to the whole seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains of ten thousand earths. O but Christ is heavens wonder and earths wonder! What marvel that his bride saith, *Cant.* 5. v. 16. *He is altogether lovely?* Oh that black souls will not come, and fetch all their love to this fair one! O if I could invite and perswade thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of *Adam's* sons, to flock about my Lord Jesus, and to come and take their fill of love! Oh pity, for evermore, that there should be such an one as Christ Jesus, so boundless, so bottomless, and so incomparable in infinite excellency, and sweetness, and so few to take him. Oh! oh! ye poor, dry and dead souls, why will ye not come hither with your room vessels and your empty souls, to this huge, and fair, and deep, and sweet Well of life, and fill all your room vessels! Oh that Christ should be so large in sweetness, and worth, and we so narrow, so pinched so ebb, and so void of all happiness, and yet men will not take him! They lose their love miserably, who will not bestow it upon this lovely one. Alas! these five thousand years, *Adam's* fools, his waster-heirs, have been wasting and lavishing out their love, and their affections upon black lovers, and black harlots, upon bits of dead creatures, and broken idols, upon this and that feckless creature, and have not brought their love, and their hearts to Jesus. O pity, that fairness hath so few lovers! O woe, woe to the fools of this world; who run by Christ to other lovers! Oh misery, misery, misery, that comeliness can scarce get three or four hearts in a town, or a country! Oh that there is so much spoken, and so much written, and so much thought of creature-vanity, and so little spoken, so little written, so little thought of my
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great, & incomprehensible, & never-enough-wondered at Lord Jesus. Why should I not curse this forlorn, and wretched world, that suffereth my Lord Jesus to lie his alone! O damned souls! O miskenning world! O blind! O beggerly! and poor souls: O bewitched fools! what aileth you at Christ, that you run so from him? I dare not challenge providence, that there are so few buyers, and so little sale for such an excellent one as Christ. O the depth, and O the height of my Lords ways, that pass finding out. But oh if men would once be wise, and not fall so in love with their own hell, as to pass by Christ, and misken him! But let us come near, and fill our selves with Christ, and let his friends drink; and be drunken, and satisfie our hollow and deep desires with Jesus. Oh come all and drink at this living Well; come drink and live for evermore, come drink and welcome: welcome, saith our fairest Bridegroom: no man getteth Christ with ill will; no man cometh and is not welcome; no man cometh and rueth his voyage: all men speak well of Christ, who have been at him; men and Angels who know him, will say more then I dow do, and think more of him then they can say. O if I were misted and bewildered in my Lords love! Oh if I were fettered and chained to it! O sweet pain to be pained for a sight of him! O living death! O good death! O lovely death to die for love of Jesus! Oh that I should have a sore heart & a pained soul, for the wanting of the love of this & that idol! woe, woe to the mistaking of my miscarrying heart, that gapes and cryeth for creatures, and is not pained; & curted and tortured, & in sorrow for the want of a souls-fill of Christ. Oh that thou would'st come near my Beloved! O my fairest one, why standest thou afar? come hither that I may be satiate with thy excellent love: O for an union! O for a fellowship with Jesus! O that I could buy with a price that lovely one, suppose hells torments for a while were the price! I cannot believe but Christ will rue upon his pained lovers, and come and ease sick hearts, who sigh and swoond for the want of Christ: who dow bide Christs love to be nice? What heaven can there be fitter to hell, then to lust, and grein, and dwine, and fall a

swoon for Christs love, and to want it? is not this
 hell and heaven woven thorow other? Is not this pain
 and joy, sweetness and sadness to be in one web, the
 one the woft, the other the warp? Therefore I would
 Christ would let us meet, and joyn together, the soul
 and Christ in others arms. O what meeting is like
 this, to see blackness and beauty, contemptibleness
 and glory, highness and baseness, even a Soul and
 Christ kiss one another! Nay, but when all is done,
 I may be wearied in speaking and writing; but O how
 far am I from the right expression of Christ or his love?
 I can neither speak, nor write feeling, tasting, nor
 smelling; come feel, and smell, and taste Christ and
 his love, and ye shall call it more than can be spoken:
 to write how sweet the Honey-comb is, is not so
 lovely as to ear and suck the Honey-comb: one nights
 rest in a bed of love with Christ, will say more than
 heart can think, or tongue can utter. Neither need we
 fear crosses, or sigh, or be sad for any thing that is on
 this side of heaven, if we have Christ: our crosses will
 never draw blood of the joy of the Holy Ghost, and
 peace of conscience; our joy is laid up in such a high
 place, as temptations cannot climb up to take it down:
 this world may boast Christ, but they dare not strike;
 or if they strike, they break their arm in fetching a
 stroke upon a rock. O that we could put our treasure
 in Christ's hand, and give him our gold to keep, and our
 crown. Strive, *Mistress*, to throng thorow the thorns
 of this life to be at Christ: Lose not sight of him in this
 cloudy and dark day: Sleep with him in your heart in
 the night: Learn not at the world to serve Christ, but
 ask himself the way; the world is a false copy and a ly-
 ing guide to follow. Remember my love to your Hus-
 baud; I wish all to him I have written here. The sweet
 presence, the long-lasting good-will of our God, the
 warmly and lovely comforts of our Lord Jesus be with
 you. Help me his Prisoner in your prayers; For I
 remember you.

Aberd. Agust. 3.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord.
 Jesus, S. R.

T.

To the Lady FORRET.

Worthy Mistress,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you: I hear Christ hath been that Kind astovisit you with sickness, and to bring you to the door of the grave, but ye found the door shut (blessed be his glorious name) while ye be ripe for eternity: He will have more service of you, and therefore he seeketh of you, that henceforth ye be honest to your new Husband, the Son of God. We have all Idol-love; and are whorishly inclined to love other things beside our Lord; and therefore our Lord hunteth for our love, more ways than one or two. Oh that Christ had his own of us: I know he will not want you, and that is a sweet wilfulness in his Love; and ye have as good cause on the other part to be head-strong and peremptory in your love to Christ, and not to part or divide your love betwixt Him and the world: if it were more, it is little enough, yea too little for Christ. I am now every way in good terms with Christ; he hath set a banished Prisoner as a seal on his heart, and as a bracelet on his arm: that crabbed and black tree of the cross, laughs upon me now: the alarming noise of the cross is worse then it self. I love Christ's glooms better then the world's worm-eaten joyes. Oh if all the Kingdom were as I am, except these bonds! My loss, is gain; my sadness, joyful; my bonds, liberty; my tears, comfortable. This world is not worth a drink of cold water: O but Christ's love casts a great heat: hell and all the salt sea and the rivers of the earth, cannot quench it: I remember you to God; ye have the prayers of a Prisoner of Christ: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 9.

Yours in his sweet Lord!

1637.

Jesat,

S. R.

To the Lady KASKIBERRY.

M A D A M:

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your Love: I know not how to requite you:

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Las:

La: kindness, but your love to the Saints, Madam, is Laid up in heaven, I know it is for your welbeloved Christ's sake, that ye make his friends so dear to you, and concern your self so much in them. I am in this house of my pilgrimage every way in good case; Christ is most kind and loving to my soul; it pleaseth him to feast with his unseen consolations a stranger and an exiled Prisoner, & I would not exchange my Lord Jesus, with all the comfort out of heaven; his yoke is easie, and his burden light. This is his troth I now suffer for; for he hath sealed it with his blessed presence: I know Christ shall yet win the day, and gain the battel in Scotland. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. Yours in his sweet Lord
1637. Jesus, S. R.

TO MR. JAMES BRUCE.
Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and welbeloved Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: Upon the nearest acquaintance, that we are fathers children, I thought good to write to you. My case in my bonds, for the honour of my royal Prince and King Jesus, is as good as becometh the winneth of such a Sovereign King. At my first coming hither, I was in great heaviness, wrestling with challenges, being burdened in heart, [as I am yet] for my silent Sabbaths, and for a bereft people; young ones new-born plucked from the breasts, and the Childrens milk drawn. I thought I was a drie tree cast over the dike of the vineyard: but my secret conceptions of Christs love, & his sweet and long desired return to my soul, were found to be a lye of Christs love forged by the tempter, and my own heart; and I am perswaded that is was so: Now there is greater peace and security within then before: the court is raised and dismissed; for it was not set in God's name: I was far mistaken, who should have summoned Christ for unkindness, mist faith, and my fever conceived amiss of him: now, now, he is pleased to feast a poor prisoner,

soner, and to refresh me with joy unspeakable and glorious: so as the holy Spirit is witness, that my sufferings are for Christs truth: and God forbid I should dery the testimony of the holy Spirit, and make him a false witness. Now I testify under my hand, out of some small experience, that Christs cause [even with the cross,] is better then the Kings crown; and that his reproaches are sweet, his cross perfumed, the walls of my prison fair and large, my losses gain. I desire you, my dear Brother, help me to praise, and remember me in your prayer to God. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March. 14.

1637.

Yours in our Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady Earlstoun.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I exhort you to go on in your journey: your day is short, and your afternoon-sun will soon go down; make an end of your accounts with your Lord: For Death and Judgment are rides, that bide no man: salvation is supposed to bear the door, and Christianity is thought an easie task, but I find it hard, and the way strait and narrow, were it not that my guide is content to wait on me, and to care for a tired traveller. Hurt not your conscience with any known sin: let your children be as so many flowers, borrowed from God: if the flowers die or wither, thank God for a summers-loan of them, and keep good neighbourhood, to borrow and lend with him. Set your heart upon heaven, and trouble not your spirit with this clay-Idol of the world, which is but vanity, and hath but the lustre of the Rain-bow in the air, which cometh and goeth with a flying March-shower: Clay is the Idol of bastards, not the inheritance of the children. My Lord hath been pleased to make many unknown faces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed fire-side, and a borrowed bed: I am feast-

78 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 34
ed with the joyes of the Holy Ghost, and my royal King
bears my charges honourably. I love the smell of Christ's
sweet breath, better than the worlds gold. I would I
had help to praise him. The great Messenger of the Co-
venant, the Son of God establish you on your rock, and
keep you to the day of his coming.

Aberd. March. 7.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO CARLETON.

Worthy and much Honoured,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your
Letter from my Brother, to the which I now an-
swer particularly. I confesse two things of my self. First,
Woe, woe is me, that Men should think there is any
thing in me: He is my witness before whom I am as
crystal, that the secret house devils, that bear me too-
off company, and that this sink of corruption which I
find within, makes me go with low sailes: and if others
saw what I see, they would look by me, but not to me.
2. I know this shower of his free grace behooved to be on
me, otherways I would have withered. I know also,
I have need of a buffering tempter, that grace may be
put to exercise and I kept low. Worthy and dear Brother
in our Lord Jesus, I write that from my heart which ye
now read. 1. I avouch that Christ, and sweating, and
fighing under his cross, is sweeter to me by far, than all
the Kingdoms in the world could possibly be. 2. If you
and my dearest acquaintance in Christ, reap any fruit by
my suffering, let me be weighed in God's even ballance,
if my joy be not fulfilled: What am I to carry the marks
of such a great King! But howbeit I am a sink and sinful
mass, a wretched captive of sin; my Lord Jesus can hew
heaven out of worse timber then I am (if worse can be.)
3. I now rejoyce with joy unspeakable and glorious, that I
never purposed to bring Christ, nor the least hoof or
hair-breadth of truth under trystring: I desired to have
and keep Christ all alone, and that he should never rub
clothes with that black-skin'd harlot of Rome, I am now,
fully

fully payed home, so that nothing aileth me for the present, but love-sickness for a real possession of my fairest welbeloved. I would give him my bond under my faith and hand, to frist heaven an hundred years longer, so being he would lay his holy face to my sometimes wet cheeks. Oh, who would not pity me, to know how fain I would have the King shaking the tree of life upon me: or letting me in to the Well of life with my old dish, that I might be drunken with the Fountain, here, in the house of my pilgrimage! I cannot, nay I would not, be quit of Christ's love. He hath left the mark behind him where he gripped: He goeth away, and leaveth me and his burning love to wrestle together, and I can scarce win my meat of his love because of absence: My Lord giveth me but hungry half-kisses, which serve to feed pain and increase hunger, but do not satisfie my desires: His dieting of my Soul for this race maketh me lean. I have gotten the waile and choise of Christs crosses, even the tithe and the flower of the gold of all crosses, to bear witness to the truth; and herein find I liberty, joy, access, life, comfort, love, faith, submission, patience and resolution to take delight in on-waiting: and withall in my race he hath come near me, and let me see the gold and crown: What then want I but fruition and real enjoyment, which is reserved to my country? Let no man think he shall lose at Christs hands in suffering for him. 4. For these present trials, they are most dangerous: for people shall be stolen off their feet with well washen, and white-skin'd pretence of *indifferency*; but it is the power of the great *Antichrist* working in this Land. Woe, woe, woe be to *Apostat Scotland*: there is wrath, and a cup of the red wine of the wrath of God Almighty in the Lords hand, that they shall drink, and spue, and fall, and not rise again. The star, called *Wormwood and Gall*, is fallen in the Fountains and Rivers, and hath made them bitter: the sword of the Lord is fourbished against the Idol-shepherds of the land: Women shall bless the barren womb and miscarrying breasts; all hearts shall be faint, and all knees shall tremble: as

end is coming: the leopard and the lion shall warch over our cities: houses great and fair shall be desolate without an inhabitant: the Lord hath said, *Pray not for this people, for I have taken my peace from them:* yet the Lord's third part shall come through the fire, as refined gold for the treasure of the Lord, and the out-casts of *Scotland* shall be gathered together again, and the wilderness shall blossom as the flower, and bud, and grow as the rose of *Sharon*, and great shall be the glory of the Lord upon *Scotland*. 5. I am here assaulted with the learned and pregnant wits of this Kingdom; but all honour be to my Lord, truth bat langheth at bemisted and blinded Scribes, and disputers of this world; and Gods wisdom confoundeth them, and Christ triumpheth in his own strong truth, that speaketh for it self. 6. I doubt not but my Lord is preparing me for heavier tryals: I am most ready at the good pleasure of my Lord, in the strength of his grace, for any thing he shall be pleased to call me to: neither shall the last black-faced messenger, Death, be holden at the door, when it shall knock. If my Lord will take honour of the like of me, how glad and joyful shall my soul be! Let Christ come out with me to an hotter bartel then this, and I shall fear no flesh. I know that my Master will win the day, & that he hath taken the ordering of my sufferings in his own hand. 7. As for my deliverance, that miscarrieth: I am here, by my Lords grace, to lay my hand on my mouth, to be silent and wait on: my Lord Jesus is on his Journey for my delivrance; I will not grudge that he runneth not so fast as I would have him: On-waiting till the swelling rivers fall, and till my Lord arise as a mighty man after strong wine, shall be my best: I have not yet resisted to blood. 8. O how often am I laid in the dust, and urged by the tempter [who can ride his own errands upon our lying apprehensions,] to sin against the unchangeable love of my Lord. When I think upon the sparrows, and swallows that build their nest in the Kirk of *Amoib*, and of my dumb Sabbaths, my sorrowful bleired eyes look asquint upon Christ, and present him as a gree. But in this trial, all honour to our princely, and royal King,

King, faith saileth fair before the wind, with top-sail up, and carrieth the poor passenger through. I lay inhibitions upon my thoughts, that they receive no slanders of my only, only Beloved: let him even say out of his own mouth, *There is no hope*, yet I will die in that sweet beguile, *It is not so: I shall see the Salvation of God*. Let me be deceived really, and never win to dry land, it is my joy to believe under the water, and to die with faith in my hand gripping Christ: let my conceptions of Christs love, go to the grave with me and to hell with me, I may not, I dare not quite them. I hope to keep Christs paw: if he never come to loose it, let him see to his own promise. I know, Presumption, howbeit it be made of stoutness, will not thus be wilful in heavie trials. Now, *my dearest in Christ*, the great messenger of the Covenant, the only wise and allsufficient *Jeboah* (stablish you to the end. I hear the Lord hath been at your house, and hath called home your wife to her rest. I know, Sir, ye see the Lord loosing the pins of your tabernacle, and wooing your love from this plaistered and over-gilded world, and calling upon you, to be making your self ready to go to your fathers countrey, which shall be a sweet fruit of that visitation. Ye know, *to send the Comforter* was a Kings word when he ascended on high: ye have claim to, and interest in that promise. Remember my love in Christ to your father: shew him, it is late and black night with him; his long lying at the water side, is, that he may look his papers ere he take shipping, and be at a point for his last answer before his judge and Lord. All love, all mercy, all grace, and peace, all multiplied saving consolations, all joy and faith in Christ, all stability and confirming strength of grace, and the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Aberd. 15. June.
1637.

*Your unworthy brother in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To MARION McKNAUGHT.

Worthy and dearest in the Lord;

I Ever loved, (since I knew you,) that little vineyard of the Lord's planting in *Galloway*; But now much more, since I have heard that he, who hath his fire in *Zion* and his furnace in *Jerusalem*, hath been pleased to set up a furnace amongst you, with the first in this Kingdom: He who makes old things new, seeing *Scotland* an old drossie and rusted Kirk, is beginning to make a new clean bride of her, and to bring a young chaste wife to himself out of the fire. This fire shall be quenched; so soon as Christ's hath brought a clean spouse thorow the fire: Therefore, *my dearly beloved in the Lord*, fear not a worm: *Fear not worm Iacob*: Christ is in that plea, and shall win the plea: Charge an unbelieving heart, under the pain of treason against our great and royal King Jesus, to dependence by faith, and quiet on-waiting on our Lord: Get you in to your chambers and shut the doors about you: In, in with speed to your stronghold ye prisoners of hope, ye doves flee into Christ's windows, till the indignation be over, and the storm be past: Glorifie the Lord in your sufferings, and take his banner of love and spread over you; others will follow you, if they see you strong in the Lord; their courage shall take life from your Christian carriage: look up and see who is coming, lift up your head, he is coming to save, *in garments dyed in blood, and travelling in the greatness of his strength*. I laugh, I smile, I leap for joy, to see Christ coming to save you so quickly: O such wide steps as Christ taketh! Three or four hills are but a step to him; *he shippeth over the mountains*: Christ hath set a battel betwixt his poor weak saints and his enemies; he waileth the weapons for both parties, and saith to the enemies, Take you a sword of steel, Law, Authority, Parliaments, and Kings upon your side, that is your armour: and he saith to his saints, I give you a feckleless tree-sword in your hand, and that is suffering, receiving of strokes, spoiling of your

your goods, and with your tree-sword ye shall get and gain the Victory. Was not Christ dragged through the ditches of deep distresses, and great straits? and yet Christ, who is your head, hath win through with his life, howbeit not with a whole skin. Ye are Christ's members, and he is drawing his members thorow the thorny hedge up to heaven after him; Christ one day will not have so much as a pained toe; but there are great pieces, and portions of Christ's mystrial body, not yet within the gates of the great high city, *the new Jerusalem*, and the dragon will strike at Christ, so long as there is one bit or member of Christ's body out of heaven. Itell you, Christ will make new work out of old fote-castren *Scotland*, and gather the old broken boards of his tabernacle, and pin them, and nail them together; our bills and supplications are up in heaven, Christ hath coffers full of them: there is mercy on the other side of this cross; a good answer to all our bills is agreed upon: I must tell you what lovely Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus hath done to my soul: Sometimes he sendeth me out a standing drink, and whispereth a word thorow the wall; and I am well content of kindness at the second hand; his bode is ever welcome to me, be what it wil: but at other times he will be messenger himself, and I get *the cup of salvation* out of his own hand, (he drinking to me) and we cannot rest till we be in others arms: and O how sweet is a fresh kifs from his holy mouth; his breathing, that goes before a kifs upon my poor soul, is sweet, and hath no fault, but that it is too short: I am careles, and stand not much on this, howbeit loins, and back, and shoulders, and head rive in pieces, in steping up to my fathers house. I know my Lord can make long, and broad, and high, and deep glory to his name, out of this bit secklets body; for Christ looketh not what stuff he maketh glory out of: *My dearly beloved*, ye have often refreshed me, but that is put up in my Master's accounts; ye have him debter for me; but if ye will do any thing for me (as I know ye will) now in my extremity, tell all my dear friends, that a prisoner is fettered, and chained in Christ's love: Lord never loose
the

the fetters: and ye and they together take my heartiest commendations to my Lord Jesus, and thank him for a poor friend: I desire your husband to read this letter, I send him a prisoners blessing: I'll be obliged to him if he will be willing to suffer for my dear Master, *suffering is the professors golden garment*: there shall be no losses on Christ's side of it. Ye have been witnesses of much joy betwixt Christ and me at communion-feasts, the remembrance whereof (howbeit I be feasted in secret) holleth my heart; for I am put from the board-head & the kings first mess to his by-board, & his broken meat is sweet unto me: I thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less then when I was feasted at the communion-table in *Arworth* and *Kirkcudbright*. Pray that I may get one day of Christ in publick, as I have had long since, before my eyes be closed. Oh that my Master would take up house again, and lend me the keys of his wine-cellar again, and God send me borrowed drink till then. Remember my love to Christ's kinsmen with you: I pray for Christ's father's blessing to them all. Grace be with you: a prisoners blessing be with you: I write it, and I bide by it, God shall be glorious in *Marion McKnaught*, when this stormy blast shall be over, O woman beloved of God, believe, rejoyce, be strong in the Lord, Grace is thy portion.

Aberd. 15. June.

1637.

*Your Brother in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To JOHN GORDON,
At Risco in Galloway.

My worthy and dear Brother;

Mispend not your short sand-glass which runs very fast: seek your Lord in time: let me obtain of you a letter under your hand for a promise to God, by his grace to take a new course of walking with God: Heaven is not at the next door: I find it hard to be a Christian; there is no little thrusting and thronging to thrust in at heavens gates, it is a castle taken by force, many shall strive to enter in and shall not be able. I beseech
and

and obtest you in the Lord, make conscience of rash and passionate speeches, of raging and sudden revenging anger, of night-drinking, of needless companionry, of Sabbath-breaking, of hurting any under you by word or deed, of hating your very enemies. *Except ye receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, and be as meek and sober-minded as a babe, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.* That is a word which should touch you near, and make you stoop and cast your self down, and make your great spirit fall. I know this will not be easily done; but I recommend it to you, as you tender your part of the Kingdom of heaven. *Brother*, I may from new experience speak of Christ to you: Oh if ye saw in him what I see! a river of God's unseen joys hath flowed from bank to bank over my soul; since I parted with you: I wish I wanted part; so being ye might have; that your soul might be sick of love for Christ, or rather satiate with him: this clay-idol, the world, would seem to you then not worth a figg: time will eat you out of possession of it, when the eye strings break, and the breath groweth cold, and the imprisoned soul looketh out at the windows of the clay-house, ready to leap out into eternity, what would ye then give for a lamp full of oyl? Oh seek it now, I desire you, to correct and curb banning, swearing, lying, drinking, Sabbath-breaking and idle spending of the Lords day, in absence from the Kirk, as far as your Authority reacheth in that Parish. I hear a man is to be thrust in to that place, to the which I have God's right: I know ye should have a voice by God's word in that, *Act. 1. 13, 16.* to the end, and *Act. 6. 3, 5.* Ye would be loath that any *Prelat* should put you out of your possession earthly, and this is your right. What I write to you, I write to your wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March. 14.

1637.

Your loving Pa-
stor, S. R.

To the Lady HALHILL.

Dear and Christian Lady, Grace, mercy and peace be to you; I longed much to write to your La: But now the

the Lord offering a fit occasion, I would not omit to do it: I cannot but acquaint your *La*: with the kind dealing of Christ to my soul in this house of my pilgrimage, that your *La*: may know Christ is as good as he is called: For, at my first entry into this trial (being casten down and troubled with challenges and jealousies of his love, whose name and testimony I now bear in my bonds) I feared nothing more, then that I was casten over the dike of the vineyard, as a dry tree; but blessed be his great name, the dry tree was in the fire and was not burnt, his dew came down and quickned the root of a withered plant; & now he is come again with joy, and hath been pleased to feast his exiled and afflicted prisoner with the joy of his consolations: now I weep; but am not sad, I am chastened, but I die not; I have loss, but I want nothing: this water cannot drown me, this fire cannot burn me, because of the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. The worst things of Christ, his reproaches, his cross, is better then *Egypt's* treasures. He hath opened his door, and taken in to his house of wine, a poor sinner, and hath left me so sick of love for my Lord Jesus, that if heaven were at my disposing, I would give it for Christ, and would not be content to go to heaven, except I were perswaded Christ were there: I would not give nor exchange my bonds for the *Prelats* velvets; nor my prison for their coaches; nor my sighs for all the world's laughter: this clay-idol, the world, has no great court in my soul: Christ hath come, and run away to heaven with my heart and my love, so that neither heart nor love is mine: I pray God, Christ may keep both without reversion. In my estimation, as I am now disposed, if my part of this world's clay were rooped and sold, I would think it dear of a drink of water. I see Christ's love is so Kingly, that it will not abide a marrow; it must have a throne, all alone in the soul: and I see apples beguile bairns, howbeit they be worm-eaten: the moth-eaten pleasures of this pretent world make bairns believe ten is a hundred; and yet all that are here are but shaddows: if they would draw by the curtain that is hanged betwixt them and Christ, they should think themselves fools, who have so long
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miskend the Son of God. I seek no more, next to heaven, but that he may be glorified in a prisoner of Christ; and that in my behalf many would praise his high and glorious name, who heareth the sighing of the prisoner. Remember my service to the *Laird* your husband, and to your son my acquaintance: I wish Christ had his young love, and that in the morning he would start to the gate, to seek that which this world knoweth not, and therefore doth not seek it: The grace our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Aberd. March, 14.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable, my Lord

L I N D S A Y.

Right honourable and my very good Lord;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your *Lo*: Pardon my boldness to express my self to your *Lo*: at this so needful a time, when your wearied and friendless mother-kirk is looking round about her, to see if any of her sons doth really bemoan her desolation: Therefore, my dear and worthy Lord, I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, pity that widow-like sister and spouse of Christ. I know, her husband is not dead; but he seemeth to be in another country, and seeth well, and beholdeth who are his true and tender-hearted friends, who dare venture under the water to bring out to dry land sinking truth, and who of the Nobles will cast up their arm, to waide a blow off the crowned head of our Royal Law-giver, who reigneth in Zion, who will plead and contend for *Jacob*, in the day of his controversy. It is now time, my worthy and noble Lord, for you, who are the little nurse-fathers (under our Sovereign Prince) to put on courage for the Lord Jesus, and to take up a fallen orphan, speaking out of the dust, & to embrace in your arms Christ's Bride: he hath no more in Scotland that is the delight of his eyes, but that one little sister, whose breasts were once well fashioned; She once ravished her welbelovèd with her eyes, and

and overcame him with her beauty; *She looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners; Her stature was like the palm-tree, and her breasts like clusters of grapes; and she held the King in his galleries, Cant. 4. 9. and 6. 10. and 7. 5, 7.* But now the crown is fallen from her head, and her gold waxed dim, and our white Nazarites are become black as the coal. Blessed are they who will come out & help Christ against the mighty: The shields of the earth and the Nobles are debtors to Christ for their honour, and I should bring their glory and honour to the new *Ierusalem, Rev. 21. 24.* Alas! that great men should be so far from subjecting themselves to the sweet yoke of Christ, that they burst his bonds asunder, and think, they dow not go on foot when Christ is on horseback, & that every nod of Christ commanding as a King, is a load like a mountain of iron; and therefore they say, *This man shall not reign over us*, we must have another King then Christ in his own house. Therefore kneel to Christ, and kiss the Son, and let him have your *Lo: vote*; as your alone Law-giver. I am sure, when you leave this old waste land, of this perishing life, and shall reckon with your host, and depart hence and take shipping, and make over for eternity, which is the yonder side of time, and a sand-glass of threescore short years is tuning out; To look over your shoulder then, to that which ye have done, spoken, and suffered for Christ, his dear bride (that he ransomed with that blood, which is more precious than gold,) and for truth, and the freedom of Christ's Kingdom; your accounts shall more sweetly smile and laugh upon you, then if you had two world's of gold to leave to your posterity. O my dear Lord, consider that our Master, eternity, judgment, and the last reckoning will be upon us in the twinkling of an eye: The blast of the last trumpet, now hard at hand; will cry down all *Acts of Parliament*, all the determinations of pretended *Assemblies* against Christ our Law giver: There will be shortly a proclamation by one standing in the clouds, *that time shall be no more*, and that court with Kings of clay shall be no more,

and

and prisons, confinements, forfeitures of Nobles, wrath of Kings, hazard of lands, houses, and name for Christ, shall be no more. This world's span-length of time is drawn now to less then half an inch, and to the point of the evening of the day, of this old and gray-haired world: And therefore be fixed and fast for Christ and his truth for a time; and fear not him, whose life goeth out at his nostrils, who shall die as a man. I am perswaded Christ is responsal, and law-biding, to make recompence for any thing that is hazarded or given out for him: losses for Christ are but our goods given out in bank in Christ's hand. Kings earthly are well-favour'd little clay-gods and time's-idols, but a sight of our invisible King shall decry and darken all the glory of this world. At the day of Christ, truth shall be truth, and not reason. Alas! it is pitiful, that silence, when the thatch of our Lord's house hath take fire, is now the flower and the bloom of court and state-wisdom; And to cast a covering over a good profession, (as if it blushed at light) is thought a canny and sure way through this life: But the safest way, I am perswaded, is, to trust and win with Christ, and to hazard fairly for him; for heaven is but a company of Noble venturers for Christ. I dare hazard my soul, Christ shall grow green and blossom as the rose of Sharon yet in Scotland; howbeit now his leaf seemeth to wither, and his root to dry up. Your noble *Ancestors* have been inrolled amongst the worthies of this nation, as the sure friends of the bridegroom, and valiant for Christ: I hope, ye will follow on; to come to the streets for the same Lord; the world is still at yea and nay with Christ: it shall be your glory, and the sure foundation of your house (now when houses are tumbling down, and birds building their nests, and thorns and briers are growing up, where Nobles did spread a table) if you engage your estate and nobility for this noble King Jesus, with whom the created Powers of the world are still in tops: all the world shall fall before him, and (as God liveth) every arm lifted up to take the crown off his royal head, or that refuseth to hold it upon his head, shall be broken from the shoulder

I shoulder blade: the eyes that behold Christ weep in sackcloth, and wallow in his blood, and will not help, even these eyes shall rot away in their eye-holes. O if ye, and the Nobles of this land, saw the beauty of that worlds wonder, Jesus our King, and the glory of him, who is Angels wonder, and heavens wonder for excellency! Oh what would men count of clay-estates, of time-eaten life, of worm-eaten and moth-eaten worldly glory, in comparison of that fairest, fairest of Gods creation, the Son of the Father's delights. I have but small experience of suffering for him; but let my Judge and witness in heaven lay my soul in the ballance of Justice, if I find not a young heaven, and a little Paradise of glorious comforts, and soul-delighting love-kisses of Christ, here beneath the moon, in suffering for him and his truth: and that glory, joy, and peace, and fire of love, I thought had been kept while super-time, when we shall get leisure to feast our fill upon Christ; I have felt it in glorious beginnings, in my bonds for this princely Lord Jesus. Oh! it is my sorrow, my daily pain, that men will not come and see: I would now be ashamed to believe, that it should be possible for any soul to think, that he could be a loser for Christ, suppose he should lend Christ the *Lordship of Lindsay*, or some such great worldly estate. Therefore my *worthy and Dear Lord*, set your face against the opposites of Jesus, & let your soul take courage to come under his banner, to appear as his souldier for him, and the blessings of a falling Kirk, the prayers of the *prisoners of hope*, who wait for *Zions joy*, and the *good will of him that dwelt in the bush*, and it burned not, shall be with you. To his saving Grace I recommend your *Lo*: and your *House*, and am still Christ's prisoner, and

Aberd. Sep. 7.
1637.

Your *Lo*: obliged Servant in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To my Lord B O Y D.

My very honourable and good Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to hear that ye, in the morning of your thorday, mind Christ, and that ye love the honour of his crown and Kingdom. I beseech your Lo: begin now to frame your love, and to cast it in no mould but one, that it may be for Christ only; For when your love is now in the framing, and making, it will take best with Christ: if any other then Jesus get a grip of it, when it is green and young, Christ will be an uncouth and strange world to you. Promise the lodging of your soul first away to Christ, and stand by your first covenant, and keep to Jesus, that he may find you honest. It is easie to master an arrow, and to set it right, ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no power at all to command it: It were a blessed thing, if your love could now level only at Christ; that his fair face were the black of the marke ye shot at; For when your love is loosed, and out of your grips, and in its motion to fetch home an Idol, and has taken a whorish gading-journey, to seek an unknown and strange lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the arrow, or to be master of your love; and ye shall hardly give Christ, what ye scarcely have your self. I speak not this, as if youth it self could fetch heaven and Christ. Believe it, *my Lord*, It is hardly credible, what a nest of dangerous tentations youth is, how inconsiderat, foolish, proud, vain, heady, rash, profane, & careless of God, this piece of your life is, so that the devil findeth in that age a garnished and swept house for himself, and seven devils worse then himself; for then affections are on horse-back, lofty and stirring; then the old man hath blood, lust, much will, and little wit, and hands, feet, wanton eyes, profane ears, as his servants, and as a Kings officers at command, to come & go at his will: then a green conscience is as souple as the twig of a young tree, it is for every way, every religion, every

lewd course prevaileth with it; And therefore, O what a
 sweet couple, what a glorious yoke are youth and Grace,
 Christ and a young man! This is a meeting not to be
 found in every town. None, who have been at Christ,
 can bring back to your Lo: a report answerable to his
 worth; for Christ cannot be spoken of, or commended
 according to his worth; Come and see is the most faith-
 full messenger to speak of him, little perswasion would
 prevail where this were: It is impossible in the setting
 out of Christ's love, to lie, and pass over truth's line:
 The discourses of Angels, or Love-books written by
 the congregation of *Seraphims* [all their wits being con-
 joyned and melted in one] would forever be in the
 nether side of truth, and plentifully declaring the thing
 as it is. The infiniteness, the boundlessness of that in-
 comparable excellency that is in Jesus, is a great word.
 God send me, if it were but the reliques and lea-
 vings, or an ounce weight or two, of his matchless
 love; and suppose I never got another heaven, [pro-
 viding this blessed fire were evermore burning] I
 could not but be happy forever. Come hither then,
 and give out your money wisely for bread: Come here
 and bestow your love. I have cause to speak this,
 because except ye enjoy and possess Christ, ye will be a
 cold friend to his spouse; For it is love to the hus-
 band that causeth kindness to the wife. I dare swear,
 it were a blessing to your House, the honour of your
Honour, the flower of your Credit, now in your
 place, and as far as ye are able, to lend your hand,
 to your weeping Mother, even your oppressed and
 spoiled Mother-kirk. If ye love her, and bestir your
 self for her, and hazard the *Lordship* of Boyd for the
 recovery of her vail, [which the smiting-watchmen
 have taken from her,] then surely her husband will
 scorn to sleep in your common or reverence: Bits of
 Lordships are little to him, who hath many crowns
 on his head, and the Kingdoms of the world in
 the hollow of his hand. Court, Honour, Glory,
 Riches, Satiety of houses, Favour of Princes are all
 in his finger ends. O what glory were it to lend your
 honour

honour to Christ, and to his *Ierusalem*. Ye are one of *Zions* borasons: your Honourable and Christian Parents would venture you upon Christ's errands: Therefore I beseech you by the mercies of God, by the death and wounds of Jesus, by the hope of your glorious inheritance, and by the comfort and hope of the joyful presence, ye would have at the water-side, when ye are putting your foot in the dark grave, take courage for Christ's truth, and the Honour of his free Kingdom; for howbeit ye be a young flower and green before the sun, ye know not how soon death will cause you cast your bloom, and wither root and branch and leaves: And therefore write up what ye have to do for Christ, and make a treasure of good works, and begin in time: by appearance ye have the advantage of the brae; see what ye can do for Christ against those, who are waiting while Christ's *Tabernacle* fall, that they may run away with the boards thereof, and build their nests on *Zion's* ruins: They are blind who see not lowns now pulling up the stakes, and breaking the cords, and renting the curtains of Christ's (sometimes) beautiful Tent in this land. *Antichrist* is lifting that tent up upon his shoulders, and going away with it, and when Christ and the Gospel are out of *Scotland*, dream not that your houses shall thrive, and that it shall go well with the Nobles of the land. As the Lord liveth, the streams of your waters shall become pitch, and the dust of your land brimstone, and your land shall become burning pitch, and the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in your houses, and where your table stood, there shall grow briars, and nettles; *Isa.* 34. 9, 11. The Lord gave Christ and his Gospel as a pawn to *Scotland*, the watchmen have fallen *slay*, and lost their part of the pawn; and who seeth not, that God hath dried up their right eye, and their right arm, and hath broken the shepherds staves, and men are treading in their hearts upon such unfavoury salt, that is good for nothing else. If ye the Nobles put away the pawn also, and refuse to plead the controversie of *Zion* with the professed enemies of Jesus, ye have done with it.

Oh where is the courage and zeal now of the ancient Nobles of this land, who with their swords, & hazard of life, honour & houses brought Christ to our hands? And now the Nobles cannot be but guilty of shouldering out Christ, & murdering of the souls of the posterity, if they shall hide themselves, & lurk in the lee side of the hill, till the wind blow down the temple of God. It goeth now under the name of wisdom, for men to cast their cloak over Christ and their profession, as if Christ were stolen goods, and durst not be avouched: though this be reputed a piece of policy, yet God esteemeth such men to be but *State-fools* and *Court gooks*, what ever they, or other Heads of wit like to them, think of themselves, since their damnable silence, is the ruin of Christ's Kingdom. O but it be true honour and glory, to be the fast friends of the bridegroom, and to own Christ's bleeding head, and his forsaken cause; and to contend legally, and in the wisdom of God, for our sweet Lord Jesus, and his Kingly crown. But I will believe your *Lo:* will take Christ's honour to heart, and be a man in the streets (as the Prophet speaketh) for the Lord and his truth. To his rich grace & sweet presence, and the everlasting consolation of the promised comforter I recommend your *Lo:* and am
Ab. Sept. 7. 1637. Your Lo: in his sweet Lord Iesus, S.R.

To my Lady Boyd.

My Very Honourable and Christian Lady.

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, and am well pleased, that your thoughts of Christ stay with you, and that your purpose still is, by all means, to take the Kingdom of heaven by Violence, which is no small conquest; and it is a degree of watchfulness and thankfulness also, to observe sleepiness and unthankfulness: we have all good cause to complain of false light, that playeth the thief, and stealeth away the lantern, when it cometh to the practice of constant walking with God: our journey is ten times a day broken in ten pieces: Christ getteth but onely broken and halfed and tired work of us,
 and

and alas! too often against the hair. I have been somewhat nearer the bridegroom; but when I draw nigh, and see my villeness, for shame I would be out of his presence again; but yet desire of his soul-refreshing love, putteth blushing-me under an arrest. O what am I, so loathsome a burden of sin, to stand beside such a beautiful and holy Lord, such an high and lofty one, who inhabiteth eternity? but since it pleaseth Christ to condescend to such an one as me, let shamefastness be laid aside, and lose it self in his condescending love. I would heartily be content to keep a corner of the Kings hall: Oh if I were at the yonder end of my weak desires: then should I be where Christ my Lord, and lover, lives and reigns; there I should be everlastingly solaced with the sight of his face, and satisfied with the surpassing sweetness of his matchless love: But truly now I stand in the nether side of my desires, & with a drowping head, & panting heart, I look up to fair Jesus, standing afar off from us, while corruption & death shall scour & refine the body of clay, & rot out the bones of the old man of sin: In the meantime, we are blessed in sending word to the beloved, that we love to love him, and till then there is joy in wooing; suiting, lying about his house, looking in at the windows, & sending a poor souls groans and wishes thorow a hole of the door to Jesus, till God send a glad meeting: And blessed be God, that after a low-ebbe, and so sad a word, *Lord Jesus it is long since I saw thee*, that even then, our wings are growing, and the absence of sweet Jesu breedeth a new fleece of desires and longings for him: I know no man hath a velvet cross; but the cross is made of that which God will have it. But verily, howbeit it be no warrantable marker, to buy a cross; yet I dare not say, O that I had liberty to sell Christs cross, lest therewith also I should sell joy, comfort, sense of love, patience and the kind visits of a bridegroom: And therefore blessed be God, we get crosses unbought and good cheap. Sure I am, it were better to buy crosses for Christ, then to sell them; howbeit neither be allowed to us: And for Christ's joyful coming & going, which your *La*: speaketh of, I bear with it, as love can permit: it should be enough to me, if I

were wise, that Christ will have joy and sorrow halves of the life of the saints; and that each of them should have a share of our dayes, as the night and the day are kindly partners and halves of Time, and take it up betwixt them: But if sorrow be the greediest halfer of our dayes here, I know joy's day shall dawn, and do more then recompense all our sad hours. Let my Lord Jesus (since he will do so) weave my bit and span-length of time, with white and black, well and woe, with the bridegroom's coming and his sad departure, as warp and woof in one web; and let the rose be neighboured with the thorn, yet hope (that maketh not ashamed) hath written a letter and lines of hope to the *MOUNTAINS* in *Zion*; that it shall not be long so: when we are over the watet, Christ shall cry down crosses, and up heaven for evermore, and down hell and down death, and down sin, and down sorrow; and up glory, up life, up joy for evermore: In this hope, I sleep quietly in Christ's bosome, while he come, who is not slack; and would sleep so, were it not, that the noise of the devil, and Sin's feet, and the cries of an unbelieving heart awaken me; but for the present, I have nothing whereof I can accuse Christ's cross. Oh if I could please my self in Christ only! I hope *Madam*, your Sons will improve their power for Jesus, for there is no danger, neither is there any question or justling betwixt Christ and Authority, though our enemies falsly state the question, as if Christ and Authority could not abide under one roof; the question only is betwixt Christ and men in Authority: Authority is for and from Christ, and sub to him; how then can he make a plea with it? Nay the truth is, Worms and Gods of clay, are risen up against Christ. If the fruit of your La: Womb be helpers of Christ, ye have good ground to rejoyce in God. All your La: can expect for your goodwill of me and my Brother (a wronged stranger for Christ) is, the prayers of a prisoner of Jesus, to whom I recommend your La: and house and children, and in whom I am, *MADAM*.

Aberd. Sept. 8.

Your La: in Christ

1637.

S. R.

To

To the Lady CULROSS.

M A D A M;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I dare not say I wonder that ye have never written to me in my bonds, because I am not ignorant of the cause; yet I could not but write to you; I know not, whether joy or heaviness in my soul carrieth it away: sorrow without any mixture of sweetness, hath not often love thoughts of Christ, but I see the devil can insinuate himself, and ride his errands upon the thoughts of a poor oppressed prisoner. I am woe, that I am making Christ my unfriend by seeking pleas against him, because I am the first in the Kingdom put to utter silence, and because I cannot preach my Lord's righteousness in the great congregation: I am notwithstanding the less solicitous how it go, if there be not wrath in my cup. But I know, I but claw my wounds, when my physician hath forbidden me: I would believe in the dark upon luck's head, and take my hazard of Christ's goodwill, and rest on this, that in my fever my Physician is at my bed-side, & that he sympathizeth with me when I sigh. My borrowed house, and another man's bed and fire-side, and other losses have no room in my sorrow: a greater heat to eat out a less fire, is a good remedie for some burning. I believe when Christ draweth blood, he hath skill to cut the right vein, and that he hath taken the whole ordering and disposing of my sufferings. Let him torture me, and torture my crosses, as he thinketh good: there is no danger nor hazard, in following such a guide, howbeit he should led me through hell, if I could put faith foremost, and fill the field with a quiet on-waiting, and believing to see the salvation of God. I know, Christ is not obliged to let me see both the sides of my cross, and turn it over and over, that I may see all. My faith is richer to live upon credit, and Christ's borrowed money, than to have much in my hand. Alas! I have forgotten that faith in times past hath stopped a leak in my crazed barke, and hath filled my sails with a fair wind: I see it a

work of God, that experiences are all lost, when summons of improbation, to prove our Charters of Christ to be counterfeit, are raised against poor souls, in their heave-
 vic trials: but let me be a sinner, & worse then the chief
 of sinners, yea a guilty devil, I am sure my welbeloved is
 God: & when I say Christ is God, & my Christ is God, I
 have said all things, I can say no more. I would I could build
 as much on this, *my Christ is God*, as it would bear, I might
 lay all the world upon it: I am sure Christ entried, and
 untaken up in the power of his love, kindness, mercies,
 goodness, wisdom, long-suffering & greatness, is the
 rock that dim-sighted travellers dash their foot against, &
 so stumble fearfully. But my wounds are sorest, & pain
 me most, when I sin against his love, & his meety: and if
 he would set me and my conscience by the ears together,
 and resolve not to rid the plea, but let us deal it betwixt
 us, my spitting upon the fair face of Christ's love & mer-
 cies, by my jealousies, unbelief, and doubting, would be
 enough to sink me. Oh! oh! I am convinced O Lord,
 I stand dumb before thee for this: Let me be mine own
 Judge in this, and I take a dreadful doom upon
 me for it; for I still misbelieve, though I have
 seen that my Lord hath made my cross, as if it
 were all Crystal, so as I can see thorow it Christ's
 fair face and heaven, and that God hath honoured a lump
 of sinful flesh and blood, the like of me, to be *Christ's*
honourable Lord prisoner. I ought to esteem the walls
 of the *thieves-hole* (if I were shut up in it) or any stinking
 dungeon, all hung with tapestrie & most beautiful,
 for my Lord Iesus; and yet I am not so shut up, but
 that the sun shineth upon my prison, and the fair wide
 heaven is the covering of it. But my Lord in his sweet vi-
 sits hath done more; for he makes me find, that he
 will be a confined prisoner with me: he lieth down,
 and riseth up with me; when I sigh, he sigheth; When
 I weep, he suffereth with me; and I confess here is the
 blessed issue of my suffering already begun, that my heart
 is filled with hunger and desire, to have him glorified
 in my sufferings. Blessed ye of the Lord, *Madam*, if ye
 would help a poor Dyvour, and cause others of your ac-
 quain-

quaintance in Christ help me, to pay my debt of love, even real praises to Christ my Lord. *Madam*, let me charge you in the Lord, as ye will answer to him, help me in this duty (which he hath tyed about my neck, with a chain of such singular expressions of his loving kindness) to set on high Christ, to hold in my honesty at his hands, for I have nothing to give him. O that he would arrest and comprise my love and my heart for all! I am a Dyvour, who have no more free goods in the world for Christ, save that: it is both the whole herirage I have, & all my movables besides; *Lord give the thirsty man a drink.* Oh to be over the ears in the well! Oh to be swattering, and swimming over head and ears, in Christ's love! I would not have Christ's love entering in me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love. But I see not my self here, for I fear, I make more of his love then of himself; whereas himself is far beyond and much better then his love. Oh if I had my sinful arms filled with that lovely one Christ! Blessed be my rich Lord Jesus, who sendeth not away beggers from his house with a toom dish. He filleth the vessels of such as will come and seek: We might beg our selves rich, (if we were wise,) if we could but hold out our withered hands to Christ, and learn to suit, and seek, ask and knock. I ow my salvation for Christs glory, I ow it to Christ, and desire that my hell, yea a new hell, seven times hotter then the old hell, might buy praises before men and Angels to my Lord Jesus: providing alwayes I were free of Christ's hatred and displeasure. What am I to be forfeited and sold in soul and body, to have my great and royal King set on high, and extolled above all; O if I knew how high to have him set, and all the world far, far beneath the soles of his feet! Nay, I deserve not to be the matter of his praises, far less to be an agent in praising of him. But he can win his own glory out of me, and out of one worse then I (if any such be): if it please his holy Majesty so to do; he knoweth that I am not now flattering him. *Madam*, let me have your prayers, as ye have the prayers and blessing of him that is:

*Aberd. June 15.
1637.**Your own in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Earl of CASSILIS.

My very Noble and honourable Lord;

I Make bold (out of the honourable and Christian report I hear of your *Lo*: having no other thing to say, but that which concerneth the honourable Cause, which the Lord hath enabled your *Lo*: to profess) to write this, that it is your *Lo*: crown, your glory, and your honour, to set your shoulder under the Lords glory, now falling to the ground; and to back Christ now, when so many think it wisdom, to let him fend for himself: the shields of the earth ever did, and do still believe, that Christ is a cumberfom neighbour, and that it is a pain to hold up his *yea's* & *nay's*: They fear he take their chariots, & their crowns, & their honour from them; but my Lord standeth in need of none of them all: But it is your glory to own Christ and his buried truth; for let men say what they please, the plea with Zion's enemies, in this day of *Iacob's* trouble, is, *If Christ should be King, and no mouth speak larus but his*; it concerneth the apple of Christ's eye, and his royal Priviledges, what now is debated: and Christ's Kingly honour is come to *yea* and *nay*: But let me be pardoned, *my dear and Noble Lord*, to beseech you by the mercies of God, by the comforts of the Spirit, by the wounds of your dear Saviour, by your compearance before the Judge of quick and dead, to stand for Christ, and to back him. Oh if the Nobles had done their part, and been zealous for the Lord, it had not been as it is now: but men think it wisdom to stand beside Christ, till his head be broken, and sing dumb. There is a time coming when Christ will have a thick court, and he will be the glory of *Scotland*, and he shall make a diadem, a garland, a seal upon his heart, and a ring on his finger, of those, who have avouched him

him before this faithless generation: Howbeit, ere that come, wrath from the Lord is ordained for this Land. My Lord, I have cause to write this to your Lo: for I dare not conceal his kindness to the soul of an afflicted, exiled Prisoner: Who hath more cause to boast in the Lord, then such a sinner as I? Who am feasted with the consolations of Christ, and have no pain in my sufferings, but the pain of soul-sickness of love for Christ, and sorrow that I cannot get help to sound aloud the high praises of him, who hath heard the sighing of the Prisoner; and is content to lay the head of his oppressed servant in his bosom, under his chin, and let him feel the smell of his garments. This I behooved to write, that your Lo: might know, Christ is as good as he is called, and to testify to your Lo: the cause, your Lo: now professeth before this faithless world, is Christ's: and your Lo: shall have no shame of it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March. 13.

Your Lo: obliged Servant,

1637.

S. R.

To the much honoured

JOHN OSBURN,

Provest of Ayre.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: Upon our small acquaintance, and the good report I hear of you, I could not but write to you: I have nothing to say, but Christ; in that honourable place he hath put you in, hath intrusted you with a dear pledge, which is his own glory: and hath armed you with his sword to keep the pledge, and make a good account of it to God. Be not afraid of men: Your Master can mow down his enemies, and make withered hay of fair flowers: your time will not be long; after your afternoon, will come your evening, and after evening night: serve Christ, back him, let his Cause be your Cause; give not an hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's:

E 6

then,

for Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 44.
then, since ye are going, take Christ's testificat with you
out of this life, *Well done good and faithful servant. His
well done is worth a shipful of Good-days and earthly
honours.* I have cause to say this, because I find him truth
it self: In my sad days. Christ laugheth cheerfully, and
saith, *All will be well.* Would to God, all this Kingdom,
and all that know God, knew, what is betwixt me and
Christ in this prison, what kisses, embracements, and
love-communings: I take his cross in my arms with joy,
I bless it, I rejoyce in it: suffering for Christ is my gar-
land, I would not exchange Christ for ten thousand
worlds: nay (if the comparision could stand) I would not
exchange Christ with heaven. Sir, pray for me, and the
prayers and blessing of a prisoner of Christ mee: you, in
all your straits. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14.
1637.

Yours in Christ Iesus his
Lord. S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON,

Bailiffe of Ayr

Worthy Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from
you in paper. Remember your *Chief's* speeches on
his death-bed: I pray you Sir sell all, and buy the Pearl;
time will cut you from this worlds glory: Look what
will do you good, when your glass shall be run, and let
Christ's love bear most court in your soul, and that court
will bear down the love of other things: Christ seeketh
your help in your place, give him your hand. Who hath
more cause to encourage others to own Christ, then I
have? for he hath made me sick of love, and left me in
pain to wrestle with his love, and love is like to fall a
swoon, through his absence: I mean not that he deserteth
me, or that I am ebb of comforts; but this is an uncouth
pain. Oh that I had an heart and a love to render to him
back again! O if principalities and powers, thrones and
dominions, and all the world, would help me to praise.
Praise him in my behalf. Remember my love to your
wife,

wife. I thank you most kindly, for your love to my brother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

1673.

TO JOHN KENNEDY,

Bailiffe of Ayr.

GRACE, metcy and peace be unto you: Your not writing to me, cannot bind me up from remembring you, now and then, that at least ye may be a witness and a third man, to behold in paper, what is betwixt Christ and me. I was in his eyes like a young Orphan, wanting known parents, casten out in the open fields; either Christ behoved to take me up, and to bring me home to his house and fire-side, else I had dyed in the fields: and now, I am homely with Christ's love, so that I think the house mine own, and the master of the house mine also. Christ enquired not when he began to love me, whether I was fair, or black, and sun-burnt? love taketh what it may have. He loved me before this time, I know; but now I have the flower of his love: his love is come to a fair bloom, like a young rose opened up out of the green leaves, and it casteth a strong and fragrant smell. I want nothing but wayes of expressing Christ's love: A full vessel would haue a vent. O if I could smoke out, and cast out coales, to make a fire in many breasts of this land! Oh! it is a pity that there were not many imprisoned for Christ, for no other purpose, but to write books and love-songs of the love of Christ. This love would keep all created tongues of men and Angels in exercise, and busie, night and day, to speak of it. Alas! I can speak nothing of it, but wonder at three things in his love. *First, Freedom.* O that lumps of sin should get such love for nothing! *Secondly,* The *Sweetness* of his love: I give over either to speak or write of it, but these that feel it may better bear witness, what it is, but it is so sweet that next to Christ himself nothing can match it: nay I think a soul could live eternally blessed only on Christ's love, and feed upon

no other thing: yea when Christ in love giveth a blow, it doth a soul good, and it is a kind of comfort and joy to it, to get a cuff with the lovely, sweet, and soft hand of Jesus. And *Thirdly*, what *Power* and *Strength* is in his love? I am perswaded it can climb a steep hill, and hell upon it's back, and swim through the water and not drown, and sing in the fire and find no pain, and triumph in losses, prisons, sorrows, exile, disgrace; and laugh and rejoice in death. Oh for a year's lease of the sense of his love without a cloud, to try what Christ is! O for the coming of the Bridegroom! Oh when will I see the Bridegroom and the Bride meet in the clouds, and kiss each other! Oh when will we get our day and our hearts-fill of that love! Oh if it were lawful to complain of the famine, and want of that love of the immediat vision of God! O time, rime, how dost thou torment the Souls of those, that would be swallowed up of Christ's love, because thou movest so slowly! Oh if he would pity a poor Prisoner, and blow love upon me, and give a Prisoner a taste, or draught of that surpassing sweetness, (which is glory as it were begun) to be a confirmation, that Christ and I shall have our fill of other forever! Come hither O love of Christ, that I may once kiss thee before I die: what would I not give, to have time, that lieth betwixt Christ and me, taken out of the way, that we might once meet? I cannot think but at the first sight I shall see of that most lovely and fairest face, love shall come out of his two eyes, and fill me with astonishment: I would but desire to stand at the utter-side of the gates of the *New Jerusalem*, and look thorow a hole of the door, and see Christ's face: a borrowed vision in this life would be my borrowed and begun heaven, while the long, long-looked-for day-dawn. It is not for nothing that it is said *Colos. 1. 27. Christ in you the hope of glory*. I will be content of no pawn of heaven but Christ himself; for Christ possessed by Faith here is young heaven, and glory in the bud: If I had that pawn, I would hide horning and hell both; ere I gave it again. All we have here, is scarce the picture of glory: Should
not

not we young bairns long and look for the expiring of our minority? It were good to be daily begging propines and love-gifts, and the Bridegroom's favours; and, if we can do no more, seek crumbs and hungry dinners of Christ's love, to keep the taste of heaven in our mouth, while supper-time. I know, it is far afternoon, and nigh the marriage-supper of the Lamb; the table is covered already. O welbeloved run, run fast! O fair day, when wilt thou dawn! O shadows, flee away! I think, hope and love woven thorow other, make our absence from Christ spiritual torment: It is a pain to wait on, but hope that maketh not athamed swalloweth up that pain. It is not unkindness that keeps Christ and us so long asunder. What can I say to Christ's love? I think more than I can say: To consider, that when my Lord Jesus may take the air (if I may so speak) and go abroad, yet he will be confined and keep the Prison with me: but in all this sweet communion with him, what am I to be thanked for? I am but a sufferer, whether I will or not, he will be kind to me, as if he had defied my guiltiness to make him unkind; so he beareth in his love on me. Here I die with wondering, that justice hindreth not love; for there are none in hell, nor out of hell, more unworthy of Christ's love. Shame may confound and scar me, once to hold up my black mouth, to receive one of Christ's undeserved kisses. If my inner-side were turned out, and all men saw my villainess, they would say to me, *It is a shame for thee to stand still, while Christ kiss thee and embrace thee*: It would seem to become me rather to run away from his love, as ashamed at my own unworthiness. Nay I may think shame to rake heaven, who have so highly provoked my Lord Jesus: But seeing Christ's love will shame me, I am content to be shamed. My desire is, that my Lord would give me broader and deeper thoughts, to feed my self with wondering at his love: I would I could weigh it, but I have no ballance for it. When I have worn my tongue to the stump, in praising of Christ, I have done nothing to him, I must let him alone, for my withered arms will not go about his high, wide, long

long and broad love. What remaineth then, but that my debt to the love of Christ lie unpaid for all eternity. All that are in heaven are black sham'd with his love, as well as I, we must all be Dyvours together, and the blessing of that house-full or heaven-full of Dyvours, shall rest for ever upon him. O if this *Land* and *Nation* would come and stand beside His inconceivable and glorious perfections, and look in, and love, and wonder, and adore! would to God, I could bring in many lovers to Christ's house! But this *Nation* hath *foraken the fountain of living waters*. Lord cast not water on *Scotland's* coal. Woe, woe will be to this *Land*, because of the day of the Lords's fierce anger, that is so fast coming. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your affectionat Brother in our
Lord *Jesus*, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY,

Bailiffe of Ayr

Worthy and Dear Brother;

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you in this Northern world, in paper; I know it is not forgetfulness that ye write not: I am every way in good ease, both in soul and body, all honour and glory be to my Lord: I want nothing, but a farther revelation of the beauty of the unknown Son of God. Either I know not what Christianity is; or we have stinted a measure of so many ounce weights and no more, upon holiness, and there we are at a stay, drawing our breath all our life: a moderation in God's way, now, is much in request. I profess, I have never taken pains to find out him whom my soul loveth, there is a gate yet of finding out Christ, that I have never lighted upon. Oh if I could find it out! Alas! how soon are we pleased with our own shadow in a glass! It were good to be beginning in sad earnest to find out God, and to seek the right tread of Christ: time, custom, and a good opinion of our selves, our good meaning, and our lazic desires, our fair shoves, and the

the world's glistering lusters, and these broad passements and bulking of religion, that bear bulk in the Kirk, is that wherewith most falsifie themselves: but a watered bed with tears, a dry throat with praying, eyes as a fountain of tears for the sins of the land, is rare to be found among us. Oh if we could know the power of godliness! This is one part of my case, and another is, that I, like a fool, once summond Christ for unkindness, and complained of his sickelness and unconstancy, because he would have no more of my service nor preaching, and had casten me out of the inheritance of the Lord: And I confess now, this was but a bought plea, and I was a fool, yet he hath born with me. I gave him a fair advantage against me, but love & mercy would not let him take it: and the truth is, now he hath chided himself friends with me, and hath taken away the mask, and hath renewed his wonted favour, in such a manner, that he hath paid me *my hundred-fold in this life*; and one to the hundred. This prison is my banqueting house, I am handled as softly and delicately, as a doted child: I am nothing behind (I see) with Christ: he can in a moneth make up a years losses: and I writethis to you, that I may entreat, nay, adjure and charge you, by the love of our welbeloved, to help me to praise, and to tell all your Christian acquaintance to help me; for I am as deeply drowned in his debt, as any Dyvour can be: and yet in this fair sun-blenk, I have something to keep me from startling, or being exalted above measure. His word is a fire shut up in my bowels, and I am weary with forbearing: the ministers in this Town are saying, they shall have my prison changed into less bouds, because they see God with me: my mother hath born me a man of contention, one that striveth with the whole earth. The late wrongs and oppressions done to my brother, keep my sails low; yet I desie crosses, to embark me in such a plea against Christ, as I was troubled with of late: I hope to overhope and overbelieve my troubles: I have cause now to trust Christ's promise, more then his gloom. Remember my hearty affection to your wife. My soul is grieved for the success of our brethrens journey to *New-England*, but God hath somewhat to reveal,

*Aberd. Jan. 1.
1637.**Yours in his only Lord
Jesus, S. R.*TO MARGARET BALANTINE.
MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: It is more
then time that I should have written to you; but it
is yet good time, if I could help your soul to mend your
pace, and to go more swiftly to your heavenly countrey;
for truly ye have need to make all haste, because the inch
of your day that remaineth will quickly slip away; for
whether we sleep or wake our glass runneth, the tide
bideth no man: Beware of a beguile in the matter of
your salvation; woe, woe for evermore to them, that
lose that prize, for what is behind when the soul is once
lost, but that sinners warm their bits of clay-houses at a
fire of their own kindling, for a day or two, which doth
rather suffocat with its smooke, then warm them, and
at length they lie down in sorrow, and are clo-
thed with everlasting shame? I would seek no fur-
ther measure of faith to begin withal, then to believe
really and stedfastly the doctrine of God's Justice, his all-
devouring wrath and everlasting burning, where sinners
are burnt soul and body, in a river and great lake of fire &
brimstone: Then they would wish no more goods, but
the thousand part of a cold fountain-well to cool their
tongue; they would then buy death, with enduring of
pain and torment for as many years, as God hath created
drops of rain since the creation: but there is no market in
buying or selling life or death there: Oh! alas the greatest
part of this world run to the place of that torment rejoy-
cing and dancing, eating, drinking and sleeping. My
counsel to you is, that ye start in time to be after Christ;
for if ye go quickly, Christ is not far before you: Ye shall
overtake him. O Lord God, what is so needful as this,
Salvation, Salvation? Fix upon this condemned and foolish
world, that will give so little for *Salvation*? Oh, if there
were

were a free market of salvation proclaimed, in that day, when the trumpet of God shall awake the dead, how many buyers would be then? God send me no more happiness, but that Salvation, which the blind world (to their eternal wo) letteth slip through their fingers: Therefore look if ye can give out your money (as *Isay* speaketh *Cha. 55. 1.*) for bread, and lay Christ and his blood in *wadset* for heaven: It is a dry and hungry bairns-part of goods, that *Esau's* are hunting for here: I see thousands following the chase, and in the pursuit of such things, while in the mean time they lose the blessing; and when all is done, they have caught nothing to rest for supper, but lie down hungry; and besides they go to their bed (when they die) without a candle; for God saith to them, *Isa. 50. 11. This shall ye have at my hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.* And truly this is as ill made a bed to lie upon, as one could wish: for he cannot sleep soundly, nor rest sweetly who hath sorrow for his pillow. Rouze, rouze up therefore your soul, and ask how Christ and your soul met together: I am sure they never got Christ, who were not once sick at the yolk of the heart for him: too many whole souls think they have met with Christ, who had never a wearied night for the want of him: But alas! what richer are men, that they dreamed the last night they had much gold, & when they awoke in the morning they found it was but a dream? what are all the sinners in the world, in that day when heaven and earth shall go up in a flame of fire, but a number of beguiled dreamers? every one shall say of his hunting & his conquest. *Behold it was a dream:* every man in that day will tell his dream. I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, beware, beware of unsound work, in the matter of your salvation: ye may not, ye cannot, ye dow not want Christ: Then after this day convey all your lovers before your soul and give them their leave, & strike hands with Christ, that thereafter there may be no happiness to you but Christ, no hunting for any thing but Christ; no bed at night [when death cometh] but Christ; Christ, Christ, who but Christ? I know this much of Christ, He is not ill to be found, nor Lordly
of

of his love, woe had been my part of it for evermore, if Christ had made a dainty of himself to me; but God be thanked, I gave nothing for Christ, and now I protest before men and Angels, Christ cannot be exchanged, Christ cannot be sold, Christ cannot be weighed: Where would Angels, or all the world, find a ballance to weigh him in? All lovers blush when ye stand beside Christ: woe upon all love but the love of Christ: Hunger, hunger for evermore, be upon all heavens but Christ. Shame, shame for evermore, be upon all glory but Christ's glory. I cry death, death upon all lives, but the life of Christ. O what is it that holdeth us asunder! O that once we could have a fair meeting. Thus recommending Christ to you, and you to him for evermore: I rest. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord,

Jesus, S. R.

TO JONET KENNEDY.

Loving and Dear Sister;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter: I know, the savour of Christ in you (that the virgins love to follow) cannot be blown away with winds either from hell, or the evil smelled air of this polluted world: Sit far aback from the walls of this pest-house, even the pollutions of this defiling world. Keep your taste, your love and hope in heaven; it is not good, your love and your Lord should be in two sundry countreys. Up, up after your lover, that ye & he may be together. A King from heaven hath sent for you, by faith he sheweth you the *new Ierusalem*, and taketh you alongst in the Spirit, thorow all the easie rooms, and dwelling-houles in heaven, and saith, *All these are thine, this palace is for thee and Christ*; and if ye only had been the chosen of God, Christ would have buile that one house for you and himself: Now, it is for you and many others also, take with you in your journey what ye may carry with you, your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly-kindness; for such wares as these are of great price, in the high and new countrey,

Epist. 49.

LETTERS.

III.

try, whither ye go: As for other things, that are but the world's vanity and trash, since they are but the *house-sweepings*, ye shall do best not to carry them with you: ye found them here, leave them here, and let them keep the house. Your Sun is well turned, and low: be nigh your lodging against night. We go one and one, out of this great market, till the town be empty, and the two lodgings Heaven and Hell be filled: At length there will be nothing in the earth, but toom walls and burnt ashes, and therefore it is best to make away. *Antiebrist* & his Master are busie to plenish Hell, and to seduce many; and Stars, great *Church-lights*, are falling from heaven, and many are misled and seduced, and make up with their faith, and sell their birth-right, by their hungry hunting for I know not what. Fasten your grips fast upon Christ. I verily esteem him the best ought that I have: He is my *second* in prison: having him, though my cross were as heavie as ten mountains of iron, when he putteth his sweet shoulder under me and it, my cross is but a feather. I please my self in the choice of Christ, he is my *waile*, in heaven and earth; I rejoyce that he is in heaven before me: God send a joyful meeting; and in the meantime the traveller's charges for the way, I mean, a burden of Christ's love to sweeten the journey, and to encourage a breathless runner; for when I lose breath, climbing up the mountain, he maketh new breath. Now, the very God of peace establish you to the day of his appearance.

Aberd. Sept. 9.

1637.

Yours in his only Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO MARGARET REID.

My very Dear and worthy Sister;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: Ye are truly blessed of the Lord, however a *four world* gloom upon you, if ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the bope of the Gospel. It is good, there is a heaven, & it is not a night dream or a fancy: It is a wonder that men deny not that there is a heaven, as they deny there is a way to it, but of mens making:

You

You have learned of Christ, that there is a heaven; contend for it, and contend for Christ; bear well and submissively the hard cross of this *Step-mother World*, that God will not have to be yours. I confess, it is hard, and I would I were able to ease you of your burthen. But believe me, this world, (which the Lord will not have to be yours) is but the dross, the refuse and scum of God's creation, the portion of the Lord's poor hired servants: the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone casten to the dogs holden out of the *New Ierusalem*, whereupon they rather break their teeth, than satisfie their appetite: it is your Father's blessing, and Christ's birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and I perswade you, your seed also shall inherit the earth (if that be good for them,) for that is promised to them, and God's bond is as good and better, then if Men would give every one of them a bond for thousand thousands. Ere ye was born, crosses in number, measure and weight were written for you, and your Lord will lead you throw them: make Christ sure, and the blessings of the earth shall be at Christ's back. I see many Professors for the fashion follow on; but they are Professors of glass: I would cause a little knock of persecution ding them in twenty pieces, and so the world should laugh at the sheards: Therefore make fast work, see that Christ lay the Ground-stone of your profession; for wind and rain and spears will not wash away his building: his works have no shorter date then to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not leaned my weak back, and laid my pressing burthen both upon the Stone, the *Foundation-stone*, the *Corner-stone* laid in *Zion*: and I desire never to rise off this Stone. Now the very God of Peace confirm, and establish you unto the day of the blessed appearance of Christ Jesus. God be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in his dearest Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To

TO JAMES BAUTIE.

Loving Brother;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter, and tender you thanks for the same; but I have not time to answer all the heads of it, as the bearer can inform you. 1. Ye do well to take your self at the right stor, when ye wrong Christ by doubting and misbelief; for this is to *sick-name* Christ and term him a liar, which, being spoken to our Prince, would be hanging or heading; but Christ hangeth not alwayes for treason: It is good that he may registrat a believers bond a hundred times, and more then seventy times a day have law against us, and yet he spareth us, as a man doth his son that serveth him: No tender-hearted mother, who may have law to kill her sucking child, would put in execution that law. 1. For your failings, even when ye have a set tryst with Christ, and when ye have a fair loen advantage, by keeping your appointment with him, and Salvation cometh to the very passing of the seals, I would say two things. 1. Concluded and sealed Salvation may go through and be ended, suppose ye write your name to the tail of the Covenant with ink that can hardly be read: Neither think I ever any man's Salvation passed the seals, but there was an odde trike or slip, in less or more, upon the fools part, who is infected in heaven. In the most grave and serious work of our Salvation, I think Christ had ever good cause to laugh at our silliness, and to put on us his merits, that we might bear weight. 2. It is a sweet law of the new Covenant, and a priviledge of the new burgh, that citizens pay according to their means; for the new covenant saith not, *so much obedience by ounce weights*, and no less, under the pain of damnation: Christ taketh, as poor men may give: where there is a mean portion, he is content with the less, if there be sincerity: broken sums and little seckless obedience will be pardoned, and hold the foot with him: know ye not, that our kindly
 Lord

Lord retaineth his good old heart yet: *He breaketh not a bruised reed, nor quencheth the smoking flax*: but if the wind blow, he holdeth his hands about it, till it rise to a flame. The Law cometh on with three Oyes's, *with all the heart, with all the soul, and with all the whole strength*: and where would poor folks, like you and me, furnish all these sums? it seareth me, (nay it is most certain) that if the payment were to come out of our purse, when we should put our hand in our bag, we would bring out the wind, or worse: But the new Covenant seeketh not *heap-mete nor stented obedience*, as the condition of it, because forgiveness hath alwayes place. Hence I draw this conclusion: To think matters betwixt Christ and us go back, for want of heaped measure, is a piece of old *Adam's pride*, who would either be at legal payment or nothing. We would still have God in our common, and buy his kindness with our merits; for beggerly pride is *Devils' honest*, & blusheth to be in Christ's common, and scarce giveth God a *gram-mercy* and a lifted cap (except it be the *Pharisee's unlucky God I thank thee*) or a bowed knee to Christ: it will only give a good-day for a good-day again, and if He dissemble his kindness, at it were, in jest, and seem to misken it, it in earnest spurneth with the heels, and souffeth in the wind, and careth not much for Christ's kindness: If he will not be friends let him go, saith pride: beware of this thief, when Christ offereth himself. 3. No marvell then of whisperings, whether you be in the Covenant or not? For Pride maketh loose work of the Covenant of grace, and will not let Christ be full bargain-maker. To speak to you particularly and shortly. 1. All the truly regenerated cannot determinatly tell you the measure of their dejections; because Christ beginneth young with many, and stealeth into their heart, ere they wit of themselves; and becometh homely with them, with little din or noise. I grant, many are blinded, in rejoycing in a good cheap conversion, that never cost them a sick night; Christ's physick wrought in a dream upon them: But for that, I would say, if other marks be found, that Christ is indeed come in,

never

never make plea with him, because he will not answer, *Lord Iesus, how comest thou in? whether in at door or window?* Make him welcome since he is come. *The wind bloweth where it listeth;* all the world's wit cannot perfectly render a reason, why the wind should be a moneth in the east, six weeks possibly in the west: and the space only of an afternoon in the south or north. Ye will not find out all the nicks and steps of Christ's way with a soul, do what ye can, for sometimes he will come in stepping softly, like one walking beside a sleeping person, and slip to the door, and let none know he was there. 2. Ye object, The truly regenerat should love God for himself: and ye fear that ye love him more for his benefits (as incitements and motives to love him) then for himself. I answer, To love God for himself as the last end, and also for his benefits, as incitements and motives to love him, may stand well together; as a son loveth his mother, because she is his mother, howbeit she be poor; and he loveth her for an apple also: I hope ye will not say, that benefits are the only reason and bottom of your love, it seemeth there is a better foundation for it: Always if a hole be in it, sow it up shortly. 3. Ye feel not such mourning in Christ's absence, as ye would. I answer, That the Regenerat mourn at all times, and all in a like measure for his absence, I deny: There are different degrees of mourning, less or more, as they have less or more love to him, and less or more sense of his absence: But, 1. Some they must have. 2. Sometimes they miss not the Lord, and then they cannot mourn, howbeit it is not long so: At least it is not always so. 3. Ye challenge your self, that some truths find more credit with you then others. Ye do well, for God is true in the least, as well as in the greatest, and he must be so to you: Ye must not call him true in the one page of the leaf, and false in the other; for our Lord in all his writings never contradicted himself yet, although the best of the Regenerat have slipped here; always labour ye to hold your feet. 4. Comparing the estate of one truly Regenerat (whose heart is a Temple to the Holy Ghost) and yours (which is full of uncleanness & corruption) ye stand dumb & discouraged,

and dare not sometimes call Christ heartily your own. *I answer*, The best Regenerat have their defilements, and (if I may speak so) their *drass poke*, that will clog behind them all their days, and walk as they will, there will be filth in their bosom: But let not this put you from the well. 2. *I answer*, Albeit there be some ounce weights of carnality, and some squint look, or eye in our neck to an idol; yet love in it's own measure may be sound; for glory must purifie and perfect our love, it will never till then be absolutely pure: yet if the idol reigne, and have the yolk of the heart, and the keyes of the house, and Christ only be made an underling to run errands, all is not right; therefore examin well. 3. There is a twofold discouragement: one of unbelief, to conclude, and make doubt of the conclusion, for a mote in your eye, & a by-look to an idol; this is ill. There is another discouragement of sorrow for sin, when ye find a by-look to an idol: this is good, and a matter of thanksgiving; therefore examin here also. 4. The assurance of Jesus's love ye say, would be the most comfortable news that ever ye heard: *Ans.* That may stop twenty holes, and loose many objections: That love hath telling in it, I row. Oh that ye knew and felt it, as I have done? I wish you a share of my feast; sweet, sweet hath it been to me. If my Lord had not given me his love, I would have fallen throtow the cauley of *Aberdeen*, ere now: But for you, hie on, your feast is not far off; ye shall be filled, ere ye go, there is as much in our Lord's pantry, as will satisfie all his bastards, and as much wine in his cellar, as will quench all their thirst: hunger on; for there is meat in hunger for Christ: Go never from him, but fall him [who yet is pleased with the importunity of hungry souls] with a dish-full of hungry desires, till he fill you; and if he delay, yet come not ye away, albeit ye should fall aswoon at his feet. 5. Ye crave my mind, whether sound comfort may be found in prayer, when conviction of a known idol is present. *I answer*. An idol, as an idol, cannot stand with sound comfort; for that comfort that is gotten at *Dagon's* feet, is a cheat or *bleasumme*, yet sound comfort and conviction of an eye to an idol,

idol, may as well dwell together, as tears and joy: But let this do you no ill, I speak it for your encouragement, that ye may make the best out of your joys ye can, albeit ye find them mixed with mores. 6. Sole conviction, if alone without remorse and grief, is not enough, therefore lend it a tear, if ye dow win at it. 7. *Ye question*, when ye win so more fervency sometimes with your neighbour in prayers, then your alone; whether hypocrisie be mixt, or not? *Answer*, If this be alwayes, no question a spice of hypocrisie is in it, which would be taken heed to; but possibly desertion may be in private, and presence in publick, and then the case is clear. 8. A fit of applausc may occasion by accident a rubbing of a cold heart, and so heat and life may come; but it is not the proper cause of that heat: hence God of his free grace will ride his estrands, upon our stinking corruption; but corruption is but a meer occasion and accident; as the playing on a pipe removed anger from the prophet, and made him suet to prophetic. 2 *King*. 3. 9. 15. 9. *Ye complain* of Christ's short visits, that he will not bear you company one night, but when ye lie down warm at night, ye rise cold at morning. *Answer*. I cannot blame you [nor any other, who knowe:h that sweet guest] to hempean his with-drawings, and to be most desirous of his abode and company; for he would captivat and engage the affection of any creature, that saw his face: since he looked on me, and gave me a sight of his fair love, he gained my heart wholly, and got away with it: Well, well may he brook it; he shall keep it long, ere I fetch it from him. But I shall tell you what ye shall do: treat him well, give him the chair and the board-head, and make him welcome to the mean portion ye have; a good supper and kind entertainment maketh the guest love the inns the better: Yet sometimes Christ hath an estrand elsewhere, for meer trial, and then, though ye give him kings-cheat, he will away, as is clear in desertions for meer trial, and not for sin. 10. *Ye seek* the difference betwixt the motions of the Spirit, in their least measure, and the natural joyes of your own heart. *Ans*. As a man can tell, if he joy and delight in his

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 wife, or if he delight and joy in her for satisfaction of his
 lust; but hating her person, and so loving her for her flesh,
 and not grieving when ill befallerh her: so will a man's
 joy in God, and his whorish natural joy be discovered; if
 he sorrow for any thing that may offend the Lord, it will
 speak the singleness of his love to him. 10. Ye ask the
 reason, why sense overcometh faith? *Ans.* Because sense
 is more natural, and neerer of kin to our own selfish and soft
 nature. Ye ask, if faith in that case be sound? *Ans.* If it
 be chased away, it is neither sound nor unsound, because
 it is not faith, but it might be and was faith, before sense
 did blow out the act of believing. Lastly, ye ask what to
 do, when promises are born in upon you, and sense of
 impenitency, for sins of youth, hindreth application? I
answer, If it be living sense, it may stand with application;
 and in this case, put to your hand and ear your meat in
 God's name: if false, so that the sins of youth are not re-
 pent of, then as faith and impenitency cannot stand to-
 gether, so neither that sense and application can consist.
Brother, excuse my brevity, for time straitneth me, that I
 get not my mind said in these things, but must refer that
 to a new occasion, if God offer it. *Brother,* Pray for me.
 Grace be with you.

Aberd.
 1637.

Yours in his dearest Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN STUART,

Provost of Ayr, now in Ireland.

Much honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: I long to hear
 from you, being now removed from my flock, and
 the prisoner of Christ at *Aberd.* I would not have you to
 think it strange: that your journey to *New-England* hath
 gotten such a dash: It indeed hath made my heart heavie;
 yet I know it is no dumb providence, but a speaking one,
 whereby our Lord speaketh his mind to you, though for
 the present ye do not well understand what he saith:
 however it be, he who sitteth upon the floods hath
 shown

shows you his marvellous kindness in the great depths: I know your loss is great: and your hope is gone far against you; But I entreat you, *Sir*, expound aright our Lord's laying all hinderances, in the way: I perswade my self, your heart aimeth at the footsteps of the flock, to feed beside the shepherds tents, and to dwell beside him whom your soul loveth, and that it is your desire, to remain in the wilderness, where the woman is kept from the Dragon: and this being your desire, remember that a poor prisoner of Christ said it to you, that, *That miscarried journey is with child to you of mercy and consolation: and shall bring forth a fair birth, and the Lord shall be mid-wife to the birth: wait on, he that believeth makes not haste, Isa. 23. 16.* I hope ye have been asking what the Lord meaneth, and what further may be his will, in reference to your return: my dear Brother, let God make of you what he will, he will end all with consolation, and shall make glory our of your sufferings; and would ye wish better work? This water was in your way to heaven, & written in your Lord's book, ye behooved to cross it: and therefore kiss his wise and unerring providence: Let not the censures of men, who see but the out-side of things [and scarce well that] abate your courage and rejoycing in the Lord; howbeit your faith seeth but the back side of providence, yet it hath a better side, and God shall let you see it. Learn to believe Christ better then his strokes, himself and his promises better then his gloomies: dathes and disappointments are not *Canonick scripture*, fighting for the promised land, seemed to cry to God's promise, *thou lovest*. If our Lord ride upon a straw, his horse shall neither stumble nor fall, *Rom. 8. 28.* For *we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, Erga, shipwark, losses, &c.* work together for the good of them that love God: Hence I infer, that losses, disappointments, ill tongues, loss of friends, houses or country, are God's work men, set on work, to work out good to you, out of every thing that befallerh you: let not the Lord's dealing seem harsh, rough, or unfatherly: because it is unpleasant; when the Lord's blessed will bloweth cross your desires, it is best in humility to strike

fail to him, and to be willing to be led any way our Lord pleaseth: it is a point of denial of your self, to be as if ye had not a will, but had made a free disposition of it to God, and had sold it over to him; and to make use of his will for your own, is both true holiness and your ease and peace: ye know not what the Lord is working out of this, but ye shall know it hereafter: and what I write to you, I write to your wife, I compassionate her case; but intreat her not to fear or faint; this journey is a part of her wilderness to Heaven and the promised land, and there are fewer miles behind: it is nearer the dawning of the day to her, then when she went out of Scotland: I would be glad to hear, that ye and she have comfort and courage in the Lord. Now as concerning our *Kirk*: Our *Service-book* is ordained by open proclamation and sound of trumpet to be read, in all the *Kirks* of this Kingdom; Our *Prelats* are to meet this moneth for it and our *Canons*, and for a *Reconciliation* betwixt us and the *Lutherans*. The *Professors* of *Aberdeen University* are charged to draw up the *Articles* of a *Uniform Confession*: But *Reconciliation* with *Papery* is intended; this is the day of *Isaac's Visitation*: the *ways* of *Zion* mourn: our *gold* is become *dun*: the *sun* is gone down upon our *Prophets*: a dry wind, but neither to fan nor to cleanse, is coming upon this land; and all our ill is coming from the multiplied transgressions of this land, and from the friends and lovers of *Babel* amongst us; *Jer. 31. 53. The violence done to me and my flesh be upon thee, Babylon; shall the inhabitants of Zion say; and my blood upon the inhabitants of Caldea, shall Jerusalem say.* Now for my self, I was three dayes before the *High Commission*, and accused of treason preached against our *King*: A Minister being witness went well nigh to swear it: God hath saved me from their malice.

1. They have deprived me of my *Ministry*.
2. Silenced me, that I exercise no part of the Ministerial function within this Kingdom, under the pain of *Rebellion*.
3. Confined my person within the town of *Aberdeen*, where I find the Ministers working for my confinement in *Caithness* or *Orkney*, far from them; because some people here (willing to be edified) resort to me. At my first entry,

entry, I had heavie challenges within me, and a court sent
 red [but I hope not in Christ's name] wherein it was
 asserted, that my Lord would have no more of my service,
 and was tired of me: And like a fool I *summond* Christ
 also for unkindness, my soul fainted, and I refused com-
 fort, and said, *what ailed Christ at me, for I desired to be faith-
 full in his house*: I shut in my roivings and mistakings, my
 Lord Jesus bestowed mercy on me, who am less then the
 least of all saints, I lay upon the dust, and bought a plea
 from Satan against Christ, and he was content to sell it,
 but at length Christ did show himself friends with me,
 and in mercy pardoned and pass my part of it, and only
 complained, that a court should be holden in his bounds,
 without his own allowance: now I pass from my com-
 ppearance, and as if Christ had done the fault he hath made
 the *revolt*, and returned to my soul: so that now his poor
 prisoner feedeth on the seals of love: my adversaries
 know not, what a courtier I am now with my Royal
 King, for whose crown I now suffer: it is but our self &
 laudic flesh that has raised an ill report of the cross of Christ.
 O sweet, sweet is his yoke! Christ's chains are of pure
 gold, sufferings for him are perfumed: I would not give
 my weeping, for the laughing of all the *fourteen Prelats*.
 I would not exchange my sadness with the world's joy.
 O lovely, lovely Jesus, how sweet must thy kisses be, when
 thy cross smellath so sweetly! O if all the three King-
 doms had part of my love feast, and of the comfort of a
 dated prisoner. *Dear Brother*, I charge you to praise for
 me, and seek help of our acquaintance there, to help me
 to praise: Why should I smother Christ's honesty to me:
 my heart is taken up with this, that my silence and suffer-
 ings may preach: I beseech you in the bowels of Christ to
 help me to praise: Remember my love in Christ to your
 wife, to Mr. Blair, and Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Cunningham
 let me hear from you, for I am anxious what to do, if I
 saw a call for *New England*, I would follow it. Grace
 be with you.

Abend. 1637. Yours in our Lord Jesus, &c.

S. R.

1637.

1637.

TO JOHN STUART,

*Provost of Ayr.**Much honoured and Dearest in Christ,*

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be upon you: I expected the comfort of a letter to a prisoner from you, ere now. I am here, *Sir*, putting off a part of my inch of time, and when I awake first in the morning (which is always with great heaviness & sadness) this question is brought to my mind, *Am I serving God or no?* Not that I doubt of the truth of this honourable cause, wherein I am engaged, [I dare venture in to eternity and before my judge, that I now suffer for the truth: because that I cannot endure that my *Master*, who is a free-born King, should pay tribute to any of the shields or potshards of the earth, Oh that I could hold the crown upon my *Princely King's* head with my sinful arm, howbeit it should be stroke from me in that service from the shoulder blade] but my closed mouth, my dumb Sabbaths, the memory of my communion with Christ, in many fair, fair days in *Amoth* [whereas now my *Master* getteth no service of my tongue as then] hath almost broken my faith in two halves; yet in my deepest apprehensions of his anger, I see thorow a cloud that I am wrong, and he in love to my soul hath taken up the controversie betwixt faith and apprehensions, and a decret is past on Christ's side of it, and I subscribe the decret: The Lord is equal in his wayes, but my guiltiness often overmastereth my believing: I have not been well known; for, except as to open out-breakings, I want nothing of what *Judas* and *Cain* had; only he hath been pleased to prevent me in mercy, and to cast me into a fever of love for himself; and his absence maketh my fever most painful; and beside, he hath visited my soul, and watered it with his comforts; but yet I have not what I would, the want of real and felt possession is my only death; I know Christ pitieth me in this. The great men my friends, that did for me are
dried

dried up, like winter brooks of water: All say, no dealing for that man, his best will be, to be gone out of the Kingdom: so I see they tire of me; but believe me, I am most gladly content that Christ breaketh all my idols in pieces: it hath put a new edge upon my blunted love to Christ. I see his Jealous of my love, and will have all to himself. In a word, these six things are my burden 1. I am not in the vineyard as others are, it may be, because Christ thinketh me a withered tree not worthy its room; but God forbid. 2. Woe, woe, woe is coming upon my harlot mother this *Apostat. kirk*; the time is coming, when we shall wish for doves wings to flie and hide us, Oh for the desolation of this land! 3. I see my dear master Christ going his alone [as it were] mourning in sackcloth, his fainting friends, fear that King Jesus shall lose the field; but he must carry the day. 4. My guiltiness and the sins of my youth are come up against me, and they would come in the plea in my sufferings, as deserving causes in God's justice; but I pray God for Christ's sake, he never give them that room: woe's me that I cannot get my Royal, Dreadful, Mighty and Glorious Prince of the Kings of the earth set on high. Sir, ye may help me and pity me in this, and bow your knee and bless his name, and desire others to do it, that he hath been pleased in my suffering to make *Atheists*, *Papists*, and Enemies about me, say, *It is like God is with this prisoner*. Let hell and the powers of hell [I care not] be let loose against me, to do their worst, so being Christ and my Father, and his Father be magnified in my sufferings. 6. Christ's love hath pained me; for howbeit his presence hath shamed me, and drowned me in debt, yet he often goeth away, when my love to him is burning, he seemeth to look like a proud wooer, who will not look upon a poor match, who is dying of love; I will not say he is *lordly*; but I know he is wise, in hiding himself from a child and a fool, who maketh an idol and a God of one of Christ's kisses, which is Idolatry: I fear I adore his comforts more then himself, and that I love the apples of life, better then the tree of life. Sir, write to me. Commend me

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to your wife, mercy be her portion. Grace be with you.
Aberd. Yours in his dearest Lord
1637. *Jesus, S. R.*

TO JOHN STUART,

Provost of Ayr.

Worthy and dearly beloved in our Lord;

GRACE mercy and peace be to you: I was refreshed and comforted with your letter: what I wrote to you for your comfort, I do not remember; but I believe, love will prophesie home-ward, as it would have it. I wish I could help you to praise his great and holy name, who keepeth the feet of his saints, and hath numbered all your goings. I know our dearest Lord will pardon and pass by our honest errors and mistakes, when we mind his honour; yet I know, none of you have seen the other half and the hidden side of your wonderful return home to us again. I am confident ye shall yet say, that God's mercy blew your sails back to *Ireland* again. Worthy and dear Sir, I cannot but give you an account of my present state, that ye may go an errand for me, to my high and royal master, of whom I boast all the day. I am as proud of his love, (nay, I bless my self, and boast more of my present lot) as any poor man can be of an earthly Kings Court, or of a Kingdom. First I am very often turning both the sides of my cross, especially my dumb and silent Sabbaths, not because I desire to find a crook or defect in my Lord's love, but because love is sick with phantasies, and fear: whether or not the Lord hath a process leading against my guiltiness, that I have not yet well seen, I know not; my desire is to side fair, and not to *spark dirt* (if with reverence of him, I may be permitted to make use of such a word) in the face of my onely, onely welbeloved; but fear of guiltiness, is a tale-bearer betwixt me and Christ, and is still whispering ill tales of my Lord, to weaken my faith; I had rather a cloud went over my comforts by these messages, than that my faith should be hurt; for if my Lord get no wrong by me, verily

ly I desire grace not to care what become of me. I desire to give no faith, nor credit to my sorrow, that can make a lye of my best friend Christ. Woe, woe be to them all, who speak ill of Christ. Hence these thoughts awake with me in the morning, and go to bed with me. Oh what service can a dumb body do in Christ's house! Oh I think the word of God is imprisoned also? Oh I am a dry tree! Alas I can neither plant, nor water! Oh if my Lord would make but dung of me, to fatten, and make fertile his own corn-ridges, in mount Zion! Oh if I might but speak to three or four herd-boys, of my worthy master. I would be satisfied to be the meanest and most obscure of all the Pastors in this land, & to live in any place, in any of Christ's basest out-houses; but he saith, *Sirra, I will not send you; I have no errands for you there away*: My desire to serve him is sick of jealousy, lest he be unwilling to employ me. Secondly, this is seconded with another, Oh, all that I have done in *Armoth*, the fair work that my Master began there, is like a bird dying in the shell! and what will I then have to shew of all my labour, in the day of my compareance before him, when the Master of the vineyard calleth the labourers, and giveth them their hire? Thirdly, but truly, when Christ's sweet wind is in the right ear, I repent, and I pray Christ to take *law-borrows* of my quarrelous and unbelieving sadness and sorrow (Lord rebuke them that put ill bewitch a poor servant like me, and his good master:) then I say, whether the black cross will or not, I must climb, on hands and feet, up to my Lord. I am now ruing from my heart, that I pleased the law, (my old dead husband) so far as to apprehend wrath in my sweet Lord Jesus; I had far rather take an hire to plead for the grace of God; for I think my self Christ's *sworn debtor*; and the truth is, to speak of my Lord what I cannot deny, I am over head & ears drowned in many obligations to his love & mercy, he handleth me sometimes so, that I am ashamed almost to seek more for a *four-hours*, but to live content, till the marriage supper of the Lamb, with that which he giveth; but I know not, how greedy & how ill to please love is, for either my Lord Jesus hath taught me ill man-

ners, not to be content of a seat, except my head lie in his bosom, & except I be fed with the fattest of his house; or else I am grown impatiently dainty, & ill to please; as if Christ were obliged, under this cross to do no other thing, but bear me in his arms; & as if I had claim by merit for my suffering for him: But I wish he would give me grace to learn to go on my own feet, and to learn to want his comforts, & to give thanks & believe, when the sun is not in my firmament, & when my welbeloved is from home, & gone another errand. O what sweet peace have I, when I find Christ holdeth & I draw, when I climb up & he shurreth me down, when I grip him & embrace him, & he seemeth to loose the grips and flee away from me: I think, there is even a sweet joy of faith & contentedness & peace, in his very tempting unkindness, because my faith saith, *Christ is not in sad earnest with me, but trying if I can be kind to his mask & cloud that covereth him, as well as to his fair face*: I bless his great name, that I love his vail, that goeth over his face, while God send better: for faith can kiss Gods tempting reproaches, when he nicknameth a sinner, a dog, not worthy to eat bread with the bairns, I think it an honour, that Christ miscalleth me and reproacheth me: I will take that well of him, howbeit I would not bear it well, if another would be that homely; but because I am his own [God be thanked] he may use me as he pleaseth: I must say, the saints have a sweet life betwixt them & Christ; there is much sweet solace of love betwixt him & them, when he feedeth among the lilies, and cometh into his garden, & maketh a feast of honey-combs, & drinketh his wine & his milk, and cryeth, *Eat O friends, drink, be ye drunken O welbeloved*. One hour of this labour is worth a shipful of world's drunken & muddy joy: nay, even the gate of heaven is the sunny side of the brae; and the very garden of the world, for the men of this world have their own *unchristened* & profane crosses; & woe be to them and their cursed crosses both; for their ills are salted with Gods vengeance, and our ills seasoned with our fathers blessing: So they are no fools who choose Christ, & sell all things for him; it is no bairns market, nor a blind block; we know well what we get
and

and what we give. Now for any resolution, to go to any other Kingdom, I dare not speak one word: my hopes of enlargement are cold, my hopes of re-entry to my Master's ill-dressed vineyard again are far colder: I have no seat for my faith to sit on, but bare omnipotency, and Gods holy arm and good will; here I desire to stay, and ride at anchor and winter, while God send fair weather again, and be pleased to take home to his house my *harlot mother*: Oh if her husband would be that kind, as to go and fetch her out of the *brothelhouse*, and chase her lovers to the hills; but there will be sad dayes ere it come to that. Remember my bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in our Lord
Iesus, S. R.*

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS;

ALthough not acquaint, yet because we are father's children, I thought good to write unto you: howbeit my first discourse and communing with you of Christ be in paper; yet I have cause since I came hither, to have no *paper-thoughts* of him; for in my sad dayes, he is become the flower of my joyes, & I but lie here, living upon his love; but cannot get so much of it, as fain I would have; not because Christ's love is Lordly, & looks too high; but because I have a narrow vessel to receive his love, and I look too low; But I give under my own hand-write to you a testimonial of Christ and his crosse, that they are a sweet couple, and that Christ hath never yet been set in his own *due chair of honour* amongst us all. Oh, I know not where to set him! O for a high seat to that royal princely one! O that my poor withered soul had once a running-over flood of that love, to put sap in my dry root, and that that flood would spring out to the tongue and pen, to utter great things, to the high and due commendation of such a fair one! O holy, holy, holy one! Alas there are too many dumb tongues in the world, and dry hearts, seeing there is employment in Christ for them all, and ten thousand worlds of men and Angels more, to

set on high and exalt the greatest Prince of the Kings of the earth. Woe's me, that bits of living clay dare come out, to *rash hard-head* with him; and that my *unkind mother*, this *harlot-Kirk*; hath given her sweet *half-marrow* such a meeting, for this land hath given up with Christ, and the Lord is cutting *Scotland* in two halves, and sending the worst half, the *harlot-sister*, over to *Rome's brothel house*, to get her fill of *Egypt's love*. I would my sufferings [may, suppose I were burnt quick to ashes] might buy an agreement betwixt his fairest and sweetest love, and his *giddy lewd wife*: Fain would I give Christ his *welcome-home* to *Scotland* again, if he would return. This is a black day, a day of clouds and darknets, for the *roof-tree* of my Lord Jesus his fair temple is fallen, and Christ's back is towards *Scotland*. O thrice blessed are they, who would hold Christ with their tears and prayers! I know ye will help to deal with him, for he shall return again to this land; the next day shall be Christ's, and there shall be a fair green young garden for Christ, in this land, and God's summer-dew shall lie on it all the night, and we shall sing again our new *wedding-song* to our *Bridgroom*, concerning his vineyard; but who knoweth, whether we shall live and see it? I hear the Lord hath taken pains to afflict and dress you, as a fruitful vine for himself: grow and be green, and cast out your branches, and bring forth fruit: fat and green and fruitful may ye be, in the true and happy rest. Grace, grace, free grace be your portion. Remember my bonds with prayers and praises.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet L. Jesus, S. R.

TO NINIAN MURE.

Loving friend;

I Received your letter: I intreat you now in the morning of your life seek the Lord and his face: Beware of the folly of dangerous youth, a perilous time for your soul: Love not the world; keep faith & truth with all men, in your covenants & bargains: Walk with God, for he seeketh you:

you: Do nothing but that which ye may & would do, if your eye-sightings were breaking, & your breath growing cold. Ye heard the truth of God from me, my dear hearts, follow it and forsake it not: prize Christ and salvation above all the world: To live after the guile & course of the rest of the world, will not bring you to heaven: Without faith in Christ & repentance, ye cannot see God: take pains for salvation: press forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling: If ye warch not against evils, night and day, which beset you, ye will come behind: Beware of lying, swearing, uncleanness, and the rest of the works of the flesh, because for these things the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience: how sweet soever they may seem for the present, yet the end of these courses is the eternal wrath of God and utter darkness, where there is weeping & gnashing of teeth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Loving Pastor, S. R.

TO MR. THOMAS GARVEN.

Reverend and Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I am sorry that what joy and sorrow drew from my imprisoned pen, in my love-his, hath made you and many of God's children believe, that there is something in a broken reed the like of me: except that Christ's grace hath bought such a sold body, I know not what else any may think of me, or expect from me: my stock is less, (my Lord knoweth I speak truth) then many believe: my empty sounds have promised too much: I would be glad to lie under Christ's feet, and keep and receive the off-fallings or any old pieces of any grace, that fall from his sweet fingers to forlorn sinners: I lie often uncouth-like, looking in at the King's windows: surely I am unworthy of a seat in the King's hall-floor: I but often look afar off, both feared and framed like to that faintest face, fearing he bid me look away from him: my guiltiness riseth up upon me, & I have no answer for it: I offered my tongue to Christ, & my pains in his house, and what know I what it meaneth, when Christ will not receive

receive my poor *propine*: when love will not take, we
expose, it will neither take nor give, borrow nor lend.
Yet Christ hath another sea-compass he saileth by, then
my short and raw thoughts: I leave his part of it to him-
self. I dare not expound his dealing, as sorrow and mis-
belief often dictareth to me: I look often with bleared &
blind eyes to my Lords crosse, & when I look to the wrong
side of his crosse; I know, I miss a step and slide: surely I
see, I have not legs of my own for carrying me to heaven;
I must go in at heavens gates, borrowing strength from
Christ. I am often thinking, O if he would but give me
leave to love him, and if Christ would but open up his
wares, and the infinite plyes and windings and corners
of his *soul delighting-love*, and let me see it, *back-side and*
fore-side, and give me leave but to stand beside it, like
an hungry man beside meat, to get my fill of wonde-
ring, as a *preface* to my fill of enjoying: but verily, I
think my soul eyes would defile his fair love to look to it:
Either my hunger is over humble, [if that may be said]
or else I consider not what honour it is, to get leave to
love Christ. O that he would pry a prisoner, and let
out a flood upon the dry ground! It is nothing to him
to fill the like of me, one of his looks would do me *meekle*
world's good, and him no ill. I know, I am not at a
point yet with Christ's love, I am not yet fitted for so
much as I would have of it; my hope sitteth neighbour
with *meekle black hunger*, and certainly, I dow not but
think, there is more of that love ordained for me, then
I yet comprehend, and I know not the weight of the *pen-
sion*, the King will give me; I shall be glad, if my
hungry bill get leave to lie beside Christ, waiting on an
answer: now I would be full and rejoyce, if I got a poor
man's alms of that sweetest love: but I confidently be-
lieve, there is a bed made for Christ and me, and that
we shall take our fill of love in it: and I often think,
when my joy is run out, and at the lowest ebbe, that I
would seek no more but my rights past the King's great
seal, & that these eyes of mine could see Christ's hand
at the pen. If your Lord call you to suffering, be not
dismayed; there shall be a new allowance of the King
for

for you, when ye come to it: One of the softest pillows Christ hath, is laid under his witnesses head, though often they must set down their bare feet among thorns. He hath brought my poor soul to desire and wish, *O that my ashes, and the powder I shall be dissolved into, had well tuned tongues to praise him.* Thus in haste, desiring your prayers and praises, I recommend you to my sweet, sweet Master, my honourable Lord, of whom I hold all. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO JEAN BROWN,

MISTRESS.

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad that ye go on at Christ's back, in this dark and cloudy time: It were good to sell other things for him; for when all these days are over, we shall find it our advantage, that we have taken part with Christ. I confidently believe, his enemies shall be his scornstool, and that he shall make green flowers dead withered hay, when the honour and glory shall fall off them, like the bloom or flower of a green herb shaken with the wind. It were not wisdom for us, to think that Christ and the Gospel will come and sit down at our *fire-side*, hay, but we must go out of our *warm houses*, and seek Christ and his gospel: It is not the *sunny side* of Christ that we must look to, and we must not forsake him for want of that; but must set our face against what may befall us, in following on, till he & we be through the *briers & bushes*, on the dry ground: Our soft nature would be born through the troubles of this miserable life, in Christ's arms: & it's his wisdom, who knoweth our mould, that his bairns go *wet-shod & cold-footed* to heaven. O how sweet a thing were it for us, to learn to make our burden light, by framing our hearts to the burthen, & making our Lord's will a law! I find Christ and his cross not so ill to please, nor yet such troublesome guests, as men call them: nay, I think patience should make Christ's water good wine, and this dross good metall:
and

and we have cause to wait on; for, ere it be long, our Master will be at us, and bring this whole world out before the sun and day-light, in their black and white: Happy are they who are found watching: Our sand-glass is not so long as we need to weary; time will eat away and root out our woes and sorrow: our heaven is in the bud, and growing up to an harvest: why then should we not follow on, seeing our span length of time will come to an inch? Therefore I commend Christ to you, as your *lasting living*, and *longest living husband*, and the staff of your old age: let him have now the rest of your days; and think not much of a storm upon the ship, that Christ saileth in; there shall no passenger fall over-board, but the crafed ship & the sea-sick passengers shall come to land safe. I am in as sweet communion with Christ, as a poor sinner can be; and am only pained, that he hath much beauty and fairness, and I little love; he great power and mercy, and I little faith; he much light, and I blinded eyes. Oh that I saw him in the sweetness of his love and in his marriage clothes, and were over head and ears in love with that princely one Christ Jesus my Lord! Alas, my *river dish and running-out vessel* can hold little of Christ Jesus. I have joy in this, that I would not refuse death, before I put Christ's lawful heritage in me, *trifling*; and what know I, if they would have pleased both Christ and me. Alas, that this *land* hath put Christ to open reaping, and to all, *any more* *his*! Blessed are they who would hold the crown on his head, and buy Christ's honour with their own losses. I rejoyce to hear, your son John is coming to visit Christ, and taste of his love: I hope he shall not lose his pains, nor me of that choice. I had always (as I said often to you) a great love to dear Mr. John Brown, because I thought I saw Christ in him; more then in his brethren, fain would I write to him, to stand by my sweet Master, and I wish ye would let him read my letters; and the joy I have, if he will appear for, and side with my Lord Jesus. Grace, grace be with you.

Abord. March. 13, 1641. Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To JEAN Mc MILLAN.

Loving Sister ;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I cannot come to you to give you my counsel ; and howbeit I would come, I cannot stay with you ; but I beseech you keep Christ, for I did what I could to put you within grips of him ; I told you Christ's Testament and latter will plainly, and I kept nothing back that my Lord gave me ; and I gave Christ to you with good will : I pray you make him your own, and go not from that truth I taught you, in one hair breadth ; that truth shall save you, if ye follow it: salvation is not an easie thing and loon gotten ; I often told you, few are saved, and many, many damned : I pray you, make your poore soul sure of salvation, and make the seeking of heaven your daily task : if ye never had a sick night and a pained soul for sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ ; look to the right marks of having closed with Christ, if ye love him better then the world, and would quit all the world for him, then that saith the work is sound. O if ye saw the beauty of Jesus, and felt the smell of his love, ye would run through fire and water to be at him : God send you him. Pray for me, for I cannot forget you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS ;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to hear that Christ and ye are one, and that ye have made him your one thing: Where many are painfully toiled in seeking many things, and these many things are nothing. It is only best, ye let your self apart, as a thing laid up and out of the gate, for Christ alone ; for ye are good for no other thing but Christ ; and he hath been going about you these many years, by afflictions, to engage you to himself ; it were a pity and a loss, to say him nay. Verily I could wish, that I could swim through hell and all

all the ill weather in the world, and Christ in my arms; but it is my evil and folly, that excepte Christ come unsent for, I dow not go to seek him: When he and I fall in reckoning, we are both behind, He in payment, and I in counting; and so marches lie still *unrid*, and counts *uncleared* betwixt us. O that he would take his own blood for counts and miscounts, that I might be a *free man*, and none had any claim to me but onely, onely Jesus. I will think it no bondage to be *rooped*, *comprised* and *possessed* by Christ, as his *bond-man*. Think well of the visitations of your Lord: For I find one thing, I saw not well before, that when the saints are under trials, and well humbled, little sins raise great cries and *war-shouts*, in the conscience; and in prosperity conscience is a *Pope*, to give dispensations, and *let out and in*, and give *latitude*, and *elbow room* to our heart. O how little care we for pardon at Christ's hand, when we make dispensations! And all is but *hairs-play*, till a cross without beget an heavier cross within, and then we play no longer with our Idols: it is good still to be severe against our selves; for we but transform God's mercy into an Idol, and an Idol, that hath a dispensation, to give, for turning of the grace of God into wantonness. Happy are they who take up God, with justice and sin, as they are in themselves: For we have miscarrying light that parteth with child, when we have good resolutions: But God be thanked, that Salvation is not rolled upon our wheels. O but Christ hath a *sailing eye*! Salvation is in his eye-lids: When he first looked on me, I was saved; it cost him but a look, to make hell quit of me: O merits, free merits, and the dear blood of God, was the best gate that ever we could have gotten of hell! O what a sweet, O what a safe and sure way is it, to come out of hell leaning on a Saviour! That Christ and a sinner should be one, & have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of Salvation, is the wonder of Salvation: What more humble could love be? and what an excellent smell doth Christ cast on his lower garden, where there grow but *wild flowers*, if we speak by way of comparison; but there is nothing but perfect *garden-flowers* in heaven, and

and the best plenishing that is there, is Christ: We are all obliged to love heaven for Christ's sake; he graceeth heaven and all his Father's house with his presence: He is a rose that beautifieth all the upper garden of God, a leaf of that rose of God, for smell, is worth a world: O that he would blow his smell upon a withered and dead soul! let us then go on to meet with him, and to be filled with the sweetness of his love: nothing will hold him from us; he hath decreed to put time, sin, hell, devils, men and death out of the way, and to ride the rough way betwixt us and him, that we may enjoy one another. It is strange and wonderful, that he would think long in heaven without us, and that he would have the company of sinners to solace and delight himself withal in heaven, and now the supper is abiding us: Christ the bridegroom with desire is waiting on, till the bride, the Lamb's wife, be *bush'd* for the marriage, and the *great hall* be rid for the meeting of that joyful couple, O fools! what do we here? and why sit we still? Why sleep we in the prison: Were it not best to make us wings, to flie up to our blessed *match*, our *marrow* and our *fellow friends*! I think, *Mistress*, ye are looking there-away, and this is your second or third thought: make forward; your guide waiteth on you. I cannot but bless you for your care and kindness to the saints. God give you to find mercy in the day of our Lord Jesus, to whose saving grace I recommend you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in our Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM RIGGE

Of *Asbernie*.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

Y Our letter full of complaints, bemoaning your guiltiness, hath humbled me; but give me leave to say, ye seem to be too far upon the *law's* side, ye will not gain much to be the *Law's Advocate*; I thought ye had not been the *law's*, but *grace's man*; Nevertheless I am sure ye desire

desire to take God's part against your self: whatever your guiltiness be, yet when it falleth into the sea of God's mercy, it is but like a drop of blood fallen in the great Ocean: There is nothing here to be done, but let Christ's doom light upon the old man, and let him bear his condemnation, seeing in Christ he was condemned, for the Law hath but power over your worst half; let the blame therefore lie, where the blame should be, and let the new man be sure to say, *I am come as the tents of Kedar, howbeit I be black and sun-burnt; by sitting neighbour beside a body of sin.* I seek no more here, but room for Grace's defence and Christ's white throne, where to a sinner condemned by the law may appeal: But the use that I make of it, is, I am sorry that I am not so tender and *thin-skinned*, though I am sure Christ may find employment for his calling in me, if in any living, seeing from my youth upward I have been making up the blackest process, that any minister in the world, or any other can answer to: and when I had done this, I painted a providence of my own, and wrote ease for my self, and a peaceable ministry, and the sunshining on me, till I should be in at heaven's gates: Such green and raw thoughts had I of God: I thought also of a sleeping Devil, that would pass by the like of me, lying in *moovers and out fields*: So I bigged the *goose's nest*, and dreamed of dying at ease, and living in a fools paradise; but since I came hither, I am often so, as that they would have much Rhetorick that would perswade me, that Christ hath now written wrath on my dumb and silent Sabbaths: (which is a persecution of the latest edition, being used against none in this land, that I can learn of, besides me) & often I lie under a *non-entry*, and would gladly sell all my joyes, to be confirmed King Jesus's *free tenant*, & to have sealed assurances; but I see often blank papers: & my greatest desires are these two. 1. That Christ would take me in hand to cure me, & undertake for a sick man: I know, I should not die under his hand: & yet in this, while I still doubt, I believe through a cloud, that sorrow, which hath no eyes, hath but put a veil on Christ's love. 2. It pleaseth him often since I came hither, to come with some short
blenks

blinks of his sweet love, and then, because I have none to help me to praise his love, and can do him no service in my own person, (as I thought once I did in his temple) I die with wishes and desires, to take up house, & dwell at the well-side, and to have him praised and set on high: But alas! what can the like of me do, to get a good name raised upon my wellbeloved Lord Jesus: suppose I could desire to be suspended forever of my part of heaven, for his glory? I am sure, if I could get my will of Christ's love, and could be once over head and ears, in the believed, apprehended, and seen love of the Son of God, it were the fulfilling of the desires of the only happiness I would be at; but the truth is, I hinder my communion with him, because of want of both faith and repentance, and because I will make an idol of Christ's kisses: I will neither lead nor drive, except I see Christ's love run in my channel; and when I wait and look for him the upper way, I see his wisdom is pleased to play me a slip, and come the lower way; so that I have not the right art of guiding Christ: for there is art and wisdom required in guiding of Christ's love aright, when we have gotten it. O how far are his Ways above mine! O how little of him do I see! and when I am as dry, as a burnt heath in a drouthy summer, and when my root is withered, howbeit I think then, that I would drink a feast of Christ, ere ever I would let the cup go from my head; yet I get nothing but delays, as if he would make hunger my daily food; I think my self also hungred of hunger; The rich Lord Jesus satisfy a famished man. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 10. Sep.

1637.

Your own in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S.R.

To his worthy and much honoured friend

F U L K E L I E S.

Worthy and much honoured in our Lord;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad of
G O A I N more then paper-acquaintance: Seeing we
have

have one father, it reckoneth the less though we never saw one anothers face. I profess my self most unworthy to follow the camp of such a worthy and renowned captain, as Christ. Oh alas! I have cause to be grieved, that men expect any thing of such a wretched man as I am: It is a wonder to me, if Christ can make any thing of my naughtie, short and narrow love to him; surely it is not worth the uptaking. 2. As for our lovely and beloved Church, in *Ireland*; my heart bleedeth for her desolation: but I believe our Lord is only lopping the vine-trees, but not intending to cut them down, or root them out. It is true, seeing we are *heart-atheists* by nature, and cannot take providence aright, (because we halt and crook, ever since we fell) we dream of an halting providence, as if God's yard, whereby he measurcth joy and sorrow to the sons of men, were crooked and unjust, because *servants are on horse-back*, and *Princes go on foot*, but our Lord dealeth good and evil, and some one portion or other to both, by ounce-weights; and measureth them in a just and even ballance. It is but folly to measure the Gospel by summer or winter-weather: The summer-sun of the saints, shineth not on them in this life: how should we have complained, if the Lord had turned the same providence, that we now stomach at, *up side down*, and had ordered matters thus, that first the saints should have enjoyed heaven, glory, and ease, and then *Methusalem's days* of sorrow and daily miseries: we should think a short heaven no heaven: certainly his ways are pass finding out. 3. Ye complain of the evil of *heart-atheism*, but it is to a greater atheist, then any man can be, that ye write of that: Oh, light finds not that reverence & fear, as a plant of God's setting should find in our soul! How do we by nature, as others, detain and *capitivate the truth of God in unrighteousness*, and so make God's light a bound prisoner? and even when the prisoner breaketh the jayl and cometh out, in belief of a Godhead, and in some practice of holy obedience, how often do we of new, lay hands on the prisoner, and put our light again in fetters: Certainly there cometh great mist and clouds from the lower part of our soul,

our earthly affections, to the higher part; which is our conscience, either natural or renewed, as smoke in a lower house breaketh up, and defileth the house above: If we had more practice of obedience, we should have more sound sight. I think, lay aside all other guiltiness, this one, the violence done to God's candle in our soul, were a sufficient *assay* against us; for there is no helping of this, but by striving to stand in awe of God's light, lest light tell tales of us, we desire little to hear: but since it is not without God, that light sitteth neighbour to *will*, (*a lawless Lord*) no marvel that such a neighbour should leave our *Judgement*, and darken our *light*. I see there is a necessity, that we *protest* against the doings of the *old man*, and raise up a party against our worst half, to accuse, condemn, sentence, and with sorrow bemoan the dominion of sin's Kingdom; and withal, make Law, in the *new Covenant*, against our guiltiness; for *Christ* once condemned *sin in the flesh*, and we are to condemn it over again: and if there had not been such a thing as the grace of Jesus, I should have long since given up with heaven, and with the expectation to see God: But grace, grace, free grace, the merits of Christ for nothing, white and fair and large *Saviour-mercy* (which is another sort of thing then *creature-mercy*, or *law-mercy*, yea a thousand degrees above *Angel-mercy*) hath been and must be the rock, that we, drowned souls, must swim to: New washing, renewed application of purchased redemption by that sacred blood, that sealeth the free Covenant, is a thing of daily and hourly use to a poor sinner: Till we be in heaven, our issue of blood will not be quite dried up, and therefore we must resolve to apply peace to our soul, from the new and living way; and Jesus, who cleanseth and cureth the leprous soul, lovely Jesus, must be our song on this side of heavens gates: And even when we have won the castle, then must we eternally sing, *Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath saved us, and washed us in his own blood*. I would counsel all the ransomed ones to learn this song, and to drink and be drunk with the love of Jesus. O fairest, O highest, O lovliest one, open the well!

O water the burnt and withered travellers with this love of thine! I think it's possible on earth to build a *young new Jerusalem*, a *little new Heaven* of this surpassing love. God either send me more of this love, or take me quickly over the water, where I may be filled with his love: My softness cannot take with want; I profess, I bear not hunger of Christ's love fair: I know not, if I *play foul* play with Christ, but I would have a link of that chain of his providence mended, in pinching and delaying the *hungry on- waiters*. For my self, I could wish that Christ would let out upon me more of that love: Yet to say Christ is a *Niggard* to me, I dare not; and if I say, I have abundance of his love, I should lye: I am half straitned to complain and cry, *Lord Jesus hold thy hand no longer. Worthy Sir*, let me have your Prayers in my bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 7. Sept.

1637.

Yours in his sweetest Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO JAMES LINDSAY.

Dear Brother;

THe constant and daily observing of God's going a-longst with you, in his coming, going, ebbing, flowing, embracing and kissing, glooming and striking, giveth me (a wisest and lazie observer of the Lord's way and working) an heavie stroke: could I keep sight of him, and know when I want, and carry as became me in that condition, I would bless my case. But, 1. For desertions, I think them like *ling-lay* of lean and weak land, for some years, while it gather sap for a better crop: it is possible to gather gold, where it may be had, with moon light. Oh if I could but creep one foot, or half a foot, nearer in to Jesus, in such a dismal night as that, when he is away; I should think it an happy absence. 2. If I knew the beloved were only gone away for trial, and for further humiliation, and not smoked out of the house with new provocations, I would forgive desertions, and hold my peace at his absence; but Christ's *bought absence* (that I bought with my sin)

is two running boils at once, one upon either side; and what side then can I lie on? 3. I know, as night and shadows are good for flowers, and moon-light and dews are better than a continual sun; so is Christ's absence of special use, and it hath some nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth itself, and to exercise it's fingers in gripping it self, not what.

4. It is mercy's wonder, and grace's wonder, that Christ will lend a piece of the lodging, and a back-chamber beside himself, to our lusts; and that He and such swine should keep house together in our soul: For suppose they couch and contract themselves into little room, when Christ cometh in, and seem to lie as dead under his feet; yet they often break out again: And that a foot of the old man, or a leg or arm nailed to Christ's cross, looseth the nail, or breaketh out again; and yet Christ, beside this unruly and misfurnished neighbour, can still be making heaven in the saints, one way or other: May not I say, *Lord Jesus, what dost thou here?* Yet here he must be; but I will but loose my feet to go on into this depth and wonder; for free mercy and infinite merits took a lodging in Christ and us, beside such a loathsome guest as sin.

5. Sanctification and mortification of our lusts, are the hardest part of Christianity: it is in a manner as natural to us as leap, when we see the new Jerusalem, as to laugh, when we are tickled: joy is not under command, or at our nod, when Christ kisseth: but O how many of us would have Christ divided in two halves, that we might take the half of him only, and take his office, *Jesus and Salvation*; but *Lord* is a cumbersome word, and to obey and *work out our own salvation and perfect holiness*, is the cumbersome and stoemy north-side of Christ, & that we eschew and shun. 6. For your question, the access that reprobates have to Christ (which is none at all; for to the Father in Christ neither can they, nor will they come, because Christ dyed not for them, and yet by law God and justice overtakes them) I say, *First*, there are with you more worthy and learned than I am, *Mr. Dickson, Blair and Hamilton* who

can more fully satisfy you, but I shall speak in brief, what I think of it, in these assertions. 1. All God's justice toward man and Angels floweth from an act of the absolute, sovereign free will of God, who is our former and potter, and we are but clay; for if he had forbidden to eat of the rest of the tree of the Garden of Eden, and commanded ~~Adam~~ to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, that command no doubt had been as just as this, *Eat of all the trees; but not at all of the tree of knowledge of good and evil*: The reason is, because his will is before his justice, by order of nature, and what is his will, is his justice, and he willeth not things with himself; because they are just: God cannot, God needs not hurt sanctity, holiness or righteousness from things; without himself; and so not from the actions of men or Angels, because his will is essentially holy and just, and the prime rule of holiness and justice: as the fire is naturally light, and inclines upward, and the earth heavie, and inclines downward. The 2. assertion then is, That God saith to reprobates, *believe in Christ* (who hath died for your salvation) and ye shall be saved, is just and right, because his eternal and essentially just will, hath so enacted and decreed: suppose natural reason speak against this; this is the deep and special mystery of the Gospel. God hath obliged *hard and fast* all the reprobates in the visible Church to believe this promise, *he that believeth shall be saved*; and yet in God's decree and secret intention, there is no salvation at all decreed and intended to reprobates; and yet the obligation of God, being from his Sovereign free will, is most just, as said is in the 1. assertion. 3. Assertion: The righteous Lord hath right over the reprobates and all reasonable creatures, that violate his commandments; this is easie. 4. Assertion: The faith that God seeketh of reprobates, is, That they rely upon Christ, as despairing of their own righteousness, leaving wholly, with all humbly, as weary & laden, upon Christ, as on the resting stone laid in Zion; but he seeks not, that without being weary of their sin they rely on Christ, making a Saviour, so trusting on Christ and not to be weary of sin, is presumption; nor faith: faith is ever neighbour to a contrite spirit; and it is impossible that faith can be, where

where there is not a casten down and contrite heart in some measure for sin. Now it is certain, God commandeth no man to presume. 5. *Affertion:* That Reprobates are not absolutely obliged to believe, that Christ dyed for them in particular; for in truth, neither reprobates nor others are obliged to believe a lye, only they are obliged to believe Christ dyed for them if they be first weary, burdened, sicke & condemned in their own consciences, and stricken dead and killed with the law's sentence, and have indeed embraced him as offered, which is a second or subsequent act of faith, following after a coming to him, and closing with him. 6. *Affertion:* Reprobates are not formally guilty of contempt of God, and unbelief, because they apply not Christ and the promises of the Gospel to themselves in particular, for so they should be guilty because they believe not a lye, which God never obliged them to believe. 7. *Affertion:* Justice hath a right to punish reprobates, because out of pride of heart, confiding in their own righteousness they rely not upon Christ, as a Saviour of them that come to him. Thus God may justly oblige them unto, because in Adam they had perfect ability to do, and men are guilty because they love their own inability, and rest upon themselves, and refuse to deny their own righteousness, and to take them to Christ, in whom there is righteousness for wearied sinners. 8.

Affertion: It is one thing to rely, lean, and rest upon Christ, in humility and weariness of spirit, and denying our own righteousness, believing him to be the only righteousness of wearied sinners; and it is another thing to believe Christ dyed for me, *John. 1. 12.* I have an intention and decree to have us by name. For 1. the first goeth first, the latter is alway after, in due order. The first is faith, the second is a fruit of faith. 2. The first obligeth reprobates and all men in the visible Church, the latter obligeth only the weary and loaden, & formally elected & effectually called of God. 9. *Affertion:* It is a vain order, I know not if Christ dyed for me, *John. 1. 12.* and therefore I dare not rely on him. The reason is, because it is not faith, to believe God's intention & decree of election, at the first, ere ye be wearied: look first to your own iniquity.

mon and soul: if ye find sin a burden, and can, and do rest, under that burden, upon Christ; if this be once, now come and believe in particular, or rather apply by sense (for in my judgment it is a *fruit of belief*, not *belief*) and feeling the good will, intention, and gracious purpose of God ament your salvation: Hence, because there is malice in reprobats and contempt of Christ, guilty they are, and justice hath law against them: And which is the mystery, they cannot come up to Christ, because he dyed not for them; but their sin is, that they love this their inability to come to Christ; and he who loveth his chains, deserveth chains: And thus in short, remember my bonds.

Aberd. Sept. 7.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILIS.

My very Honourable and Noble Lord;

GRace, mercy and peace be to your Lo: pardon me to express my earnest desire to your Lo: for *Zions* sake, for whom we should not hold our peace. I know your Lo: will take my pleading on this behalf in the better part, because the necessity of a falling and weak Church is urgent. I believe your Lo: is one of *Zions* friends, and that by obligation; for when the Lord shall count and write up the people, it shall be written, *this man was born there*: Therefore because your Lo: is a born Son of the house, I hope your desire is, that the beauty and glory of the Lord may dwell in the midst of the city, whereof your Lo: is a Son. It must be without all doubt the greatest honour of your place and house, to kiss the Son of God, and for his sake to be kind to his oppressed and wronged *Bride*, who now in the day of her desolation beggeth help of you, that are *the shields of the earth*: I am sure many Kings, Princes and Nobles, in the day of Christ's second coming, would be glad to run errands for Christ, even bare-footed thorow fire and water; but in that day he will have none of their service: Now he is asking, if your Lo: will help him, against the mighty of the

the earth; when men are setting their shoulders to Christ's fair and beautiful tent in this land, to loose it's stakes and to break it down, and certainly such as are not with Christ are against him: and blessed shall your Lo: be of the Lord, blessed shall your *House* and *Seed* be, and blessed shall your *Honour* be, if ye *empanw* and lay in Christ's hand the *Earldom of Cassils*, (and it is but a shadow in comparison of the city made without hands) and lay it even at the stake, rather then Christ and born-down truth want a witness of you, against the apostacy of this land. Ye hold your lands of Christ, your charters are under his seal, and he who hath many crowns on his head, dealeth, cutteth, and carveth pieces of this clay-heritage to men, at his pleasure. It is little your Lo: hath to give him; he will not sleep long in your common, but shall surely pay home your losses for his cause. It is but our bliered eyes that look thorow a false glass to this idol-god of clay, and think something of it. They who are past with their last sentence to heaven or hell, and have made their reckoning, and departed out of this smoaky inn, have now no other conceit of this world, but as a piece of beguiling wel-lustred clay: and how fast doth time [like a flood in motion] carry your Lo: out of it? And is not eternity coming with wings? Court goeth not in heaven as it doth here. Our Lord, [who hath all you, the Nobles, lying in the shell of his ballance] esteemeth you, accordingly as ye are the bridegroom's friends or foes: Your *Honourable Ancestors*, with the hazard of their lives, brought Christ to our hands, and it shall be cruelty to the Posterity, if ye lose him to them. One of our tribes, *Levi's Sons*, the *watchmen*, are fallen from the Lord, and have sold their *mother*, and their *father* also, and the Lord's truth, for their new *Velvet-world*, and their *Satin-church*. If ye the Nobles play Christ a *slip*, now when his back is at the wall, [if I may so speak] then may we say, that the Lord hath casten water upon Scotland's smoking coal: But we hope better things of you. It is no wilddom, however it be the *State-wisdom* now in request, to be silent, when they are casting lots for a better thing then Christ's coat. All this land, and every man's part of

the play for Christ, and tears of poor and friendless Zion, (now going dool-like in sackcloth) are up in heaven before our Lord, and there is no question, but our king and Lord shall be master of the fields at length, and we would all be glad to divide the spoil with Christ, and to ride in triumph with him; but Oh how few will take a cold bed of straw in the camp, with him! How fain would men have a wel-thatched house above their heads, all the way to heaven? And many now would go to heaven *the land way* (for they love not to be sea-sick) riding up to Christ upon footmantles, an rattling coaches, and rubbing their velvet with the Princes of *the Land*, in the highest fears. If this be the way Christ called strait and narrow, I quit all skill of the way to salvation. Are they not now rooping Christ and the Gospel? Have they not put our Lord Jesus to the market, and he who outbids his fellow shall get him? O my Dear and Noble Lord, go on (howbeit the wind be in your face) to back our princely Captian; be courageous for him: fear not these who have no subscribed lease of days, the worms shall eat kings: let the Lord *lehorah* be your fear: And then, as the Lord liveth, the victory is yours. It is true, many are striking up a new way to heaven; but my soul for theirs, if they find it; and if this be not the only way, whose end is Christ's father's house: And my weak experience, since the day I was first in bonds, hath confirmed me in the truth and assurance of this: Let Doctors and learned men cry the contrair, I am perswaded this is the way: the bottom hath fallen out of both their wit and conscience at once; their book hath beguiled them; for we have fallen upon the true Christ. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten souls, my salvation upon this stone, that many now break their bones upon. Let them take this fat world, Oh poor and hungry is their paradise! Therefore let me entreat your Lo: by your compearance before Christ, now while this piece of the afternoon of your day is before you, (for ye know not when your sun will turn, and eternity shall benight you) let your glory, honour and might worldly be for our Lord Jesus: And to his rich grace, and tender mercy, and to the never-dying comforts.

foots of his gracious Spirit I recommend you: I wish
Noble house

Aberd. Sep. 9.
1657.

Your Es. at an ob-
dience.

To the Lady LARGIRIE

MISTRESS;

Race, mercy and peace be to you. I hope ye know

what conditions past betwixt Christ and you, at

your first meeting: Ye remember, he said, your summer

dayes would have clouds; and your rose a prickly thorn

beside it: Christ is unmixt in heaven, all sweetness and

honey; here we have him with his thorny and rough

cross; yet I know no tree beareth sweeter fruit, then

Christ's cross, except I would daily lieg report on it.

It is your part to take Christ, as he is to be had in this life;

Sufferings are like a wood planted round about his house;

over door and window: If we could hold fast our grips

of him, the field were won: Yet a little while and Christ

shall triumph: Give Christ his own short time, to finish

out these two long threads of heaven and hell to all man-

kind, for certainly the thread will not break; and when

he hath accomplished his work in mount Zion, and hath

refined his silver, he will bring new vessels out of the

furnace, and flourish his house, and take up house

again. I counsel you, to free your self of clogging temp-

tations, by overcoming some and contemning others, and

watching over all: abide true and loyal to Christ; for

few now are faithfull to him: they give Christ blank papers

for a bond of service and attendance, now when Christ has

made do: to waite a little blood with Christ, and to put

our part of this droolie world in pawn over in his hand,

as willing to quit it for him, is the safest cabinet to

keep the world in: But these who would take the world

and all their sitting on their back, and run away from

Christ, they will fall by the way, and leave their burden

behind them, and be taken captive themselves. Well, were

my soul to pay all I have, life and soul, over in Christ's

hands.

hands; let him be forth-coming for all. If any ask, how I do? I answer, none can be but well that are in Christ: And if I were not so, my sufferings had melted me away in ashes and smoke; I thank my Lord, that he hath something in me that this fire cannot consume. Remember my love to your Husband, and show him from me, I desire that he may set aside all things, and make sure work of salvation, that it be not a seeking, when the sand-glass is run out, and time and eternity shall try together: There is no errand so weighty as this: O that he would take it to heart. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in Christ Iesus his

Lord; S. R.

To the Lady

DUNGUEIGH.

MISTRESS;

I Long to hear from you, and how ye go on with Christ: I am sure that Christ and ye once met: I pray you, fasten your grips; there is holding and drawing, and much sea-way to heaven, and we are often sea-sick; but the voyage is so needful, that we must on any terms take shipping with Christ. I believe it is a good country we are going to, and there is ill lodging in this smoaky house of the world, in which we are yet living; O that we should love smoake so well, and clay that holdeth our feet fast! It were our happiness to follow after Christ, and to anchor our selves upon the rock, in the upper side of the vail. Christ and Satan are now drawing to parties, and they are blind who see not Scotland divided in two camps, and Christ coming out with his white banner of love, and he hangeth that over the heads of his soldiers: And the other Captain, the Dragon, is coming out with a great black flagg, and crieth, *the world, the world, ease, honour, and a whole skin, and a soft couch*; and there lie they, and leave Christ to fend for himself: My counsel is, that ye come out and leave the multitude, and let Christ have your company: Let them take

take clay and this preſent world, who love it: Chriſt is a more worthy and noble portion: Bleſſed are theſe who get him: it is good ere the ſtorm riſe to make ready all, and to be prepared to go to the camp with Chriſt, ſeeing he will not keep the houſe, nor ſit at the fire-ſide, with *couchers*: A ſhower for Chriſt is little enough. Oh I find all too little for him! Woe, woe, woe's me, that I have no *propine* for my Lord Jeſus: My love is ſo ſeckleſs, that it is a ſhame to offer it to him. Oh if it were as broad as heaven, as deep as the ſea, I would gladly beſtow it upon him! I perſwade you, God is wringing grapes of red wine for *Scotland*, and this land ſhall drink and ſpue and fall: His enemies ſhall drink the thick of it, and the grounds of it; But *Scotland's* withered tree ſhall bloſſom again, and Chriſt ſhall make a ſecond marriage with her, and take home his wife out of the furnace: but if our eyes ſhall ſee it, he knoweth who hath created time. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord

Jeſus, S. R.

To JONET McCULLOCH.

Loving Siſter;

GRace mercy and peace be to you: Hold on your courſe, for it may be, I will not ſoon ſee you: venture through the thick of all things after Chriſt, and loſe not your Maſter Chriſt, in the throng of this great market. Let Chriſt know how heavy, and how many a ſtone weight you, and your cares, burdens, croſſes, and ſins are, let him bear all: Make the heritage ſure to your ſelf: get charters and writs paſſed and through, and put on arms for the battel, & keep you faſt by Chriſt, and then let the wind blow out of what air it will, your ſoul will not blow in the ſea. I find Chriſt the moſt ſteadable friend and companion in the world to me now: the need and uſefulneſs of Chriſt is ſeen beſt in trials. Oh if he be not well worthy of his room! Lodge him in houſe and heart: and ſtir up your *Huſband* to ſeek the Lord: I wonder he hath never written to me: I do not forget

him. I taught you the whole counsel of God, and delivered it to you, it will be inquired for, at your hands; have it in readiness, against the time that the Lord ask for it: make you to meet the Lord; and rest and sleep in the love of that fairest among the sons of men. Desire Christ's beauty: give out all your love to him, and let none fall by: Learn in prayer to speak to him: help your mother's soul, and desire her from me, to seek the Lord and his salvation; it is not soon found; many miss it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Loving Pastor, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord;

I Cannot expound your Lo: contrary tides, and these tentations wherewith ye are assaulted, to be any other thing but Christ trying you, and saying unto you, *and will ye also leave me?* I am sure, Christ hath a great advantage against you, if ye play foul play to him, in that the holy Spirit hath done his part, in evidencing to your conscience, that this is the way of Christ, wherein ye shall have peace; and the other, as sure as God liveth, the *Antichrist's* way: Therefore as ye fear God, fear your light, and stand in awe of a convincing conscience: it is far better for your Lo: to keep your conscience, and to hazard, in such a honourable cause, your place, then wilfully and against your light, to come under guiltiness: Kings cannot heal broken consciences, and when death and judgment shall comprize your soul, your counsellors and others cannot become caution to Justice for you. Ere it be long our Lord will put a final determination to, *Acts of Parliament* and mens laws, and will clear you before Men and Angels of mens unjust sentences. Ye received Honour, and Place, and Authority, and Riches and Reputation from your Lord, to set forward and advance the liberties and freedom of *Christ's Kingdom*: Men, whose consciences are made of stoutness, think little of such matters, which notwithstanding inroach directly upon *Christ's prerogative royal*. So would men think it a light mat-

Epist. 48.

TO THE LETTERS

BY

matter for *Moses* to put out his hand, to hold the Lord's falling Ark, but it cost him his life. And who doubteth, but a carnal friend will advise you, to shut your window, and pray beneath your breath; Ye make too great a din with your prayers; so would a Head of wit speak, if ye were in *Daniel's* place: But mens over-gilded reasons will not help you, when your conscience is like to rive with a double charge. Alas, alas! when will this world learn to submit their wisdom, to the wisdom of God. I am sure, your Lo: hath found the truth; go not then to search it over again; for it is ordinary for men to make doubts, when they have a mind to desert the truth. Kings are not their own men, their ways are in God's hand. I rejoyce and am glad, that ye resolve to walk with Christ, howbeit his court be thin. Grace be with your Lo:

Aberd. Sept. 7. Your Lo: is his sweet Master and
1637. Lord Iesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM RIGGE

Of Atheray.

Worthy and much honoured Sir

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: How sad a prisoner would I be, if I knew not that my Lord Iesus had the keys of the prison himself; and that his death and blood hath bought a blessing to our crosses, as well as to ourselves. I am sure, troubles have no prevailing right over us, if they be but our Lord's *Serjeants*, to keep us in ward, while we are in this side of heaven. I am persuaded also, that they shall not go over the bound-road, nor enter into heaven with us; for they find no welcome there, where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain: and therefore we shall leave them behind us. Oh if I could get as good a gate of sin, even this woful and wretched body of sin, as I get of Christ's cross! Nay indeed, I think the cross beateah both me and it self, rather than I it, in comparison of the tyranny of the lawless flesh and wicked neighbour.

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that dwelleth beside Christ's new creature: But Oh, this is that which presseth me down, and paineth me: Jesus Christ in his Saints sitteth neighbour with an ill *second*, corruption, deadness, coldness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falshood, and a world of moe the like, which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the new man. O but we have cause to carry low sails, and to cleave fast to free grace, free, free grace! Blessed be our Lord, that ever that way was found out: if my one foot were in heaven, and my soul half in, if free-will and corruption were absolute Lords of me, I should never win wholly in. O but the sweet, new and living way, that Christ hath stroke up to our home, be a safe way; I find now presence and access a greater dainty than before, but yet the Bridegroom looketh through the lattices, and thorow the hole of the door. Oh if he and I were on fair dry land together, in the other side of the water. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 30.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady

KILCONQUHAI R.

MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter: I am heartily content ye love and own this oppressed and wronged cause of Christ, and that now when so many are miscarried, ye are in any measure taken with the love of Jesus: weary not, but come in, and see if there be not more in Christ, than the tongue of Men and Angels can express: If ye seek a gate to heaven, the way is in him, or, he is it: What ye want is treasured up in Jesus, and he saith, *all his are yours*, even his Kingdom, he is content to divide it betwixt him and you, yea his throne and his glory, *Luke 21. 30. Iohn 17. 24. Rev. 3. 21.* And therefore take pains to climb up that besieged house to Christ; for Devils, Men & armies of temptations are lying about the house,

to

to hold out all that are our, and it is taken with violence: It is not a smooth and easie way, neither will your weather be fair and pleasant; but whosoever saw the invisible God and the fair city, make no reckoning of losses or crosses: *in ye must be*, cost you what it will; stand not for a price, and for all that ye have, to win the castle; the rights to it are won to you, and it is disposed to you, in your Lord Jesus's testament, and see what a fair legacy your dying Friend *Christ* hath left you: And there wanteth nothing but possession. Then get up, in the strength of the Lord; get over the water to possess that good land: It is better than a land of Olives and Wine-trees; for the tree of life, that beareth twelve manner of Fruits every moneth, is there before you, and a pure river of life, clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, is there: Your time is short, therefore lose no time: Gracious and faithful is he, who hath called you to his Kingdom and glory. The city is yours by free conquest and by promise, and therefore let no uncouth Lord-ship put you from your own. The Devil hath cheated the simple heir of his Paradise, and by enticing us to taste of the forbidden Fruit, hath, as it were, bought us out of our kindly heritage: But our Lord, Christ Jesus, hath done more then bought the Devil by; for he hath redeemed the Woodset, and made the poor heir free to the inheritance. If we know the glory of our elder brother in heaven, we would long to be there to see him, and to get our fill of heaven: We children think the earth a fair garden, but it is but God's out-field, and wild, cold, barren ground: All things are fading that are here: It is our happiness to make sure Christ to our selves. Thus remembering my love to your Husband, and wishing to him what I write to you; I commit you to God's tender mercy.

Aberd. Sept. 13.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To

To the Lady

CRAIGHALL

Honourable and Christian Lady;

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I cannot but write to your La: of the sweet and glorious terms I am in with the most joyful King that ever was, under this well-thriving and prosperous cross: it is my Lord's salvation wrought by his own right hand, that the water doth not suffocate the breath of hope and joyful courage in the Lord Jesus: For his own person is still in the camp, with his poor souldier. I see, the cross is tied with Christ's hand to the end of an honest profession. We are but fools to endeavour to loose Christ's knot. When I consider the comfort of God, I durst not consent to sell or wed, yet my short life-tenet of the cross of the Lord Jesus. I know that Christ bought with his own blood a right to sanctified and blessed crosses, in as far, as they blow me over the water, to my long desired home: and it were not good that Christ should be the buyer and I the seller. I know time and death shall take sufferings fairly off my hand: I hope we shall have an honest parting at night, when this piece cold and frosty afternoon-tide of my evil and rough day shall be over: Well is my soul of either sweet or sour, that Christ hath any part or portion in: if he beat the one end of it, it shall be well with me. I shall dig ere I libel faults against Christ's cross, it shall have my testimonial under my hand, as an honest and saving mean of Christ, for mortification and faith's growth. I have a stronger assurance, since I came over forth, of the excellency of Jesus, then I had before. I am rather about him, then in him, while I am absent from him, in this house of clay: But I would be in heaven for no other cause, but to essay and try, whar boundless joy it must be, to be over head and ears in my welbeloved Christ's love. O that fair one hath my heart for evermore! but alas, it is ever little for him! O if it were better and more worthy for his sake! O if I might meet with him face to face, in this side of eternity, and might have leave

to

Epist. 71.

THE LITTELS

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to plead with him, that I am so hungry and famished here, with the niggardly portion of his love, that he gives me! O that I might be earver and steward my self, at mine own will, of Christ's love! (if I may lawfully wish this) then would I enlarge my vessel (alas! a narrow and ebb soul) and take in a sea of his love. My hunger, for it is hungry and lean, in believing that ever I shall be satisfied with that love, so fain would I have, what I know I cannot hold. O Lord Iesus, delightest thou, delightest thou, to pine and torment poor souls with the want of thy incomparable love! O if I durst call thy dispensation cruel! I know, thou thy self art mercy, without either bribe or bosome; I know thou art a God bankful of mercy and love, but Oh alas! little of it cometh my way: I die to look afar off to that love, because I can get but little of it; But hope faith, this providence shall ere long look more favourably upon poor bodies, and me also. Grace be with your La: Spirit.

Aberd. Sept. 10.

Your La: in his sweet Lord

1637.

Iesus, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES HAMILTON.

Reverend and Dear Brother;

Peace be to you from God our father, and from our Lord Iesus: I am laid low, when I remember what I am, and that my out-side casteth such a lustre, when I find so little within. It is a wonder, that Christ's glory is not defiled running through such an unclean and impure channel: But I see Christ will be Christ, in the dog and refuse of men: His art, his shining wisdom, his beauty speaketh loudest in blackness, weakness, deadness, yea in nothing. I see, nothing, no money, no worth, no good, no life, no deserving is the ground that omnipotency delighteth to draw glory out of. O how sweet is the inner-side of the walls of Christ's house, and a room beside himself! my distance from him maketh me sad. O that we were in others arms! O that the middle things betwixt us were removed! I find it a difficult matter to keep all close with Christ: when he laugheth I

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scarce believe it, I would so fain have it true. But I am like a low man looking up to a high mountain, whom weariness and fainting overcometh. I would climb up, but I find that I do not advance in my journey, as I would wish: Yet I trust he shall take me home against night. I marvel not that *Switzerland* in his slaves is so buſie; but our crowned King ſeeth and beholdeth, and will ariſe for Zion's ſafety. I am exceedingly diſtracted with letters, and company that viſit me; what I can do, or time will permit, I ſhall not omit: Excuse my brevity, for I am ſtrained. Remember the Lord's priſoner: I deſire to be mindful of you. Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept,
1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord
Jeſus, S. R.

TO MR GEORGE DUMBAR.

Reverend and Dearly beloved in the Lord;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: Becauſe your words have ſtrengthened many, I was ſilent, expecting ſome lines from you in my bonds, and this is the cauſe why I wrote not to you: but now I am forced to break off and ſpeak. I never believed till now, that there was ſo much to be found in Chriſt, in this ſide of death and of heaven. O the raviſhments of heavenly joy that may be had here, in the ſmall gleanings of comforts that fall from Chriſt! what fools are we, who know not, and conſider not the weight and the telling ſhar is in the very earneſt-penny, and the firſt fruits of our hoped-for harveſt! How ſweet, how ſweet is our inſeſtment! O what then muſt perſonal poſſeſſion be! I find that my Lord Jeſus hath not *miſcooked* or *ſpilt* this ſweet croſs, he hath an eye on the fire and the melting gold, to ſeparate the mettall & the croſs. O how much time would it take me, to read my obligations to Jeſus, my Lord, who will neither have the faith of his own to be burnt to aſhes; nor yet will have a poor believer in the fire to be half raw, like *Ephraim's* unturned cake! this is the wiſdom of him, who bath his fire in Zion and furnace in Jeruſalem, I need not

not either bud or flatter temptations, crosses, nor strive to buy the Devil or this malicious world by, or redeem their kindness with half a hair-breadth of truth: He who is surety for his servant for good, doth powerfully overrule all that. I see my prison hath neither lock nor door; I am free in my bonds, and my chains are made of rotten straw, they shall not bide one pull of faith. I am sure they are in hell, who would exchange their torments with our crosses, suppose they should never be delivered, and give twenty thousand years torment to boot, to be in our bonds forever: and therefore we wrong Christ, who sigh, and fear, and doubt, and despond in them. Our sufferings are washed in Christ's blood, as well as our souls; for Christ's merits bought a blessing to the crosses of the Sons of God, and Jesus hath a *back-bond* of all our temptations, that the *free-wardens* shall come out by law and justice, in respect of the infinite and great sum that the Redeemer paid. Our troubles owe us a free passage through them: devils and men and crosses are our debtors, and death and all storms are our debtors, to blow our poor tossed bark over the water fraught-free, and to set the travellers in their own known ground: Therefore *we shall die and yet live*: we are over the water (some way) already; we are married, and our *tocher good* is payed; we are already more then conquerours: If the devil and the world knew, how the court with our Lord shall go, I am sure they would hire death to take us off their hand; our sufferings are the only wrack and ruin of the black Kingdom: and yet a little and the *Antichrist* must play himself with bones and slain bodies of the Lamb's followers; but withal, we stand with the *hundred forty and four thousand*, who are with the Lamb, upon the top of mount *Zion*: *Antichrist* and his followers are down in the valley ground, we have the advantage of the hill: our temptations are alwayes beneath, our waters are beneath our breath; *as dying and behold we live*: I never heard before of a living death, or a quick death, but ours: our death is not like the common death, Christ's skill, his handy work, and a new cast of Christ's admirable art, may be seen in our quick death. I bless the

Lord,

Lord, that all our troubles come through Christ's sinners, and that he casteth sugar among them, and casteth in some ounce weights of heaven and of the spirit of glory (that refresh on suffering believers) in our cup, in which there is no taste of hell. *My dear Brother*, ye know all these better than I: I send water to the sea, to speak of these things to you: But it easeth me, to desire you to help me to pay tribute of praise to Jesus. O what praises I owe him! I would I were in my free heritage, that I might begin to pay my debts to Jesus. I entreat for your prayers and praises: I forget not you.

Aberd. Sept. 17.

*Your Brother and fellow-sufferer
in and for Christ, S. R.*

1637.

TO Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and well-beloved Brother in the Lord;

I Bless the Lord, who hath so wonderfully stopped the on-going of that lawless process against you. The Lord reigns, and hath a saving eye upon you and your ministry; and therefore fear not what men can do. I bless the Lord, that the *Irish ministers* find employment, and the professors comfort of their ministry: Believe me, I durst not, as I am now disposed, hold an honest brother out of the pulpit: I trust, the Lord shall guard you, and hide you in the shadow of his hand: I am not pleased with any that are against you in that. I see this, in prosperity mens conscience will not start at small sins: But if some had been where I have been, since I came from you, a little mote would have caused their eye water, & troubled their peace. O how ready are we to incline to the world's hand? Our arguments being well examined, are often drawn from our skin: the whole skin and a peaceable tabernacle is a *topick maxim*, is great request in our *logick*. I find a little *breeding* of God's seed in this town, for the which the *Doctors* have told me their mind, that they cannot bear with it, and have examined and threatened the people, that haunt my company: I fear I get not leave to winter here; and whither I go, I know not; I am ready at the Lord's call. I would I could make acquaintance

acquaintance with Christ's cross; for I find, comforts lye to, and follow upon the cross, I suffer in my name by them: I take it as a part of the crucifying of the old man: Let them cut the throat of my credit, and do as they like best with it; when the wind of their calumnies hath blown away my good name from me; in the way to heaven. I know Christ will take my name out of the mire, and wash it, and restore it to me again. I would have a mind [if the Lord would be pleased to give me it] to be a fool for Christ's sake. Sometimes, while I have Christ in my arms; I fall asleep with the sweetness of his presence; and he in my sleep stealeth away out of my arms, and when I awake I miss him: I am much comforted with my *Lady Pittsige*, a good woman, and acquainted with God's ways. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 11.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable, my Lord

L O W D O U N.

Right Honourable,

Grace, mercy and peace be to your Lo: I rejoyce exceedingly that I hear your Lo: has a good mind to Christ, and his now-born-down truth. My very dear Lord, go on, in the strength of the Lord, to carry your honour and ~~worship~~ glory to the new Jerusalem: For this cause your Lo: received these of the Lord: this is a sure way for the establishment of your house, if ye be of these, who are willing in your place to build Zion's old waste Places in Scotland. Your Lo: wants not God's and man's law both, now to come to the streets for Christ: and suppose the *bastard laws* of man were against you, it is an honest and zealous error, if here ye slip against a point or *punctilio* of standing policy: when your foot slips in such known ground, as is the royal prerogative of our high and most truly dread Sovereign (who has many crowns on his head) and the liberties of his house, he will hold you up. Blessed shall they be, who take Babel's little ones and

and dath their heads against stones: I with your Lo: have a share of that blessing, with other worthy *Nobles* in our land. It is true, it is now accounted wisdom for men to be partners in pulling up the stakes, and loosing the cords of the rent of Christ: but I am perswaded, that that wisdom is cried down in heaven, and shall never pass for true wisdom with the Lord, whose word crieth shame upon wit against Christ and truth: & accordingly it shall prove shame and confusion of face in the end. Our Lord hath given your Lo: light of a better stamp, and learning also, wherein ye are not behind *the disputer and the scribe*. O what a blessed thing is it, to see *Nobility, Learning and Sanctification*, all concur in one! For these ye owe your self to Christ and his Kingdom: God hath be-wildered and be-misted the wit and the learning of the *scribes and disputers* of this time; they look *asquint* to the Bible. This blinding and be-misting world blind-foldeth mens light, that they are affraid to see straight-out before them; nay their very light *playeth the knave* or worse, to truth. Your Lo: knoweth, within a little while, Policy against truth will blush, and the works of men shall burn, even their spiders-web, who spin out many hundred ells and webs of *indifferencies*, in the Lord's worship, moe then ever *Moses*, who would have an *hoof* material, and *Daniel*, who would have a *look-out at a window*, a matter of life and death, then ever (I say) these men of God dreamed of. Alas! that men dare shape, carve, cut and clip our King's Princely Testament, in length and breadeth and in all dimensions, answerable to the conceptions of such policy, as a *head of wit* thinketh a safe and trim way of serving God! How have men forgotten the Lord, that they dare go against even that truth, which once they preached themselves, howbeit their sermons now be as thin sown, as straw-berries in a wood or wilderness. Certainly the sweetest and safest course is, for this short time of the afternoon of this old and declining world, to stand for Jesus: he hath said it, and it is our part to believe it, that ere it be long, *Time shall be no more, and the heaven shall wax old as a garment*: Do we not see it already an old, hollie and threadbare garment? doth not

cripple

cripple and lame nature tell us, that the Lord will fold up the old garment, and lay it aside, and that the heavens shall be folded together as a scroll, and this Pest-house shall be burnt with fire, and that both plentifuling and walls shall melt with fervent heat: for at the Lord's coming he will do with this earth, as men do with a leper-house, he will burn the walls with fire, and the plentifuling of the house also, 1 Pet. 3. 10, 12. *My very Dear Lord*, how shall ye rejoice in that day, to have Christ, Angels, Heaven, and your own conscience to smile upon you! I am perswaded, one sick night through the terrors of the Almighty, would make men (whose conscience hath such a wide throat, as an image like a Cathedral Church would go down it) have other thoughts of Christ and his worship, then now they please themselves with. The scarcity of faith in the earth saith, We are hard upon the last nick of time: Blessed are these who keep their garments clean, against the *Bridegroom's* coming: There shall be spotted clothes, and many defiled garments, at his last coming; and therefore few found worthy to walk with him in white. I am perswaded, *my Lord*, this poor travelling woman, our pained Church, is with child of victory, and shall bring forth a *Man-child*, that shall be caught up to God and his throne, howbeit the Dragon (in his followers) be attending the child-birth-pain, as an Egyptian Midwife, to receive the birth and strangle it, *Isa.* 29. 8. But they shall be disappointed, who thirst for the destruction of Zion, they shall be as when a hungry man dreameth that he eateth, but behold he awaketh and his soul is empty; or when a thirsty man dreameth, that he drinketh, but behold he awaketh and is faint, and his soul is not satisfied: so shall it be, I say, with the multitude of all the nations, that fight against mount Zion. Therefore the weak, and feeble, these that are as signs and wonders in Israel, have chosen the best side, even the side that victory is upon; and I think, this is no evil policy. Verily for my self, I am so well pleased with Christ and his noble and honest-born cross, this cross that is come of Christ's house, and is of kin to himself, that I should weep, if it should come

come to suffering and bartering of loſs and condition, with thoſe that are *at eaſe in Zion*: I hold ſtill my choice, and bleſs my ſelf in it. I ſee, and I believe, there is ſalvation in this way, that is every where ſpoken againſt: I hope to go to eternity, and to venture the laſt evil to the ſaints, even upon death, fully perſwaded that this only, even this, is the ſaving way for racked conſciences, and for weary and loaden ſinners, to find eaſe and peace for evermore into: and indeed it is not for any worldly reſpect, that I ſpeak ſo of it: the weather is not ſo hot, that I have great cauſe to ſtarle in my priſon, or to boaſt of that entertainment; that my good friends, the Prelats, intend for me, which is *banishment*, if they ſhall obtain their deſire, and effectuat what they deſign, but let it come, I rue not that I made Chriſt my waile and my choice; I think him ay the longer the better. *My Lord*, it ſhall be good ſervice to God, to hold your noble friend and Chief upon a good courſe, for the truth of Chriſt. Now the very God of peace eſtabliſh your Lo: in Chriſt Jeſus unto the end.

Aberd. Sept. 10.

Your Lo: in his ſweet Lord

1637.

Jeſus, S. R.

To the Laird of

G A I T G I R T H

Much honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I can do no more but thank you in paper, and remember you to him whom I ſerve, for your kindneſs and care of a priſoner. I bleſs the Lord, the cauſe I ſuffer for needeth not to bluſh before Kings: Chriſt's white, honeſt and fair truth needeth neither wax pale for fear, nor bluſh for ſhame. I bleſs the Lord, who hath graced you to own Chriſt now, when ſo many are afraid to profels him, and hide him, for fear they ſuffer loſs by avouching him. Alas that ſo many in theſe days are carried with the times: As if their conſcience rolled upon oyled wheels, ſo do they go any way the wind bloweth them: and becauſe Chriſt is not *market-ſweet*, men put him away from them. *Worthy and*

much

much honoured Sir, go on to own Christ and his oppressed truth: The end of sufferings for the Gospel is rest and gladness: *light and joy is sown for the mourners in Zion*, and the harvest (which is of God's making for time and manner) is near: Crosses have right and claim to Christ in his members, till legs and arms and whole mystical Christ be in heaven: There will be rain and hail & storm in the saints clouds, ever till God cleanse with fire the works of creation, and till he burn the *batch-house* of heaven and earth, that mens sin hath subjected unto sinity. They are blessed who suffer and sin not; for suffering is the badge that Christ has put upon his followers: Take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged up with crosses, there is no way, but to break through them; wit and wiles, shifts and laws, will not find out a way about the cross of Christ, but we must through; one thing by experience my Lord hath taught me, that the waters betwixt this and heaven may all be ridden, if we be well *born'd*; I mean, if we be in Christ; and not one shall drown by the way, but such as love their own destruction. Oh if we could wait on for a time, and believe in the dark the salvation of God! At least we are to believe good of Christ, till he give us the slip (which is impossible) and to take his word for caution, that he shall fill up all the blanks in his promises, & give us what we want: but to the unbeliever Christ's Testament is white, blank, unwritten paper. *Worthy and dear Sir*, set your face to heaven, and make you to stoop at all the low entries in the way, that ye may receive the Kingdom as a child: without this, he that knew the way said, there is no entry in. O but Christ be willing to lead a poor sinner! O what love my poor soul hath found in him, in the house of my pilgrimage! Suppose love in heaven and earth were lost, I dare swear, it may be found in Christ. Now the very God of Peace establish you, till the day of the glorious appearance of Christ.

Aberd. Sept. 7.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Iesus, &c.

To the Lady

G A I T G I R T H.

Adm. honoured and Christian Lady;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how it goeth with you & your children: I exhort you, not to lose breath, nor to faint in your journey: The way is not so long to your hostie, as it was; it will wear to one step or an inch at length, and ye shall come ere long to be within your arm-length of the glorious crown. Your Lord Jesus did sweat and pant, ere he got up that mount, he was at *Father save me*, with it; it was *He who*, *Psal. 32. 14.* said, *I am poured out like water, all my bowels are out of joint* [Christ was as if they had broken him upon the wheel,] *my Heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels. V. 15. My strength is dried up like a pot-sherd.* I am sure, ye love the way the better, his holy feet trod it before you: Crosses have a smell of crossed and pained Christ. I believe your Lord will not leave you to die alone in the way. I know ye have sad hours, when the comforter is hid under a veil, and when ye inquire for him, and find but a *room nest*: This I grant is but a cold good day; when the seeker misleth him whom the soul loveth; but even his unkindness is kind, his absence lovely, his mask a sweet sight, till God send Christ himself in his own sweet presence: make his sweet comforts your own, and be not strange and shant fast with Christ: homely dealing is best for him, it is his liking. When your winter storms are over, the summer of your Lord shall come: Your sadness is with child of joy, he will do you good in the latter end. Take no heavier list of your children than your Lord alloweth: give them room beside your heart; but not in the yolk of your heart, where Christ should be; for then they are your idols; not your balm: if your Lord take any of them home to his house, before the storm come on, take it well, the owner of the Orchard may take down two or three apples off his own trees, before midsummer, and ere they get the harvest sun, and it would not

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Epist. 73.

LETTERS.

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be seemly that his servant, the gardner, should chide him for it: Let our Lord pluck his own fruit at any season he pleaseth; they are no loss to you, they are laid up so well, as that they are costred in heaven, where our Lord's best jewels lie: They are all free goods that are there, death can have no law to arrest any thing that is within the walls of the new *Yerusalem*. All the saints, because of sin, are like old rusty horologies, that must be taken down, & the wheels scoured and mended, & set up again, in better case than before: Sin hath rusted both soul and body: our dear Lord by death taketh us down to scour the wheels of both, and to purge us perfectly from the root and remainder of sin, and we shall be set up in better case than before. Then pluck up your heart, heaven is yours, and that is a word few can say. Now the great Shepherd of the Sheep, and the very God of Peares confirm and establish you, to the day of the appearance of Christ our Lord.

Aberd. 7 Sept.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and very dear Brother

Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE.

My Dear Brother,

I Received yours: I am still with the Lord, his cross hath done that which I thought impossible once: Christ keepeth cryst in the fire and water with his own, & to-methere our breath go out, and ere our blood grow cold. Blessed are they whose feet escape the great golden net that is now spread: it is our happinels to take the crabbed, rough and poor side of Christ's world, which is a lease of crosses and losses for him: for Christ's incomes and casualties that follow him are many: and it is not a little one, that a good conscience may be had in following him: this is true gain, and most to be laboured for and loved. Many give Christ for a shadow, because Christ was rather beside their conscience in a dead and reprobate light, then in their conscience. Let us

be ballasted with grace, that we be not blown over, and that we stagger not. Yet a little while and Christ and his redeemed ones shall fill the field, and come out victorious: Christ's glory of triumphing in Scotland is yet in the bud and in the birth, but the birth cannot prove an abortive: *He shall not faint nor be discouraged, till he have brought forth judgment unto victory.* Let us still mind our Covenant: and the very God of peace be with you.

Aberd. 9. Sep.

Your Brother in Christ,

1637.

S. R.

Es. Mr. MATHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and Dear Brother;

I Am refreshed with your letters: I would take all well at my Lord's hands that he hath done, if I knew I could do my Lord any service in my suffering: suppose my Lord would make a *stop-hole* of me, to fill a hole in the wall of his house, or a pinning in Zion's new work: For any place of trust in my Lord's house, as steward, or chamberlain, or the like: surely I think my self (*my very dear brother*, I speak not by any proud figure or trope) unworthy of it; nay I am not worthy to stand behind the door: if my head and feet and body were half out, half in, in Christ's house, so I saw the fair face of the Lord of the house, it would still my *griening* and love-sick desires. When I hear, that the men of God are at work, and speaking in our Lord Jesus his name, I think my self but an out-cast or out-law, chased from the City, to lie on the hills, and live amongst the rocks and out-fields. O that I might but stand in Christ's out-house, or hold a candle in any low vault of his house! But I know this is but the vapours that arise out of a quarrelous and unbelieving heart, to darken the wisdom of God. And your fault is just mine, that I cannot believe my Lord's bare & naked word: I must either have an apple to play me with, and shake hands with Christ, and have seal, caution, and witness to his word, or else I count my self loose; howbeit I have the word and faith of a King. Oh, I am made of unbelief, & cannot swim but where my feet may

may touch the ground. Alas! Christ under my temptations is presented to me as lying-waters, as a dyvour and a coustener! We can make such a Christ, as temptations (casting us in a night-dream) do feign and devise, (and temptations represent Christ ever unlike himself) and we in our folly listen to the tempter. If I could minister one saving word to any, how glad would my soul be: But I my self (which is my greatest evil) often mistake the cross of Christ: For I know, if we had wit, and knew well that ease slayeth us fools, we would desire a marker, where we might batter or nisset our lazie ease with a profitable cross; howbeit there be anour-cast natural betwixt our desires and tribulation: But some give a dear price and gold for Physick, which they love not, and buy sickness, howbeit they wish rather to have been whole then to be sick. But surely, Brother, ye shall not have my advice (howbeit alas I cannot follow it my self) to contend with the honest and faithful Lord of the house, for go he or come he, he is aygracious in his departure: There are grace and mercy and loving kindness upon Christ's back-parts: and when he goeth away, the proportion of his face, the image of that fair sun, that stayeth in eyes, senses and heart, after he is gone, leaveth a mass of love behind it in the heart. The sound of his knock at the door of his beloved, after he is gone and past, leaveth a share of joy and sorrow both: So we have something to feed upon till he return, and he is more loved in his departure, and after he is gone, then before; as the day in the declining of the sun and towards the evening is often most desired. And as for Christ's cross, I never received evil of it; but what was mine own making: when I miscooked Christ's physick, no marvel that it hurt me: For since it was on Christ's back, it hath alwayes a sweet smell, and these 1600. Years it keepeth the smell of Christ; nay it is elder then that too, for it is a long time since Abel first *handled* the cross, and had it laid upon his shoulder; and down from him all alongst to this very day, all the saints have known what it is. I am glad that Christ hath such a relation to this cross, and that it is called *the cross of our*

Lord Iesus, Gal. 6. v. 14. His reproach, Heb. 11. 13.
 As if Christ would claim it as his proper goods, and so
 it cometh in the reckoning among Christ's own prop-
 erty: if it were simple evil, as sin is, Christ, who is not
 the author nor owner of sin, would not own it. I won-
 der at the enemies of Christ (in whom malice hath run a-
 way with wit, and will is up and wit down) that they
 would essay to lift up the stone laid in Zion: surely it is
 not laid in such sinking ground, as that they can raise it, or
 remove it; for when we are in their belly, and they
 have swallowed us down, they will, be sick, and spue
 us out again. I know Zion and her Husband cannot
 both sleep at once: I believe our Lord once again shall
 water with his dew the withered hill of mount Zion in
 Scotland, and come down, and make a new marriage
 again, as he did long since. Remember our Covenant: Your
 excuse for your advice to me is needless: Alas, many lie
 beside light as sick folks beside meat, and cannot make
 use of it. Grace be with you.

Aber. Sept. 7.

1637.

Your brother in

Christ, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN MEINE.

Dear Brother;

I Received your letter: I cannot but testify under mine
 own hand, that Christ is still the longer the better, and
 that *this time is the time of loves*. When I have said all I
 can, others may begin and say, I have said nothing of
 him, I never knew Christ to ebbe or flow, wax or wane:
 his winds turn not, when he seemeth to change, it is
 but we who turn out wrong side to him. I never had
 a plea with him in my hardest conflicts, but of mine
 own making. Oh that I could live in peace and good
 neighbour-hood with such a second, and let him alone.
 My unbelief made many black lyes, but my recantation
 to Christ is not worth the hearing. Surely he hath born
 with strange gader in me: He knoweth my heart hath
 not natural wit to keep quarters with such a Saviour. Ye
 do well, to fear your own backsliding. I had stood
 sure,

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sure, if I had in my youth borrowed Christ to be my bottom: but he that bears his own weight to heaven, shall not fail to slip and sink. Ye had no need to be bare-footed among the thorns of this apostate generation; lest a stub strike up in your foot, and cause you to halt all your dayes. And think not, Christ will do with you, in the matter of suffering, as the Pope doth in the matter of sin: Ye shall not find that Christ will sell a Dispensation, or give a Dyvour's Protection against crosses: Crosses are proclaimed as common Accidents to all the saints, and in them standeth a part of our communion with Christ. But there lieth a sweet casuality to the cross; even Christ's presence and his comfort, when they are sanctified. Remember my love to your Father and Mother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7.

Yours in his sweet Love

1637.

John, Sr R.

To JOHN FLEEMING,

Bailiff of Leith.

Much Honour'd in the Lord;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am still in good terms with Christ: however my Lord's wind blow, I have the advantage of the calm and sunny side of Christ. Devils, and hell, and Devil's servants, are all blown blind, in pursuing the Lord's little Bride: *They shall be as a night-dream, who fight against mount Zion.* *Worthy Sir,* I hope ye take to heart the worth of your calling: This great fair and meeting of people will last, and the port is open for us: As fast as time weareth out, we flee away: Eternity is at our elbow. O how blessed are they, who in time make Christ sure for themselves; Salvation is a great errand; I find it hard to fetch heaven: Oh that we could take pains on our lamps for the Bridegroom's coming: the other side of this world will be turned up incontinent, and up shall down, and these that are weeping in sack-cloth shall triumph on white horses, with him, whose name is The word of God. The blessing abide

H 4.

the

the fair creatures, that we whorishly love better than our Creator, will pass away like snow water. The God head, the God head, a communion with God in Christ, to be halvers with Christ of the purchased house and inheritance in heaven, should be your scope and aim. For my self, when I lay my counts, O what telling, O what weighing is in Christ! O how soft are his kisses! O love, love surpassing in Jesus! I have no fault to that love, but that it seemeth to deal niggardly with me: I have little of it. O that I had Christ's sea and read band, subscribed by himself, for my fill of it! What garland have I, or what crown, if I looked right on things, but Jesus? Oh there is no room in us, on this side of the water, for that love! This narrow bit earth, and these ebbe and narrow souls can hold little of it, because we are full of rifts. I would glory, glory would enlarge us, (as it will) and make us right, and close up our seams and rifts, that we might be able to comprehend it, which yet is incomprehensible. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept. 7.
1637.*

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO ALEXANDER GORDON,
Of Earlestown.

Much honoured Sir;

Howbeit I would have been glad to have seen you; yet seeing our Lord hath been pleased to break the snare of your adversaries, I heartily bless our Lord on your behalf. Our crosses for Christ are not made of iron, they are softer and of more gentle mettall: It is easy for God, to make a fool of the Devil, the father of all fools. As for me, I but breath out, what my Lord breatheth in: The scum and froth of my letters I father upon my own unbelieving heart. I know your Lord hath something to do with you, because Satan and malice have shot sore at you; but your bow abids in it's strength. Ye shall not by my advice be a halver with Christ, to divide the glory of your deliverance, betwixt your self and him,

him, or any other second mean whatsoever: Let Christ (as it setteth him well,) have all the glory, and triumph his alone. The Lord set himself on high in you: I see Christ can borrow a cross for some hours, and set his servants beside it, rather then under it, and win the plea too, yea and make glory to himself, and shame to his enemies, and comfort to his children out of it: But whether Christ buy or borrow crosses, he is King of crosses, and King of Devils, and King over hell, and King over malice: When he was in the grave, he came out, & brought the keys with him: he is Lord-Jaylor: nay what say I, he is Captain of the castle, and he hath the keys of death and hell; and what are our troubles but little deaths: and he who commandeth the great castle, commandeth the little also. 1. I see, a hardned face and two skins upon our brows, against the winter hail, & stormy wind, is meetest for a poor traveller, in a winter journey to heaven. O what art is it to learn to endure hardness, and to learn to go bare-footed, either through the devil's fiery coals, or his frozen waters! 3. I am perswaded a sea-venture with Christ maketh great riches: Is not our King Jesus his ship coming home, and shall not we get part of the gold? Alas, we fools miscount our gain, when we seem losers. Believe me, I have no challenges against this *well-born cross*, for it is come of Christ's house, and is honourable & is *propine*, *To you it is given to suffer*. O what fools are we, to undervalue his gifts? & too lightlie that which is true honour! For if we could be faithful, our tackling shall not loose, nor our mast break, nor our sails blow into the sea. The *bastard crosses*, the kinless and base-born crosses of worldlings for evil doing, must be heayie and grievous; but our afflictions are light and momentary. 4. I think my self happy, that I have lost credit with Christ, and that in his bargain, I am Christ's sworn dyvour, to whom he will lissen nothing, so not one pin in the work of my salvation: Let me stand in black and white in the Divour-book before Christ, I am happy that my salvation is concrated to Christ's mediation: Christ oweth no faith to me, to lissen any thing to me, but O what faith and credit I owe to him! Let my

name fall, and let Christ's name stand in honour with man and angels. Alas! I have no room to spread out my affection before God's people; and I see not how I can shout out and cry out the loveliness, the high honour and the glory of my fairest Lord Jesus. Oh that he would let me have a bed to lie in, to be delivered of my birth, that I might paint him out in his beauty to men as I do.
 5. I wondered once at providence, and called white providence black and unjust, that I should be smothered in a town, where no soul will take Christ off my hand: But providence hath another lustre with God, then with my *blinded eyes*. I proclaim my self a blind body, who know not black and white, in the uncouth course of God's providence. Suppose Christ would set hell where heaven is, and devils up in glory beside the elect Angels, (which yet cannot be) I would I had a heart to acquiesce in his way, without further dispute. I see, Infinite wisdom is the mother of his judgments, and his ways pass finding out.
 6. I cannot learn; but I desire to learn to bring my thoughts, will, and lusts, in under Christ's feet, that he may trample upon them: *But alas!* I am still upon Christ's wrong side. Grace be with.

Aberd. Sept. 12.

1637.

Yours in his sweetest Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT LENNOX,
 Of Disdove.

Worthy and dear Brother.

I Forget you not in my bonds: I know you are looking to Christ, and I beseech you, follow your look. I can say more of Christ now by experience (though he be infinitely above and beyond all that can be said of him) then when I saw you. I am drowned over head and ears in his love. Sell, sell, sell all things for Christ. If this whole world were the balk of a balance, it should not be able to bear the weight of Christ's love; men and angels have short arms to fathom it: Set your feet upon this piece of blew and base clay of an over-gilded and fair plastered world; an hours kissing of Christ is worth a world of worlds.

worlds, Sir, make sure work of your salvation; build not upon sand; lay the foundation upon the rock in Zion: Strive to be dead to this world, and to your will and lusts: Let Christ have a commanding power and a King's throne in you: Walk with Christ, howbeit the wind should take the hide off your face: I promise you, Christ will win the field: Your pastors canse you to err; except you see Christ's word, go not one step with them: Countenance not the reading of that *Romish Service-book*: Keep your garments clean; as ye would walk with the Lamb clothed in white. The wrongs I suffer are upon record in heaven; our great Master and Judge will be upon us all, and bring us before the Sun in our black's and white's: Blessed are they who watch and keep themselves in God's love. Learn to discern the Bridegroom's Tongues, and to give your self to prayer and reading. Ye was often a hearer of me: I would put my heart blood upon the doctrine I taught, as the only way to salvation: go not from it, my dear Brother. What I write to yourself, I write to your wife also. Mind heaven and Christ, and keep the spark of the love of Christ you have gotten; Christ shall blow on it, if ye entertain it, and your soul shall be peace. There is a life in our Zion, but our Lord is but seeking a new Bride refined and purified out of the furnace. I assure you, howbeit we be nick-named *Persecutors*, all the powers of the world shall not prevail against us: Remember though a sinful man write it to you, these people shall yet be as a green olive tree, and a field blessed of the Lord, and it shall be proclaimed, *up with Christ, and down, down with all contrary powers*. Sir, pray for me, (I name you to the Lord) for further evil is determined against me. Remember my love to *Christian Murray* and her daughters: I desire her, in the edge of her evening, to wait a little, the King is coming, and he hath something, that she never saw, with him: heaven is no dream: Come and see will teach her best. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 13.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Josias, S. R.

TO MARION MCKNAUGHT.

Dearest in our Lord Iesus;

COUNT it your honour, that Christ hath begun at you to fine you first: *Fear not*, saith the *Amen*, the true and faithful witness: I write to you, as my Master hath upon the word of my royal King, continue in prayer and in watching, and your glorious deliverance is coming: Christ is not far off: a fig, a straw for all the bits of clay, that are risen against us: *Ye shall thresh the mountains, and fan them like chaff*, *I/a. 41*. If ye slack your hands at your meetings, & your watching to prayer, then it would seem our Rock hath sold us; but be diligent, and be not discouraged. I charge you in Christ, rejoice, give thanks, believe, be strong in the Lord: That burning bush in *Galloway* and *Kirkcudbright* shall not be burnt so altho; for the Lord is in the bush. Be not discouraged, that banishment is to be procured by the King's warrant to the Council, against me: the earth is my Lord's, I am filled with his sweet love, and running over: I rejoyce to hear ye are in your journey: such news as I hear, of all your faith and love, rejoyce my sad heart. Pray for me, for they seek my hurt, but I give my self to prayer. The blessing of my Lord and a Prisoner of Christ's blessing be with you. O chosen and greatly beloved woman, faint not: *Fy, fy*, if ye faint now, ye lose a good cause: double your meetings: cease not for *Zion's* sake, and hold not your peace, till he make *Jerusalem* a praise in the earth.

*Aberd. 1637.**Yours in Christ Iesus his
Lord, S. R.*

TO THOMAS CORBET.

 Loving friend,

I Forget you not: It shall be my joy, that ye follow after Christ, till ye find him: My conscience is a feast of joy to me, that I sought in singleness of heart,
for

for Christ's love, to put you upon the King's high-way to our Bridegroom, and our father's house: Thrice blessed are ye, *my dear Brother*, if ye hold the way: I believe, ye and Christ once met, I hope ye will not sunder with him: Follow the counsel of the man of God, *Mr. William Dagleish*. If ye depart from what I taught you in a hair-breadth, for fear or favour of men, or desire of ease in this world, I take heaven and earth to witness, that ill shall come upon you in the end. Build not your nest here: This world is an hard ill made bed, no rest in it for your soul: awake, awake, and make haste to seek that pearl, *Christ*, that this world seeth not. Your night, and your Master Christ, will be upon you within a clap; your hand-breadth of time will not bide you: Take Christ, howbeit a storm follow him: howbeit this day be not yours and Christ's, the morrow will be yours and his. I would not exchange the joy of my bonds and imprisonment for Christ, with all the joy of this dirty and foul-skinned world: I have a love-bed with Christ, and am filled with his love. I desire your *wife* to do what I write to you: Let her remember how dear Christ would be to her, when her breath turneth cold, and the eye-strings shall break. O how joyful should my soul be, to know that I had brought on a marriage betwixt Christ and that people, few or many; if it be not so, I will be woe to be a witness against them. Use prayer, love not the world, be humble, and esteem little of your self; love your enemies, and pray for them; make conscience of speaking truth, when none knoweth but God. I never eat, but I pray for you all. Pray for me: Ye and I shall see one another up in our Father's house. I rejoyce to hear, that your eye is upon Christ. Follow on, hing on, and quit him not. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your affectionat Brother is our
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To ALEXANDER GORDON,
Of Earlestown.

Much Honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your Letter, which refreshed me: Except from your Son and my Brother, I have seen few letters from my acquaintance in that countrey, which maketh me heavie: But I have the company of a Lord, who can teach us all to be kind, and hath the right gate of it: though for the present, I have seven up's and down's every day, yet I am abundantly comforted, and feasted with my King & welbeloved daily: It pleaseth Him to come and dine with a sad prisoner, and a solitary stranger: His spikenard casteth a smell, yet my sweet has some sour mixed with it, wherein I must acquiesce, for there is no reason that His comforts be too cheap, seeing they are delicacies; why should He not make them so to his own? But I verily think now, Christ has led me up to a nick in Christianity, that I was never at before, I think all before was but childhood and *bairet-play*. Since I departed from you, I have been scalded, while the smoke of hell's fire went in at my throat, and I would have bought peace with a thousand years torment in hell: and I have been up also, after these deep down-castings and sorrows, before the Lamb's white throne, in my father's inner-court, the great King's dining-hall, and Christ did cast a covering of love on me, he hath casten in a coal in my soul, and it is smoking among the straw, and keeping the hearth warm: I look back to what I was before, & I laugh to see the sand-houses I built when I was a child. At first, the remembrance of the many fair feast days with my Lord Jesus in publick, which are now changed into silent sabbaths, raised a great tempest, and (if I may speak so) made the Devil adoe in my soul: the Devil came in, and would prompt me to make a plea with Christ, and to lay the blame on him, as a hard master: But now these mists are blown away, and I am not only silenced, as to all quarrelling, but fully satisfied. Now I wonder
that

that any man living can laugh upon the world, or give it a hearty good-day. The Lord Jesus hath handled me so, that as I am now disposed, I think never to be in this world's common again for a night's lodging: Christ beareth me good company; he hath cald me, when I saw it not, lifting the cross off my shoulders, so that I think it to be but a feather, because underneath are everlasting arms. God forbid, it came to bartering or suffering of crosses, for I think my cross so sweet, that I know not where I would get the like of it. Christ's honey-combs drop so abundantly, that they sweeten my gall: Nothing breaketh my heart, but that I cannot get the daughters of Jerusalem, to tell them of my Bridegrooms glory: I charge you, in the name of Christ, that ye tell all ye come to of it, and yet it is above telling and understanding. Oh if all the kingdom were as I am, except my bonds! they know not the love-kisses, that my only Lord Jesus wasteth on a dated prisoner. On my salvation, this is the only way to the new City. I know Christ hath no dumb seals; would he put his privy seal upon blank paper? he hath sealed my sufferings with comforts. I write this to confirm you. I write now, what I have seen, as well as heard. Now and then my silence burneth up my spirit: But Christ hath said, *thy strength is running up with interest in Heaven, as if thou wert preaching*: And this from a King's mouth rejoiceth my heart. At other times, I am sad, dwelling in Kedar's tents: There are none (that I yet know of) but two persons in this Town, that I dare give my word for: And the Lord hath removed my brethren & my acquaintance far from me: and it may be, I be forgotten in the place, where the Lord made me the instrument to do some good. But I see this is vanity in me: Let him make of me what he pleaseth, if he make salvation out of it to me. I am tempted and troubled that all the fourteen Prelats should have been armed of God against me only, while the rest of my Brethren are still preaching: But I dare not say one word, but this, *it is good, Lord Jesus, because thou hast done it*. Wo is me for the virgin Daughter, wo is me for the desolation of the virgin Daughter of Scotland! O if my eyes

eyes were a fountain of tears to weep day and night for that poor widow *Kirk*, that poor miserable *Harlot*! Alas that my Father hath put to the door my poor *Harlot* mother! Oh for that cloud of black wrath, and fury of the indignation of the Lord, that is hanging over the *Land*. Sir, write to me, I beseech you: I pray you also, be kind to my afflicted Brother. Remember my love to your *Wife*: And the prayer and blessing of the Prisoner of Christ be on you. Frequent your meetings for prayer and communion with God; they would be sweet meetings to me.

Aberd. 16 Febr.
1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To ROBERT GORDON,
Of Knockbren.

My Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I am almost wearying, yea wondering, that ye write not to me; tho' I know it is not forgetfulness. As for my self, I am every way well, all glory to God: I was before at a plea with Christ, but it was bought by me and unlawful, because his whole providence was not yea and nay to my yea and nay, and because I believed Christ's outward look better than his faithful promise: Yet he hath in patience waited on, while I be come to my self, and hath not taken advantage of my weak apprehensions of his goodness: Great and holy is his name: He looketh to what I desire to be, and not to what I am. One thing I have learned, if I had been in Christ, by way of adhesion only; as many branches are, I should have been burnt to ashes, and this world should have seen a suffering minister of Christ turned (of something once in shew) into unfavoury salt. But my Lord Jesus had a good eye, that the tempter should not play soul play, and blow out Christ's candle: He took no thought of my stomach, and fretting and grudging humour, but of his own grace: when he burnt the house, he saved his own goods: And I believe, the devil, and the per-
secuting

securing world, shall reap no fruit of me; but burnt
ashes: for he will see to his own gold, & save that from
being consumed with the fire. O what owe I to the file,
to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! Who
hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is,
that goeth through his mill & his oven; to be made bread
for his own table: *Grace tried*, is better then grace, & it
is more then grace, it is glory in it's infancy. I now see,
godliness is more then the out-side and this world's passe-
ments and their buskings: Who knows the truth of grace
without a trial? O how little gets Christ of us, but that
which he winneth [to speak so] with much toil & pains!
And how soon would faith frieze without a cross? How
many dumb crosses have been laid upon my back, that
had never a tongue to speak the sweetness of Christ, as
this hath? when Christ blesteth his own crosses with a
tongue, they breath out Christ's love, wisdom, kind-
ness and care of us. Why should I start at the plow of
my Lord, that makes deep furrows on my soul? I know
he is no idle husbandman, he purposeth a crop. O that
this white withered *lay-ground* were made fertile to bear
a crop for him, by whom it is so painfully dressed, and
that this fallow-ground were broken up? Why was I [a
fool] grieved, that he put his garland and his rose upon
my head, the glory and honour of his faithful witnesses?
I desire now to make no more pleas with Christ: Verily,
he hath not put me to a loss by what I suffer, he oweth
me nothing; for in my bonds, how sweet and comfort-
able have the thoughts of him been to me: wherein I
find a sufficient recompence of reward! How blind are
my adversaries, who sent me to a banquetting house,
to a house of wine, to my lovely Lord Jesus his love-
feasts, and not to a prison or place of exile? Why should
I smother my husband's honesty, or sin against his love,
or be a niggard in giving out to others, what I get for
nothing. *Brother*, eat with me and give thanks: I
charge you before God, that ye speak to others, and
invite them to help me to praise. Oh my debt of praise,
how weighty is it, and how far run up! Oh that others
would lend me to pay, and learn me to praise! O, I

am a drowned Dy your! Lord Jesus, take my thoughts for payment. Yet I am in this hot summer-blank with the tear in my eye; for, by reason of my silence, sorrow, sorrow hath filled me. My harp is hang'd upon the willow trees, because I am in a strange land. I am still kept in exercise with envious brethren: My mother hath born me a man of contention. Write to me your mind a-neck Y. C. I cannot forget him, I know not what God hath to do with him; and your mind a-neck my Parishoners behaviour, and how they are served in preaching, or if there be a Minister as yet thrust in upon them, which I desire greatly to know, and which I much fear. Dear Brother, ye are in my heart, to live and to die with you. Visit me with a letter; Pray for me: Remember my love to your wife. Grace, grace be with you: and God who heareth prayer visit you, and let it be unto you according to the prayers of

Aberd. Jan. 1.

1637.

Your own Brother and Christ's

Prisoner: S. R.

To my wellbelov'd and reverend brother

MR. ROBERT BLAIR.

Reverend and Dearly beloved Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ be to you: It is no great wonder, my Dear Brother, that ye be in heaviness for a season, and that God's will, in crossing your design and desires to dwell amongst a people, whose God is the Lord, should move you: I deny not, but ye have cause to enquire, what his providence speaketh in this to you; but God's directing and commanding will, can by no good logick, be concluded from events of providence. The Lord sent Paul many errands, for the spreading of his Gospel, where he found lions in his way: a promise was made to his people of the holy land, and yet many nations in the way fighting against, and ready to kill them, who had the promise, or to keep them from possessing that good land, which the Lord their God had given them. I know ye have most to do with submission of spirit; but I

per-

perswade my self, ye have learned in every condition, wherein ye are cast, therein to be content, and to say, *good is the will of the Lord, let it be done.* I believe, the Lord racketh his ship often to fetch the wind, and that he purpo-
seth to bring mercy out of your sufferings and silence, which (I know from mine own experience) is grievous to you: seeing he knoweth our willing mind to serve him, our wages and stipend is running to the fore with our God; even as some sick souldiers get their pay, when they are bedfast, and not able to go to the fields with others. Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord; and my God shall be my strength. *Isai. 49. 5.* and we are to believe it shall be thus, ere all the play be played, *Ier. 51. 35.* The violence done to me and my flesh, be upon Babylon, and the great whore's lovers, shall the inhabitants of Zion say; and my blood be upon Caldea, shall Ierusalem say; and *Zech. 12. 2.* Behold, I will make Ierusalem a cup of trembling to all the people about, when they shall be in the siege, both against Judah and Ierusalem; *v. 3.* And in that day, I will make Ierusalem a burdensome stone for all people; they that burden themselves with it, shall be broken in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered against it. When they have eaten and swallowed us up, they shall be sick, and vomit us out living men again: the devil's stomach cannot digest the Church of God. Suffering is the other half of our ministry, howbeit the hardest: For we would be content, our King Jesus would make an open proclamation, and cry down crosses, and cry up joy, gladness, ease, honour and peace, but it must not be so, through many afflictions, we must enter into the Kingdom of God: not only by them, but through them must we go: and wiles will not take us by the cross: It is folly to think, to steal to heaven with a whole skin. For my self, I am here a prisoner, confined in Aberdeen, threatened to be removed to Caithness, because I desire to edifie in this town; and I am openly preached against in the pulpits, in my heating, and tempted with disputations by the Doctors, especially by D. B. Yet I am not ashamed of my Lord Jesus his garland and crown: I would not exchange my weeping
with

with the *fourteen Prelats* their painted laughter. At my first coming here, I took the *Doris* as Christ, & would forsooth summond him for unkindness, I sought a plea of my Lord, and was tossed with challenges, whether he loved me or not? and disputed all over again that he had done to me; because *his word was a fire shut up in my bowels*, and I was weary with forbearing; because I said, I was cast out of the Lord's inheritance: but now I see, I was a fool: My Lord miskeant all; and did bear with my foolish jealousies, & miskeant that ever I wronged his love, and now he is come again with mercy under his wings: I past from my [O witless] summonds: he is God [I see] and I am man. Now it hath pleased him to renew his love to my soul, and to date his poor-prisoner. Therefore, *my dear Brother*, help me to praise, and shew the Lord's people with you, what he hath done to my soul, that they may pray and praise: and I charge you, in the name of Christ, not to omit it, for, for this cause I write to you, that my sufferings may glorifie my royal King, and edifie his Church, in *Ireland*. He knoweth how one of Christ's love-coals hath burnt my soul, with a desire, to have my bonds to preach his glory, whose cross I now bear. God forgive you, if ye do it not: But I hope the Lord will move your heart, to proclaim in my behalf, the sweetness, excellency & glory of my royal King. It is but our soft flesh that hath raised a slander on the cross of Christ; I see now the white side of it: My Lord's chains are all overgilded. O if *Scotland* and *Ireland* had part of my feast! and yet I get not my meat but with many strokes. There are none here to whom I can speak; I dwell in *Kedar's* tents. Refresh me with a Letter from you: Few know what is betwixt Christ and me. *Dear Brother*, upon my salvation, this is his truth that we suffer for: Christ would not seal a blank charter to souls. Courage, courage, joy, joy for evermore! O joy unspeakable and glorious! Oh for help to set my crowned King on high! O for love to him, who is altogether lovely! That love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown! I remember you, & I bear your name on my breast to Christ.

I beseech you forget not his afflicted prisoner. Grace, mercy and peace be with you. Salute in the Lord from me *Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Ridge, Mr. Colwart, &c.*

Aberd. Feb. 7. 1637. Your Brother and fellow prisoner, S.R.

TO JOHN KENNEDY,

Bailiffe of Ayr.

Worthy and wel-beloved Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I am yet waiting what our Lord will do for his afflicted church, and for my re-entry to my Lord's house. Oh that I could hear the forfeiture of Christ [now out of his inheritance] recalled and taken off, by open proclamation, and that Christ were restored to be a *Freeholder* and a *landed Heritor* in Scotland: and That the courts, fenced in the name of the bastard Prelats [their *God-father's* the *Popes Bailiffes* and *Sherifes*] were cryed down! Oh how sweet a sight were it, to see all the Tribes of the Lord in this land fetching home again our banished king Christ, to his own Palace, his Sanctuary and Throne! I shall think it mercy to my soul, if my faith shall out-watch all this winter night, and not nod or slumber, till my Lord's summer day dawn upon me. It is much if faith and hope, in the sad nights of our heaveie trial, escape with a whole skin, and without crack or crook: I confess, unbelief hath no reason to be either *father* or *mother* to it: (for unbelief is always an irrational thing; but how can it be, but such weak eyes as ours must cast water in a great smoke, or that a weak head should not turn giddy, when the water runneth deep and strong? But God be thanked, that Christ in his children can endure a stress and storm: howbeit soft nature would fall down in pieces. Oh that I had that confidence, as to rest on this, though he should grind me into small powder, and bray me into dust, and scatter the dust to the four winds of heaven; that my Lord would gather up the powder and make me up a new vessel again, to bear Christ's name to the world: I am sure that love, bottomed and seated upon
the

the faith of his love to me, would desire and endure this, and would even claim and *strip* kindness upon Christ's strokes, and kiss his lovely glooms; and both spell and read salvation, upon the wounds made by Christ's sweet hands. Oh that I had but a promise from the mouth of Christ, of his love to me; and then howbeit my faith were as tender as paper, I think longing and dwinching & grieving of sick desires would cause it bide out the siege, till the Lord came to fill the soul with his love; and I know also, in that case faith should bide green and sappy at the root, even at mid-winter; and stand out against all storms: However it be, I know Christ winneth heaven in despite of hell; But I owe as many praises and thanks to free grace, as would lie betwixt me and the utmost border of the highest heaven, suppose ten thousand heavens were all laid above other: But oh I have nothing that can hire or buy grace; for if grace would take hire, it were no more grace; but all our stability, and the strength of our salvation is anchored and fastened upon free grace: and I am sure Christ hath by his death and blood casten the knot so fast, that the fingers of devils, and Hell-fels of sins cannot loose it; and that bond of Christ [that never yet was, nor never shall, nor can be registered,] standeth surer than heaven or the dayes of heaven, as that sweet pillar of the covenant, whereupon we all hang: Christ and all his little ones under his two wings; and in the compass or circle of his arms, is so sure, that cast him and them in the ground of the sea, he shall come up again, and not lose one: an odd one cannot, nor shall not be lost in the telling. This was always God's aim, since Christ came in the play, betwixt him and us, to make men dependent creatures, and in the work of our salvation to put created strength, and arms, and legs of clay, quite out of play, and out of office & count: and now God hath substituted in our room, and accepted his Son the mediator, for us, and all that we can make. If this had not been, I would have *skew'd* over and foregone my part of paradise and salvation, for a break-fast of dead moth-eaten earth; but now I would not give it, nor let it go, for more then I can

can tell: and truly they are silly fools, and ignorant of Christ's worth, (and so full ill-trained and tutoured,) who tell heaven and Christ over the board, for two feathers, or two straws of the devil's painted pleasures, only lusted in the outer-side. This is our happiness now, that our reckonings at night, when eternity shall come upon us, cannot be told; we shall be so far gainers and so far from being superexpended (as the poor fools of this world are, who give out their money, and get in but black hunger,) that Angels cannot lay our counts, nor sum our advantage and in-comes. Who knoweth, how far it is to the bottom of our Christ, and to the ground of our heaven? Whoever weighed Christ in a pair of ballances? Who hath seen the foldings, and plyes, & the heights and depths of that glory, which is in him, and kept for us? Oh for such a heaven, as to stand afar off, and see, and love, and long for him, while time's thread be cut, and this great work of creation dissolved, at the coming of our Lord! Now to his Grace I recommend you. I beseech you also, pray for a re-entry to me into the Lord's house, if it be his good will.

Aberd. Jan. 6.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO ELIZABETH KENNEDY.

MISTRESS;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I have long had a purpose of writing to you; but I have been hindered: I heartily desire, that ye would mind your Journey, and consider to what airth your soul setteth its face; for all come not home at night, who suppose they have set their face heavenward: it is a woful thing to die and miss heaven, and to lose house room with Christ at night: It is an evil journey, where travellers are benighted in the fields. I perswade my self, that thousands shall be deceived and ashamed of their hope, because they cast their Anchor in sinking sands, they must lose it. Till now, I knew not the pain, labour, nor difficulty
that

that there is to win home, nor did I understand so well, before this, what that means: *The righteous shall scarcely be saved.* O how many a poor Professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! I see, ordinary profession, and to be ranked amongst the children of God, and to have a name among men, is now thought good enough to carry Professors to heaven; but certainly, a name is but a name, and will never bide a blast of God's storm; I counsel you not to give your soul or Christ rest, nor your eyes sleep, till ye have gotten something, that will bide the fire, and stand out the storm. I am sure, if my one foot were in heaven, & then he would say, *send thy self, I will hold my grips of thee no longer?* I should go no further, but presently fall down in as many pieces of dead nature. They are happy for evermore, who are over head and ears in the love of Christ, and know no sickness, but love-sickness for Christ; and feel no pain, but the pain of an absent & hidden welbeloved. We run our souls out of breath, and tire them in coursing and galloping after our own night-dreams, (such are the springs of our miscarrying hearts) to get some created good thing in this life, & on this side of death: We would fain stay, and spin out a heaven to our selves, in this side of the water; but sorrow, want, changes, crosses and sin are both woof and warp, in that ill spun web. O how sweet and dear are these thoughts, that are still upon the things which are above! and how happy are they, who are longing to have little sand in their glais, and to have time's threed cut, and can cry to Christ, *Lord Iesus have over, come and fetch the drimny passenger!* I wish our thoughts were more frequently then they are on our countrey. O but heaven casteth a sweet smell a far off, to those who have spiritual smelling! God hath made many fair flowers, but the fairest of them all is heaven, and the flower of all flowers is Christ. O why do we not flee up to that lovely one? Alas that there is such scarcity of love, and lovers of Christ, amongst us all! Fy, fy upon us, who love fair things, as fair gold, fair houses, fair lands, fair pleasures, fair honours and fair persons; and do not pine and melt away with
love

love for Christ! O would to God, I had more for his sake! O for as much love, as would lie betwixt me and heaven for his sake! O for as much love, as would go round about the earth and over the heaven, yea the heaven of heavens and ten thousand worlds, that I might let all out upon fair, fair, only fair Christ! But alas! I have nothing for him; yet he hath much for me: it is no gain to Christ that he getteth my little feckless span-length and hand-breadth of love. If men would have something to do with their hearts and their thoughts, that are alwayes rolling up and down, like men with oars in a boat, after sinful vanities, they may find great and sweet employment to their thoughts upon Christ: If those frothie fluctuating and restless hearts of ours, would come all about Christ and look into his love, to bottomless love, to the depth of mercy, to the unsearchable riches of his grace, to enquire after and search into the beauty of God in Christ; they would be swallowed up in the depth, and height, length, and breadth of his goodness. Oh if men would draw the curtains, and look into the inner-side of the ark, and behold how the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily! O who would not say, *let me die, let me die ten times, to see a sight of him!* Ten thousand deaths were no great price to give for him. I am sure, sick, fainting love would brighten the market, and raise the price to the double, for him. But alas! if men and Angels were roused and sold at the dearest price, they would not all buy a night's love or a four and twenty hours sight of Christ! O how happy are they, who get Christ for nothing! God send me no more for my part of Paradise, but Christ: and surely I were rich enough, and as well *heaven'd*, as the best of them, if Christ were my heaven. I can write no better thing to you, then to desire you, if ever ye laid Christ in a count, to take him up, and count over again; and weigh him again and again: And after this have no other to court your love, and to wooe your soul's delight but Christ: he will be found worthy of all your love, howbeit it should swell upon you, from the earth to the uppermost circle of the heaven

*Aberd. 1637.**Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO JONET KENNEDY.**MISTRESS;**

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: Ye are not a little obliged to his rich grace, who he hath separat you for himself, and for the promised inheritance, with the saints in light, from this condemned and guilty world: Hold fast Christ, contend for him; it is a lawfull plea to go to holding and drawing for Christ; and it is not possible to keep Christ peaceably, having once gotten him, except the devil were dead. It must be your resolution, to set your face against Satan's northern tempests and storms, for salvation: Nature would have heaven come sleeping to us in our beds: we would all buy Christ, so being we might make price our selves; but Christ is worth more blood and lives, then either ye or I have to give him. When we shall come home, and enter to the possession of our brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings; then shall we see life, and sorrow, to be less then one step or stride from a prison to glory: and that our little inch of *time suffering* is not worthy of our first night's *welcome-home* to heaven. O what then will be the weight of every one of Christ's kisses! O how weighty and of what worth shall every one of Christ's love-smiles be! O when once he shall thrust a wearied traveller's head betwixt his blessed breasts, the poor soul shall think one kiss of Christ hath fully paid home for tie or fiftie years wet sweet, and all it's sore heart and light sufferings, it had in following after Christ! O thrice blinded souls, whose hearts are charmed and bewitched with dreams, shadows, feckless things, night-vanities and night fancies of a miserable life of sin. Shame

on

on us, who sit still fettered with the love and liking of the loan of a piece of dead clay. O poorfools, who are beguiled with painted things, and this world's fair weather and smooth promises, and rotten worm-eaten hopes! may not the devil laugh, to see us give out our souls, and get in but corrupt and counterfeit pleasures of sin. O for a sight of eternity's glory, and a little tasting of the Lamb's marriage-supper! half a draught or a drop of the wine of consolations, that is up in our banquetting house, our of Christ's own hand, would make our stomachs loath the brown bread and the sowre drink of a miserable life. O how far are we bereft of wit, to chase and hunt and run, till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of our own making! and do we not sit far in our own light, to make it a matter of *bairns-play*, to skink and drink over paradise and the heaven, that Christ did sweat for, even for a blast of smoke, and for *Eſau's morning break-fast*? O that we were out of our selves, and dead to this world, and this world dead & crucified to us, & then we should be close out of love and conceit, of any masked and fairded lover whatsoever: then Christ would win and conquer to himself a lodging in the inmost yolk of our heart: then Christ should be our *night-song* and our *morning-song*: then the very noise and din of our welbeloved's feet, when he cometh, and his first knock or rap at the door, should be as the news of two heavens to us. Oh that our eyes and our soul's smelling should go after a blasted and sun burnt flower, even this plaistered fair out-sided world, and then we have neither eye nor smell for the flower of *lesse*, for that *plant of renown*, for Christ, the choicest, the fairest, the sweetest rose that ever God planted! O let some of us die to feel the smell of him, and let my part of this rotten world be forfeited & sold for evermore, providing I may anchor my tottering soul upon Christ? I know it is sometimes at this, Lord, what wilt thou have for Christ? But O Lord, canst thou be budded or propined with any gift for Christ? O Lord, can Christ be sold; or rather, may not a poor needy sinner have him for nothing? If I can get no more, O let me be pained to all eternity with long-

190 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 91.
gng for him, The joy of hungering for Christ, should be
my heaven for evermore. Alas that I cannot draw souls
and Christ together: but I desire the coming of his King-
dom, and that Christ (as I assuredly hope he shall) would
come upon withered Scotland, as rain upon the new
mown grass. O let the king come! O let his Kingdom
come! O let their eyes rot in their eye holes, who will
not receive him home again to reign and rule in Scotland!
Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother
Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and dearest Brother;

W Hat joy have I out of heaven's gates, but that my
Lord Jesus be glorified, in my bonds? Blessed be
ye of the Lord, who contribute any thing to my obliged
and indebted praises: dear Brother, help me a poor dy-
vour to pay the interest, for I cannot come nigh to render
the principal: it is not jest nor sport, which maketh me
to speak and write as I do: I never before came to that
nick or pitch of communion with Christ, that I have
now attained unto, for my confirmation: I have been
these two Sabbaths or three in privat, taking instruments
in the name of God, that my Lord Jesus and I have kissed
each other in Aberdeen, the house of my pilgrimage: I
seek not an apple to play me with, he knoweth, whom I
serve in the spirit, but a seal; I but beg earnest, and am
content to suspend and frist glory, while supper time: I
know this world will not last with me; for my moonlight
is noon-day light, and my four-bours above my feasts, when
I was a preacher; at which times also, I was embraced
very often, in his arms: But who can Blame Christ to
take me on behind him [if I may say so] on his white
horse, or in his chariot paved with love, through a water:
Will not a father take his little dated Davie, in his arms,
and carry him over a ditch or a mire? my short legs
could not step over this laire or sinking mire, and there-
fore

Epist. 91.

LETTERS.

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fore my Lord Jesus will bear me thorow: if a change come and a dark day, so being, that he will keep my faith without *flaw* or *crack*, I dare not blame him; howbeit I get no more, while I come to heaven: But ye know, the physick behoved to have sugar, my faith was fallen a swoon, and Christ but held up a swooning man's head: indeed I pray nor for a *Dated Bairn's* diet, he knoweth, he would have Christ sowre or sweet; any way, so being it be Christ indeed: I stand not now upon paired apples, or sugared dishes; but I cannot blame him to give, and I must gape and make a wide mouth: since Christ will not *pantry-up* joyes, he must be welcome, who will not bide away: I seek no other fruit, but that he may be glorified: he knoweth, I would take hard fate to have his name set on high. I bless you for your counsel: I hope to live by faith, and swim without a masse or bundle of joyful sense under my chin; at least to venture, albeit I should be ducked. Now for my case, I think the Counsel should be essayed, and the event referred to God: Duties are ours, and events are God's. I shall go through yours upon the *Covenant* at leasure, and write to you my mind thereanent: and anent the *Arminian Contract* betwixt the father and the son. I beseech you set to, to go through scripture: yours on the *Hebrews* is in great request with all, who would be acquaint with Christ's Testament. I purpose God willing to set about *Hoses*, and to try, if I can get it to the press here. It refresheth me much, that ye are so kind to my brother; I hope your counsel shall do him good; I recommend him to you, since I am so far from him: I am glad, that the dying servant of God's, famous and faithful *Mr. Cuninghame* sealed your ministry before he fell asleep: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March. 7.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Much honoured

WILLIAM RIGGE

Of Atheray.

Much Honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your long-looked-for and short letter; I would ye had spoke more to me, who stand in need: I find Christ, as ye write, ay the longer the better, and therefore cannot but rejoyce in his salvation, who hath made my chains my wings, and hath made me a King over my crosses, and over my adversaries: glory, glory, glory to his high, high and holy name: Not one ounce, nor one grain-weight more is laid on me, than he hath enabled me to bear: And I am not so much wearied to suffer, as *Sions* haters are to persecute. Oh if I could find a way, in any measure, to strive to be even with Christ's love; but that I must give over! Oh who would help a dyvour to pay praises to the King of saints, who triumpheth in his weak servants? I see, if Christ but ride upon a worm, or a feather; his horse will neither stumble nor fall: The worm *Yacob* is made by him, a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them, so as the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them, *Isa.* 41. 14, 15, 16. Christ's enemies are but breaking their their own heads in pieces upon the rock laid in *Zion*, and the stone is not removed out of its place: Faith hath cause to take courage, from our very afflictions; the devil is but a whet-stone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints: I know, he but heweth and polisheth stones all this time, for the new *Jerusalem*: But in all this, three things have much moved me, since it hath pleased my Lord to turn my moon-light into day-light. First, He hath yoked me to work, to wrestle with Christ's love of longing, wherewith I am sick, pained, fainting and like to die, because I cannot get himself, which I think a strange sort of desertion; for I have not himself / whom if I had, my love-sickness would cool, and my fever go away, at least,

least, I should know the heat of the fire of complacencie, which would cool the scorching heat of the fire of desire; and yet I have no penurie of his love, and so I dwine, I die, and he seemeth not to rue on me. I take instruments in his hand, that I would have him; but I cannot get him, and my best cheer is *black-bunger*: I bless him for that feast.

Secondly, old challenges now and then revive and cast all down, I go halting and sighing, fearing there be an unseen process yet coming out, and that heavier then I can answer: I cannot read distinctly my Suretie's act of cautionrie, for me in particular, and my discharge; and sense rather then faith assureth me of what I have: So unable am I to go, but by an hold. I could (with reverence of my Lord) forgive Christ, if he would give me as much faith, as I have hunger for him: I hope the pardon is now obtained, but the peace is not sure to me, as I would wish: Yet one thing I know; there is not a way to heaven, but the way he hath graced me to profess and suffer for. *Thirdly*, woe, woe is me, for the virgin daughter of Scotland, and for the fearful desolation, and Wrath appointed for this land; And yet all are sleeping, eating and drinking, laughing and sporting, as if all were well. Oh our dim gold, our dumb, blind pastors, the sun is gone down upon them; and our Nobles bid Christ *feed for himself*, if he be Christ: it were good, we should learn in time the way to our strong hold. *Sir*, howbeit not acquainted, remember my love to your wife, I pray God establish you.

Aberd. March. 9. 1617. Yours in his sweet L. Iesus, S.R.

TO JOHN EWART,

Bailiffe of Kirckcudbright.

My very worthy and dear Friend;

I Cannot but most kindly thank you, for the expressions of your love: your love and respect to me is a great comfort to me. I bless his high and glorious name, that the terrors of great men, have not affrighted me, from open avouching of the Son of God; nay, his cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare: it is such a burden, as

wings are to a bird, or sailes to a ship to carry me forward to my harbour: I have not much cause to fall in love with the world; but rather to wish, that he who sitteth upon the floods would bring my broken ship to Land, and keep my conscience safe, in these dangerous times: for wrath from the Lord is coming on this sinful Land. It were good, that we prisoners of hope knew of our strong hold to run to before the storm come on: Therefore Sir, I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and comforts of his Spirit, by the blood of your Saviour, and by your appearance before the sin-revenging Judge of the world, keep your garments clean, and stand for the truth of Christ, which ye profess: When the time shall come that your eye-strings shall break, your face wax pale, your breath grow cold, and this house of clay shall totter, and your one foot shall be over the march, in eternity, it shall be your comfort and joy, that ye gave your name to Christ. The greatest part of the world think heaven at the next door, and that Christianity is an easie task; but they will be beguiled. *Worthy Sir*, I beseech you make sure work of salvation: I have found by experience, that all I could do, hath had much ado, in the day of my trial; and therefore lay up a sure foundation, for the time to come. I cannot requite you, for your undeserved favours to me and my now afflicted brother; but I trust to remember you to God: remember me heartily to your kind wife.

*Aberd. March. 13.
1637.*

*Yours in his only Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO WILLIAM FULLERTON

Provost of Kirkudbright.

Much honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am obliged to your love in God: I beseech you, Sir, let nothing be so dear to you, as Christ's truth; for salvation is worth all the world; and therefore be not afraid of men, that shall die: the Lord shall do for you in your suffering for him, and shall bless your house and seed, and ye have
God's

God's promise, that ye shall have his presence in fire, water, and in seven tribulations. Your day will wear to an end, and your sun go down in death: it will be your joy, that ye have ventured all ye have for Christ, and there is not a promise of heaven made, but to such, as are willing to suffer for it: it is a Castle taken by force. This earth is but the clay-portion of bastards; and therefore no wonder the world smile on it's own; but better things are laid up for his lawfully begotten bairns, whom the world hateth: I have experience to speak this: for I would not exchange my prison and sad nights, with the court, honour, and ease of my adversaries: My Lord is pleased to make many unknown faces to laugh upon me, and to provide a lodging for me: and he himself visiteth my soul, with feasts of spiritual comforts. O how sweet a Master is Christ! Blessed are they who lay down all for him. I thank you kindly for your love to my distressed brother. Ye have the blessing and prayers of the prisoner of Christ to you, your Wife and Children. Remember my love and blessing to William and Samuel: I desire them in their youth to seek the Lord, and fear his great name, to pray twice a day (at least) to God, and to read God's word, to keep themselves from cursing, lying and filthie talking. Now the only wise God, and the presence of the Son of God be with you all.

Aberd. March. 13.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the worthy and much honoured

MR. ALEXANDER COLVILL.

Of Blair.

Much honoured Sir;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: The bearer here of M. R. F. is most kind to me; I desire you to thank him: But none is so kind as my only royal King & Master, whose cross is my garland: The King dineth with his prisoner, and his spikenard casteth a smell:

I

He

He has led me up to such a pitch & nick of joyful communion with himself, as I never knew before: When I look back to by-gones, I judge my self to have been a child at A, B, C. with Christ: *Worthy Sir*, pardon me, I dare not conceal it from you, it is as a fire in my bowels: In his presence, who seeth me, I speak it, I am pained, pained with the love of Christ; he hath made me sick & wounded me: Hunger for Christ out-runneith faith: I miss faith more then love. O if the three Kingdoms would come & see! O if they knew his kindness to my soul! It has pleased him to bring me to this, that I will not strike sails to this world, nor flatter it, nor adore this clay-idol, that fools worship: As I am now disposed, I think I will neither borrow nor lend with it; & yet I get my meat from Christ with nurture; for seven times a day I am lifted up & casten down. My dumb Sabbaths burthen my heart, & make it bleed: I want not fearful challenges, & jealousies sometimes of Christ's love, that he has casten me over the dike of the vineyard, as a dry tree: But this is my infirmity: By his grace I take my self in these ravings: it is kindly that faith & love both be sick, & fevers are kindly to most joyful communion with Christ. Ye are blessed, who avouch Christ openly before the Prince of this Kingdom, whose eyes are upon you: it is your glory to lift him up on his throne, to carry his train, and bear up the hem of his robe royal: He has an hiding place for *M.A.C.* against the storm: go on, & fear not what man can do: The saints seem to have the worst of it, (for apprehensions can make a lye of Christ and of his love) but it is not so: Providence is not rolled upon unequal & crooked wheels: *All things work together for the good of those who love God, and are called according to his purpose.* Ere it be long, we shall see the white side of God's Providence. My Brother's case has moved me not a little: He wrote to me your care & kindness. *Sir*, the prisoner's blessings & prayers I trust shall not go by you. He that is able to keep you, & to present you before the presence of his face with joy, establish your heart in the love of Christ.

Aberd. 19 Febr,

1637,

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To

TO EARLESTOWN Younger.

Honoured and Dear Brother;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, which refreshed my soul. I thank God, the court is closed, I think shame of my part of it: I pass now from my unjust summons of unkindness, libelled against Christ my Lord: He is not such a Lord & Master, as I took him to be; verily, he is God, and I am dust & ashes: I took Christ's glooms to be as good as Scripture speaking wrath, but I have seen the other side of Christ, and the white side of his cross now. I behooved to come to *Aberdeen*, to learn a new mystery in Christ, that his promise is better to be believed, than his looks; and that the devil can cause Christ's glooms speak a lie to a weak man. Nay, verily I was a child before, all by-gones are but *bairns play*: I would I could begin to be a Christian in sad earnest: I need not blame Christ, if I be not one; for he hath shewed me heaven and hell in *Aberdeen*: But the truth is, for all my sorrow, Christ is nothing in my debt; for comforts have refreshed my soul: I have heard and seen him in his sweetness, so as I am almost saying, it is not he that I was wont to meet with: He laugheth more chearfully, his kisses are more sweet and soul-refreshing, than the kisses of the Christ, I saw before, were; (though he be the same) or rather, the King hath led me up to a measure of joy, & communion with my Bridegroom, that I never attained to before; so that often I think, I will neither borrow nor lend with this world, I will not strike sail to crosses, nor flatter them, to be quit of them, as I have done. Come all crosses, welcome, welcome! So I may get my heartful of my Lord Jesus. I have been so near him, as I have said, *I take instruments this is the Lord, leave a token behind thee, that I may never forget this.* Now what can Christ do more to date one of his poor prisoners? Therefore, Sir, I charge you, in the name of my Lord Jesus, praise with me, & shew to others what he hath done unto my soul. This is the fruit of my sufferings, that I desire Christ's

name may bespread abroad in this Kingdom, in my behalf. I hope in God not to slander him again; yet in this, I get not my feasts without some mixture of gall; neither am I free of old jealousies; for he hath removed my lovers and friends far from me, he hath made my congregation desolate, and taken away my crown: and my dumb sabbaths are like a stone tied to a bird's foot, that wanteth not wings, they seem to hinder me to flie, Were it not that I dare not say one word, but, *Well done, Lord Iesus*. We can in our prosperity sport our selves, and be too bold with Christ; yea be that insolent, as to chide with him; but under the water we dare not speak. I wonder now of my sometimes *boldness*, to chide and quarrel Christ, to nickname Providence, when it stroaked me against the hair, but now swimming in the waters, I think my *will* is fallen to the ground of the water: I have lost it. I think I would fain set Christ alone, and give him leave to do with me what he pleaseth, if he would smile upon me. Verily, we know not what an evil it is, to spill and indulge our selves, and to make an idol of our *will*: I was once, I would not eat, except I had wailed meat; now I dare not complain of crumbs and *pairings* under his table: I was once that I would *make the house ado*, if I saw nor the world carved, and set in order to my liking; now I am silent, when I see God hath set servants on horseback, and is farning and feeding the children of perdition. I pray God, I never find my *will* again: Oh if Christ would subject my *will* to his, and trample it under his feet, and liberate me from that lawless Lord. Now *Sir*, in your youth gather fast, your sun will mount to the Meridian quickly, and thereafter decline: Be greedy of grace: Study above any thing, *my dear Brother*, to mortifie your lusts. Oh but pride of youth, vanity, lust, idolizing of the world? and charming pleasures, take long time to root them out? As far as ye are advanced in the way to heaven, as neer as ye are to Christ, as much progress as ye have made in the way of mortification, ye will find that ye are, far behind, and have most of your work before you. I never took it to be so hard, to be dead to my lusts and to this world: When the day of

visitation cometh, and your old idols come weeping about you, ye will have much ado not to break your heart; it is best to give up in time with them, so as ye could at a call quit your part of this world, for a drink of water, or a thing of nothing. Verily, I have seen the best of this world, a *moth-eaten, threed-bare coat*: I purpose to lay it aside, being now *hollie* and old. O for my house above, not made with hands! Pray for Christ's prisoner, and write to me: Remember my love to your mother: Desire her from me, to make for removing; the Lord's ide will not bide her; and to seek an heavenly mind, that her heart may be often there, Grace, be with you.

Aberd. Feb. 10.

Yours, and Christ's prisoner, S. R.

1637.

TO ROBERT GLENDING.

My Dear Friend;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I thank you most kindly for your care of me, and your love, and respective kindness to my Brother in his distress: I pray the Lord, ye may find mercy in the day of Christ, and I entreat you *Sir*, to consider the times ye live in, and that your soul is of more worth to you, then the whole world, which, in the day of the blowing of the last trumpet, shall lye in white ashes, as an old castle burnt to nothing: and Remember, that judgment and eternity is before you. *My dear and worthy friend*, let me enterat you in Christ's name, and by the salvation of your soul, and by your compearance before the dreadful and sin-revenging judge of the world, make your accounts ready: read them ere ye come to the water side; for your after-noon will wear short, and your sun fall low and go down: and ye know that this long time, your Lord hath waited on you: O how comfortable a thing shall it be to you, when time shall be no more, and your soul shall depart out of the house of clay, to vast and endless eternity, to have your soul dressed up and prepared for your bridegroom! No loss is comparable to the loss of the soul, there is no hope of regaining that loss. O how joyful would my soul be to

hear, that ye would start to the gate, and contend for the crown, and leave all vanities, and make Christ your garland! Let your soul put away your old lovers, & let Christ have your whole love: I have some experience to write of this to you: My witness is in heaven, I would not exchange my chains, and bonds for Christ, and my sighs, for ten worlds glory. I judge this clay-idol, that *Adam's* sons are rousing and selling their souls for, not worth a drink of cold water. O if your soul were in my soul's stead, how sick would ye be of love for that fairest one, that fairest among the sons of men! May-flowers and morning-vapours and summer-mist pass not so fast away, as these worm-eaten pleasures that we follow: We build castles in the air, and night-dreams are our daily idols, that we dote on: *Salvation*, *Salvation* is our only one necessary thing. *Sir*, call home your thoughts to this work, to inquire for your welbeloved: This earth is the portion of bastards, seek the sons inheritance, and let Christ's truth be dear to you. I pawn'd my salvation on it, that this is the honour of Christ's Kingdom, I now suffer for, (and this world I hope shall not come between me and my garland) and that this is the way to life. When ye and I shall lye lumps of pale clay upon the cold ground, our pleasures, that we now naturally love, shall be less then nothing, in that day. *Dear Brother*, fulfil my joy, and betake you to Christ, without further delay, ye will be fain at length to seek to him, or do infinitely worse. Remember my love to your Wife: Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Welbeloved and dear Brother;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I thank you most kindly for your care and love to me, and in particular to my *Brother*, in his distress in *Edinburgh*: Go on throw your waters without wearying, your guide knows the way, follow him, and cast your cares and tentations upon

upon him, & let not worms, the sons of men, affright you; they shall die, and the moth shall eat them: keep your garland, there is no less at the stake, in this game betwixt us and the world, then our *conscience* and *salvation*: we have need to take heed to the game, and not to yield to them: Let them take other things from us; but here, in matters of *conscience*, we must hold and draw with *Kings*, and set our selves in terms of opposition with the *shields of the earth*. O the sweet communion for evermore, that hath been between Christ and his prisoner! He wearieth not to be kind: He is the fairest sight I see in *Aberdeen*, or any part that ever my feet were in. Remember my hearty kindness to your Wife; I desire her to believe, and lay her cares on God, and make fast work of salvation. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.

1637:

Yours in his only Lord

Iesus, S. R.

TO JEAN BROWN.

Wellbeloved and Dear Sister;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your Letter, which I esteem an evidence of your Christian affection to me, and of your love to my honourable Lord and Master. My desire is, that your communion with Christ may grow, and that your reckonings may be put by hand with your Lord, ere ye come to the water-side. O who knoweth how sweet Christ's kisses are! who hath been more kindly embraced and kissed, than I his banished prisoner? If the comparison could stand, I would not exchange Christ with heaven it self: He has left a dart and arrow of love in my soul, and it paineth me till he come & take it out: I find pain of these wounds, because I would have possession. I know now, this worm-eaten apple, the plaistered rotten world, that the silly Children of this world are beating and buffeting and pulling others ears for, is a portion for bastards good enough: and that is all they have to look for. I offend not, that my adversaries stay at home at their own fire-side, with more yearly rent then I; should I be angry, that the good-

man

man of this house of the world casteth a dog a bone, to hurt his teeth? He hath taught me, to be content with a borrowed fire-side and an uncouth bed: and I think, I have lost nothing, the in-come is so great. O what telling is in Christ! O how weighty is my fair garland, my crown, my fair *supping-ball* in glory, where I shall be above the blows and buffetings of *Prelats*! Let this be your desire, and let your thoughts dwell much upon that blessedness, that abideth you in the other world: The fair side of the world will be turned to you quickly, when ye shall see the crown: I hope ye are near your lodging: O but I would think my self blessed, for my part, to win the house before the shower come on! For God hath a quiver full of arrows, to shoot at and shew down upon Scotland. Ye have the prayers of a prisoner of Christ. I desire *Patrick* to give Christ his young love, even the flower of it, and put it by all others: it were good to start soon to the way: He should thereby have a great advantage in the evil day. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7.

1637.

Yours in his only Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and welbeloved in the Lord;

I Was refreshed with your Letter: I am sorry for that lingering and long some visitation, that is upon your Wife; but I know, ye take it as a mark of a lawfully begotten child, & not of a bastard, to be under your father's rod: till ye be in heaven, it will be but foul weather, one shower up and another down: The lintel-stones and pillars of the new *jerusalem* suffer more knocks of God's hammer & tool, than the common side-wall stones: and if twenty crosses be written for you in God's book, they will come to nineteen, & then at last to one, & after that nothing but your head betwixt Christ's breasts for evermore: & his own lofe hand to dry your face, & wipe away your tears. As for public sufferings for his truth, your Master also will see to these: Let us put him in his own office, so comfort & deliver: the gloom of Christ's cross is worse then

then it self. I cannot keep up what he hath done to my soul: My *dear Brother*, will I not get help of you, to praise, and to lift Christ up on high? He hath pained me with his love, and hath left a love-arrow in my heart, that hath made a wound, & swelled me up with desires, so that I am to be pitied for want of real possession: love would have the company of the party loved; & my greatest pain is the want of him; not of his joys and comforts, but of a near union, and communion. This is his truth, I am fully perswaded, I now suffer for: For Christ has taken upon him to be witness to it, by his sweet comforts to my soul; and shall I think him a false witness, or that he would subscribe blank paper? I thank his high and dreadful name, for what he hath given; I hope to keep his seal and his pawn, till he come and loose it himself. I desire hell to put me off it, but he is Christ, & he has met with his prisoner: and I took instruments in his own hand, that it was he, and no other for him. When the Devil fenceth a bastard court in my Lord's ground, & gives me *forged summons*, it will be my shame to misbelieve, after such a fair broad seal: and yet Satan & my apprehension sometimes make a lie of Christ, as if he hated me; but I dare believe no evil of Christ: if he would cool my *love-fever* for himself with real presence & possession, I would be rich; but I dare not be *mislearned*, and seek more in that kind; howbeit it be no shame to beg at Christ's door. I pity my adversaries; I grudge not, that my Lord keeps them at their own fire-side, and hath given me a borrowed bed, and a borrowed fire-side; Let the *good man* of the house cast a dog a bone, why should I offend? I rejoice that the broken bark shall come to land, and that Christ will on the shoar welcome the sea-sick passenger. We have need of a great stock, against this day of trial that is coming; neither chaff nor corn in *Scotland*, but it shall once pass thorow God's sieve. Praise, praise, & pray for me: for I cannot forget you: I know ye will be friendly to my afflicted *Brother*, who is now embarked in the same cause with me: Let him have your counsel and comforts. Remember my love in Christ to your Wife, her health is coming, and her

104 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 101.
her salvation sleepeth not. Ye have the prayers and
blessing of a prisoner of Christ. Sow fast, deal bread
plentifully: The pantry door will be locked on the bairns
in appearance, ere long, Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March, 7.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To his reverend and dear Brother,

Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS.

My very reverend and dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you
in paper, I cannot but write to you, that this
which I now suffer for is Christ's truth; because he hath
been pleased to seal my sufferings with joy unspeakable
and glorious: I know he will not put his seal upon blank
paper: Christ hath not dumb seals, neither will he be
witness to a lye. I beseech you, *my dear Brother*, help
me to praise, and to lift Christ up on his throne, above
the shields of the earth. I am astonished and confound-
ed at the greatness of his Kindness to such a sinner. I
know, Christ and I shall never be even, I shall die in his
debt: He hath left an arrow in my heart, that paineth
me for want of real possession: and hell cannot quench
this coal of God's kindling. I wish no man slander Christ
or his cross, for my cause; for I have much cause to speak
much good of him: He hath brought me to a nick and de-
gree of communion with himself, that I knew not be-
fore. The *dim* and gloom of our Lord's cross, is more
fearful and hard, then the cross it self: He taketh the
bairns in his arms, when they come to a deep water; at
least, when they lose ground, and are put to swim, then
his hand is under their chin. Let me be helped by your
prayers, and remember my love to your kind wife.
Grace be with you.

*Aberd. March, 7.
1637.*

*Your Brother and Christ's
Prisoner. S. R.*

To

To his loving friend

JOHN HENDERSON.

Loving friend;

Continue in the love of Christ, and the doctrine, which I taught you faithfully and painfully, according to my measure: I am free of your blood: Fear the dreadful name of God: Keep in mind the examinations, which I taught you, and love the truth of God. Death, as fast as time flyeth, chafeth you out of this life: it is possible, ye make your reckoning with your judge, before I see you; let salvation be your care night and day, and set aside hours and times of the day for prayer. I rejoyce to hear that there is prayer in your house: See that your servants keep the *Lord's day*. This dirt and god of clay, I mean the vain world, is not worth the seeking. An hireling-pastor is to be thrust in upon you, in the room, to which I have Christ's warrant and right: Stand to your liberties, for the word of God alloweth you a vote in chusing your Pastor. What I write to you, I write to your wife: commend me heartily to her. The grace of God be with you.

*Aberd. March. 14.
1637.*

*Your Loving friend and
Pastor, S. R.*

*To Mr. HUGH HENDERSON.**My reverend and Dear Brother;*

IHear ye bear the marks of. Christ's dying about with you, and that your brethren have cast you out for your Master's sake: Let us wait on till the evening, and till our reckoning in black and white come before our Master. *Brother*, since we must have a devil to trouble us, I love a raging devil best: Our Lord knoweth what sort of devil we have need of: it is best Satan be in his own skin, and look like himself: Christ weeping looketh like himself also, with whom *Scribes and Pharisees* were at *yea and nay*, and sharp contradiction. Ye have heard:

heard of the patience of *Iob*, when he lay in the ashes, God was with him, clawing and curing his scabs, and letting out his boils, comforting his soul, and he took him up at last. That God is not dead yet; he will stoop and take up *fallen bairns*: many broken legs since *Adam's* days hath he *spelked*, and many weary hearts hath he refreshed. Bless him for comfort: *Why*? None comes dry from *David's Well*; let us go amongst the rest, and cast down our *soom buckets* into Christ's Ocean, & suck consolations out of him: We are not so *sore stricken*, but we may fill Christ's hall with weeping: We have not gotten our answer from him yet: Let us lay up our broken plea's to a full sea, and keep them till the day of Christ's coming: We and this world will not be *even* till then: They would take our garment from us; but let us hold, and then draw. *Brother*, it is a strange world, if we laugh not: I never saw the like of it, if there be not *parks the man*, for this contempt done to the Son of God? We must do as those, who keep the bloody napkin to the Bailiff, and let him see blood: we must keep our wrongs to our Judge, and let him see our *bluddered* and foul faces: Prisoners of hope must run to Christ with the *gutters*, that tears have made on their cheeks. *Brother*, for my self, I am Christ's *dared one*, for the present, and I live upon no *deaf nuts* (as we use to speak) he hath opened fountains to me in the wilderness: Go, look to my Lord Jesus, his love to me is such, that I desire the world to find either brim or bottom in it. Grace be with you.

Aber. March 13.

1637.

Your Brother in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady ROBERTLAND.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you: I shall be glad to hear that your soul prospereth, and that fruit groweth upon you, after the Lord's husbandry, and pains in his rod, that hath not been a stranger to you from your youth. It is the Lord's kindness, that he will take the

scum.

scum off us in the fire: Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what dross we must want, ere we enter into the Kingdom of God? So narrow is the entry to heaven, that our *knots*, our *bunches* and *lumps* of pride, self-love, and idol-love, and world-love must be hammered off us, that we may throng in, stooping low, and creeping thorow that narrow and thorny entry. And now for my self, I find it the most sweet and heavenly life, to take up house and dwelling at Christ's fire-side, and set down my tent upon Christ, that foundation-stone, who is sure and faithful ground, and hard under foot: Oh! if I could win to it, and proclaim my self not the world's debtor, nor a lover obliged to it; and that I mind not to hire or bud this world's love any longer; but desire the kindness, & feud of God's whole creation whatsoever; especially the lower *vault & clay part* of God's creatures, this vain earth: For what hold I of his world? A borrowed lodging, & some years house room, & bread and water, & fire, & bed, & candle, &c. are all a part of the pension of my King & Lord, to whom I owe thanks, and not to a creature. I thank God, that God is God, and Christ is Christ, & the earth the earth, & the devil the devil, & the world the world, & that sin is sin, & that every thing is what it is: Because he has taught me, in my wilderness, not to shuffle my Lord Jesus, nor to intermix him with creature vanities, nor to spin or twine Christ or his sweet love in one web, or in one threed, with the world and the things thereof. Oh if I could hold & keep Christ all alone, & mix him with nothing! O if I could cry down the price & weight of my cursed self, & cry up the price of Christ, & double, & triple, & augment, and heighten to millions the price and worth of Christ! I am [if I durst speak so, & might lawfully complain] so *hungrily tutoured* by Christ Jesus; my liberal Lord, that his *nice love*, which my soul would be in hands with, flyeth me; & yet I am trained on to love him, & lust, & long, & die for his love, whom I cannot see: it is a wonder, to pine away with love for a covered and hid lover, and to be hungred with his love, so as a poor soul cannot get his fill of hunger for Christ: it is hard to be *hungred of*

hunger, whereof such abundance for other things is in the world: But sure, if we were tutors, and stewards, and Masters, and Lord-carvers of Christ's love, we should be more lean, and worse fed than we are: Our meat doth us the more good, that Christ keepeth the keys, and that the wind and the air of Christ's sweet breathing, and of the influence of his spirit is locked up in the hands of the good pleasure of him, who bloweth where he listeth. I see, there is a sort of impertinent patience required, in the want of Christ, as to his manifestations, and waiting on: They thrive who wait on his love, and the blowing of it, & the turning of his gracious wind; & they thrive, who in that on-waiting make haste, and *din*, and much *adoe*, for their lost and hidden Lord Jesus: However it be, God seed me with him, any away. If he would come in, I shall not dispute the matter, where he got a hole, or how he opened the lock: I should be content, that Christ and I met, suppose he should stand on the other side of hell's lake, and cry to me, *Either put in your foot and come through, else ye shall not have me at all.* But what fools are we, in the taking up of him and of his dealing! He hath a gate of his own beyond the thoughts of men, that no foot hath skill to follow him: But we are still ill Scholars, and will go in at heavens gates, wanting the half of our lesson, and shall still be *bairns*, so long as we are under time's hands, and till eternity cause a sun to arise in our souls, that shall give us *wit*. We may see how we spill and mar our own fair heaven and our salvation, and how Christ is every day putting in one bone or other, in those fallen souls of ours, in the right place again: and that in this side of the new *Ierusalem*, we shall still have need of forgiving and healing. I find crosses Christ's carved work, that he marketh out for us, and that with crosses he figureth, and pourtrayeth us to his own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption: *Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do any thing, that may perfect thy Father's image in us, make us meet for glory.* Pray for me, (I forget not you) that our Lord would be pleased to lend me *houfe-room*, to preach his righteousness, and tell what I have

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have heard and seen of him. Forget not *Zion*, that is now in *Christ's calmes* and in his *forge*: God bring her out new work. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 4.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Iesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILIS.

Right Honourable and my very good Lord;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lo: I hope your Lo: Will be pleased to pardon my boldness, if (upon report of your zealous and forward mind, that I hear our Lord hath given you, in this his honourable cause, when Christ and his Gospel are so foully wronged) I speak to your Lo: in paper, entreating your Lo: to go on, in the strength of the Lord, toward, and against a storm of *Antichristian wind*, that bloweth upon the face of this your poor mother-Church, Christ's lillie amongst the thorns. It is your Lo: Glory and Happiness, when ye see such a blow coming upon Christ, to cast up your arm to prevent it: Neither is it a cause, that needeth to blush before the sun, or to flee the sentence or censure of impartial beholders, seeing the *Question* indeed (if it were rightly stated) is, about the *Prerogative royal of our princely and royal law-giver*, our Lord Jesus, whose ancient *march stones and land-bounds* our *bastard Lords*: the earthly generation of *tyrannizing Prelats*, have boldly and shamfully removed: and they, who have but half an eye, may see, that it is the greedy desires of *time-idolizing Demases* and the itching scab of *ambitious and climbing Diotrefheses* (who love the goat's life to climb, till they cannot find a way to set their soles on ground again) that hath made such a wide breach, in our *Zion's beautiful walls*: and these are the men, who seek no hire for the crucifying of Christ, but his coat. Oh how forlorn and desolate is the Bride of Christ made to all passers by! Who seeth not Christ buried in this land, his prophets hidden in caves, silenced, banished and imprisoned; Truth weeping in sackcloth before the *Judges, Parliament* and the *Rulers* of the land? But her bill is cast
by

by them, and Holiness hideth it self, fearing the streets, for the reproaches and persecution of men: Justice is fallen a swoon in the gate, and the long shadows of the evening are stretched out upon us: Woe, woe to us, for our day flyeth away: what remaineth, but that *Antichrist* set down his tent in the midst of us, except your *Lo*: and others with you, read Christ's supplication, and give him that, which the most leud and scandalous wretches in the land may have before a judge, even the poor man's due, *law and justice for God's sake*, O therefore, *my noble and dear Lord*, as ye have begun, go on, in the mighty power and strength of the Lord, to cause our Lord in his Gospel and afflicted members laugh, and to cause the Christian Churches (whose eyes are all now upon you) to sing for joy, when *Scotland's* moon shall shine like the light of the sun, and the sun like the light of seven dayes in one: ye can do no less then run, and bear up the head of your dying and swooning *mother Church*, and plead for the production of her ancient charters: They hold out and put out, they hold in and bring in at their pleasure men, in God's house; they stole the keys from Christ & his Church, and came in like the thief and the robber, not by the door Christ: and now their song is, *Authority, Authority, obedience to Church-Governours*. When such a bastard and lawless pretended *step-dame*, as our *Prelacy*, is gone mad, it is your place, who are the Nobles, to rise and bind them; at least, law should fetter such wilde bulls as they are, who push all who oppose themselves to their domination. Alas! What have we lost, since *Prelats* were made *Master-coiners*, to change our gold in brasse, and to mix the Lord's wine with their water? Blessed forever shall ye be of the Lord, if ye help Christ against the mighty, and shall deliver the flock of God, scattered upon the mountains in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of these *idol-shepherds*. Fear not men, that shall be moth-eaten-clay, that shall be rolled up in a chest, and casten under the earth: Let the holy one of *Israel* be your fear, and be couragious for the Lord, and his truth. Remember your accounts are coming upon you with wings

wings as fast as time posteth. Remember, what peace with God in Christ, and the presence of the Son of God, the revealed and felt sweetness of his love, will be to you, when eternity shall put time to the door, and ye shall take good-night at Time, & this little shepherd's tent of clay, this *Inn* of a borrowed earth. I hope your *Lo:* is now and then sending out thoughts to view this world's naughtiness and vanity, and the hoped-for glory of the life to come; and that ye resolve, that Christ shall have your self and all yours, at command for Him, his Honour & Gospel. Thus trusting your *Lo:* will pardon my boldness, I pray, that the only wise God, the very God of peace, may preserve, strengthen and establish you to the end.

Aberd.

Your *Lo:* at all command & obedience
1647. in Christ, S. R.

To the Lady

R O W A L A N D.

M A D A M;

THough not acquainted, I am bold in Christ to speak to your *Lo:* in paper: I rejoyce in our Lord Jesus on your behalf, that it hath pleased him, (whose love to you is as old as himself,) to manifest the savour of his love in Christ Jesus to your soul, in the revelation of his will & mind to you, now, when so many are shut up in unbelief. O the sweet change ye have made, in leaving the black kingdom of this world and sin, & coming over to our bridegroom's new kingdom, to know and to be taken with the love of the beautiful Son of God. I beseech you, *Madam*, in the Lord, make now sure work, & see that the old house be casten down, & razed from the foundation, and that the new building of your soul be of Christ's own laying; for then wind and storm shall neither loose it, nor shake it asunder. Many now take Christ by guess: Be sure that is be He, and only He, whom ye have met with: His sweet smell, his lovely voyce, his fair face, his sweet working in the soul will not lie, they will soon tell, if it be Christ indeed (& I think your love to the saints speaketh that it is

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he) and therefore I say, be sure that ye take Christ himself, and take him with his father's blessing: his father loveth him well upon you, your lines are well fallen; it could not have been better, nor so well with you, if they had not fallen in these places: in heaven or out of heaven there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent, as the thing ye have lighted on, and therefore hold you with Christ: Joy, much joy may ye have of him: But take his cross with himself cheerfully: Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's side; for there is no house room for crosses in heaven: one tear, one sigh, our sad heart, one fear, one loss, or thought of trouble cannot find lodging there: they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn, and stormy country, on this side of death: Sorrow and the saints are not married together; or suppose it were so, heaven shall make a divorce. I find his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing, that Christ saith of my cross, *Half mine*, and that he divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to himself; nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's. O what a portion is Christ! Oh that the saints would dig deeper in the treasures of his wisdom and excellency! Thus recommending your La: to the goodwill and tender mercies of our Lord; I rest,

Aberd. Sept. 7.

1637.

*Your La: in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO ROBERT GORDON, Of Knockbren.

My very worthy and dear Friend;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: Though all Galloway should have forgotten me, I would have expected a letter from you ere now: But I will not expound it to be forgetfulness of me. Now, *My dear Brother*, I cannot shew you, how matters go betwixt Christ and me: I find my Lord going and coming seven times a day: His visits are short: but they are both frequent and sweet.

sweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord: I hear *ill tales*, and hard reports of Christ; from the Tempter and my flesh, but love believeth no evil: I may swear that they are lyars, and that apprehensions make lyes of Christ's honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say, that I am a dry tree, or that I have no room at all in the vineyard; but yet I often think, that the sparrows are blessed, who may resort to the house of God in *Aberdeen*, from which I am banished. Temptations, that I supposed to be stricken dead, and laid upon their back, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see that while I live, temptations will not die: The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much, as if he had more court with Christ, than I have; and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I (shall do no more good in publick; but his wind *shaketh no corn*: I will not believe, Christ would have made such a mint to have me to himself, and have taken so much pains upon me, as he hath done, and then slip so easily from possession, and lose the glory of what he hath done; Nay, since I came to *Aberdeen*, I have been taken up to see the new land, the fair palace of the Lamb: And will Christ let me see heaven to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think my Lord Jesus giveth a *dumb earnest*, or putteth his seals to *blank paper*, or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises: I see that now, which I never saw well before. 1. I see faith's necessity in a fair day is never known aright, but now I miss nothing so much as faith: Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach, having a sharp appetite, that is filled with the very sight of meat; or like one stupified with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip any thing casten to him: I can let Christ grip me, but I cannot grip him: I love to be kissed and to sit on Christ's knee; but I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the *cramp* upon my faith: All I dow do, is to hold out a *lame faith* to Christ, like a begger holding out a *stump* instead of an arm or leg, and cry, *Lord Jesus work a miracle*. O what would I give to have hands

and arms, to grip strongly, and fould heartily about Christ's neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my love to Christ hath feet abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him, but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think, I would give Christ every morning my blessing, to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more then love and hunger. 2. I see mortification, & to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us, as it should be. O how heavenly a thing is it to be dead and dumb and deaf to this world's sweet musick! I confess, it hath pleased his Majesty, to make me laugh at children, who are wooing this world for their match: I see men lying about the world, as Nobles about a King's court; & I wonder what they are all doing there: As I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a feckless, & perty Princess, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see, what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me, and as little it can give me. I recommend *Mortification* to you above any thing: For alas! we but chase feathers flying in the air, & ure our own spirits, for the froth and overguilded clay of a dying life: One sight of what my Lord hath let me see, within this short time, is worth a world of worlds. 3. I thought courage in the time of trouble for Christ's sake a thing that I might take at my foot; I thought the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough; but I was a fool in so thinking: I have much ado now, to win to one smile; but I see joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm: Christ will be steward and dispenser himself, & none else but He: Therefore, now, I count much of one dram weight of spiritual joy; one smile of Christ's face, is now to me as a Kingdom, and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts: Truly, I have no cause to say, that I am pinched with Penury, or that the consolations of Christ are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness, the like of me, to my admiration: and in my very swoonings, he holdeth up my head, and *stayeth me with fla-*
gons

gous of wine, and comforteth me with apples: My house and bed is strowed with kisses of love. Praise, praise with me. O if ye and I betwixt us could lift up Christ upon his throne, howbeit all Scotland should cast him down to the ground! My Brother's case toucheth me near; I hope ye will be kind to him, and give him your best counsel: Remember my love to your Brother, to your wife and G. M. desire him to be faithful, and repent of his hypocrisie, and say that I wrote it to you: I with him salvation: Write to me your mind anent C. E. And C. Y. And their wives, and I. G. Or any others in my parish: I fear I am forgotten amongst them: but I cannot forget them. The prisoner's prayers and blessing come upon you: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Feb. 9.

Your Brother in the Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord.

BALMERINOCHE.

My very Noble & honourable Lord;

I Make bold to write news to your Lo: from my prison, though your Lo: have experience more then I can have. At my first entry here, I was not a little casten down with challenges, for old-unrepented-of sins, and Satan and my own apprehensions made a lie of Christ that he had casten a dry withered tree over the *dike* of the vineyard; but it was my folly, blessed be his great name; the fire cannot burn the dry tree: He is pleased now to feast the exiled prisoner, with his lovely presence; for it suiteth Christ well to be kind; and he dineth and supbeth with such a sinner as I am. I am in Christ's tutoring here; He hath made me content with a borrowed fire-side, and it casteth as much heat, as mine own: I want nothing at all, but real possession of Christ: And he hath given me a *pawn* of that also, which I hope to keep till he come himself to loose the *pawn*. I cannot get help to praise his high name: He hath made me a King over my losses, imprisonment, banishment, and only my dumb sabbaths stick in my throat: But I forgive Christ's

dom in that: I dare not say one word: He hath done it, and I will lay my hand upon my mouth: if any other had done it to me, I could not have born it. Now, *My Lord*, I must tell your Lo: That I would not give a drink of cold water for this clay idol, this plaistered world. I testifie, and give it under mine own hand, that Christ is most worthy to be suffered for. Our lazie Bell (which would have Christ to cry down crosses by open proclamation) hath but raised a slander upon the cross of Christ. *My Lord*, I hope ye will not forget, what he hath done for your soul: I think ye are in Christ's *count-book*, as his obliged debtor. Grace, grace be with your spirit.

Aberd. March 13.
1637.

Your Lo: obliged
Servant, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON
Of Knockgray.

Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth: I expected letters from you ere now. As for my self, I am here in good case, well feasted with a great King: At my first coming here, I was that bold, as to take up a jealousie of Christ's love: I said, I was cast over the *dike* of the Lord's vineyard, as a dry tree; but I see, if I had been a withered branch, the fire would have burnt me long ere now: blessed be his high name, who hath kept sap in the dry tree: and now, as if Christ had *done the wrong*, he hath *made the mends*, and hath miskeent my ravings; (for a man under the water cannot well command his wit, far less his faith and love) because it was a fever, my Lord Jesus forgave me that, among the rest: He knoweth, in our afflictions, we can find a spot in the fairest face that ever was, even in Christ's face; I would not have believed that a gloom should have made me to miskeent my old Master; But we must be whiles sick: Sicknes is but kindly to both
faith.

faith and Love. But O how exceedingly is a poor dated prisoner obliged to sweet Jesus! My tears are sweeter to me, then the laughter of the fourteen Prelats to them: The worst of Christ, even his chaff, is better then the world's corn. Dear Brother, I beseech you, I charge you, in the name and authority of the Son of God, help me to praise his highness; and I charge you also, to tell all your acquaintance, that my Master may get many thanks. O if my hairs, all my members, and all my bones, were well tuned tongues, to sing the high praises of my great and glorious King! Help me to lift Christ up upon his throne, and to lift him up above all the thrones of the clay Kings, the dying scepter-bearers of this world. The prisoner's blessing, the blessing of him that is separated from his brethren, be upon them all, who will lend me a lift in this work: Shew this to that people with you, to whom sometimes I preached. Brother, my Lord hath brought me to this, that I will not flatter the world for a drink of water: I am no debtor to clay: Christ hath made me dead to that: I now wonder, that ever I was such a Child long since, as to beg at such beggars? Py upon us, who wooe such a black-skinned harlot; when we may get such a fair, fair march up in heaven. Oh that I could give up with this clay-idol, this masked, painted, overequiladaltre; that Adam's sons adore! We make an idol of our Will; as many lusts in us, as many Gods: We are all God-makers: We are like to lose Christ, the true God, in the throng of these new and false Gods: Scotland hath cast her crown off her head: The virgin Daughter hath lost her garland: woe, woe to our harlot mother: Our day is coming, a time when women shall wish they had been childless, and fathers shall bless misfearying wombs and dry breasts: many houses, great and fair, shall be desolate. This Kirk shall sit on the ground all the night, and the tears shall run down her cheeks: The sun hath gane down upon her Prophets: Blessed are the prisoners of hope, who can run into their strong hold, and hide themselves for a little, till the indignation be overpast. Commend me to your Wife, your Daughters, your Sowin law, and to A. T. write to me of the case of your Kirk. Grace be with

you. I am much moved for my Brother, I entreat for your kindness and counsel to him.

Aberd. Feb. 23.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady

M A R R E

Younger.

My very noble and dear Lady;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your La: letter, which hath comforted my soul. God give you to find mercy in the day of Christ. I am in as good terms and court with Christ, as an exiled oppressed prisoner of Christ can be: I am still welcome to his house, he knoweth my knock, and letteth in a poor friend: Under this black rough tree of the cross of Christ, he hath ravished me with his love, and taken my heart to heaven with him: well and long may he bruik it. I would not niffer Christ with all the joyes, that man or Angel can devise beside him. Who hath such cause to speak honourably of Christ, as I have? Christ is King of all crosses, and he hath made his saints little Kings under him, and he can ride and triumph upon weaker bodies then I am (if any can be weaker) and his horse will neither fall nor stumble. Madam, your La: hath much ado with Christ, for your soul, husband, children, and house; Let him find much employment for his calling with you, for he is such a friend, as delighteth to be burdened with sutes and employments; and the more ye lay on him, and the more homely ye be with him, the more welcome. O the depth of Christ's love! It hath neither brim nor bottom. O if this blind world saw his beauty! When I count with him for his mercies to me, I must stand still and wonder, and go away as a poor dyvour, who hath nothing to pay: Free forgiveness is my payment. I would I could get him set on high; for his love hath made me sick; and I die, except I get real possession. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March. 13.

Your La: at all obedience in

1637.

Christ, S. R.

To JAMES Mc ADAM.

My very dear and worthy Friend;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear of your growing in grace, and of your advancing in your journey to heaven: it will be the joy of my heart, to hear that ye hold your face up the brae, and wade through tentations, without fearing what man can do. Christ shall, when he ariseth, mow down his enemies, and lay bulks (as they use to speak) on the green, and fill the pits with dead bodies, Psal. 110. 6. they shall lie like handfuls of withered hay, when he ariseth to the prey. *Salvation, Salvation* is the only necessary thing: this clay-idol, the world, is not to be sought, it is a morsel not for you, but for *hunger-bitten bastards*. Contend for *Salvation*: Your Master Christ won heaven with strokes: it is a besieged castle, it must be taken with violence. Oh, this world thinketh heaven but at the next door, and that godliness may sleep in a bed of downs, till it come to heaven; but that will not do it. For my self, I am as well as Christ's prisoner can be: For by him, I am master and King of all my crosses; I am above the prison, and the lash of mens tongues: Christ triumpheth in me. I have been casten down, and heavie with fears, and hunted with challenges: I was swimming in the depths; but Christ had his hand under my chin, all the time, and took good heed, that I should not lose breath: And now I have gotten my feet again, and there are love-feasts of joy, and spring-tides of consolation betwixt Christ and me: We agree well, I have court with him, I am still welcome to his house. O my short arms cannot fathom his love! I beseech you, I charge you, help me to praise: Ye have a prisoner's prayers, therefore forget me not. I desire *Sibilla* to remember me dearly to all in that Parish, who know Christ, as if I had named them. Grace, grace: be with you.

Aber. March 13.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord**Jesus, S. R.*

To my very dear Brother

WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE.

My very Dear Brother;

I Rejoyce to hear that Christ hath run away with your young love, and that ye are so early in the morning matched with such a Lord; for a young man is often a dressed lodging for the devil to dwell in: be humble and thankful for grace, and weigh it not so much by weight, as if it be true: Christ will not cast water on your smouldring coal, he never yet put out a dim candle, that was lighted at the sun of righteousness, I recommend to you prayer, and watching over the sins of your youth; for I know missive letters go between the Devil and young blood; Satan hath a friend at court in the heart of youth; and there pride, luxury, lust, revenge, forgetfulness of God, are hired as his agents: happy is your soul, if Christ *man the house*, and take the keys himself, and command all (as it suiteth him full well, to rule all whereever he is) keep him, and entertain Christ well, cherish his grace, blow upon your own coal, and let him tutor you. Now for my self, know, I am fully agreed with my Lord: Christ hath put the Father and me in other's arms, many a sweet bargain he made before, and he hath made this among the rest. I reign as King over my crosses, I will not flatter a temptation, nor give the devil a good word. I defie *Hell's iron gates*: God has past over my quarrelling of him at my entry here, & now he feeds and feasts with me: praise, praise with me: and let us exalt his name together.

Aberd. March, 13.

1637.

*Your brother in**Christ, S. R.***TO WILLIAM GORDON***Of White-Parks.**Worthy Sir;*

G Race, mercy and peace be unto you: I long to hear from you: I am here the Lord's prisoner and patient, hand led as softly by my Physician, as if I were a sick

sick man under cure. I was at hard terms with my Lord, and pleaded with him; But I had the *worst side*: it is a wonder, he should have suffered the like of me, to have nicknamed the Son of his love, *Christ*, and to call him a changed Lord, who had forsaken me; but misbelief hath never a good word to speak of Christ. The dross of my cross, gathered a scum of fears in the fire, doublings, impatience unbelief, challenging of providence as sleeping, and not regarding my sorrow; but my gold-smith, Christ, was pleased to take off the scum, and burnt it in the fire: And blessed be my *fiuer*, he hath made the metal better, and furnished new supply of grace, to cause me hold out weight; and I hope, he hath not lost one grain weight, by burning his servant. Now his love in my heart casteth a mighty heat: He knoweth, that the desire I have to be at himself paineth me: I have sick nights, and frequent fits of love fevers for my welbeloved: Nothing paineth me now, but want of presence: I think it long till day: I challenge time, as too slow in its pace, that holdeth my only, only fair one, my love, my welbeloved from me: O if we were together once! I am like an old *crazed ship*, that hath endured many storms, and that would fain be in the lee of the *shore*, and feareth new storms: I would be that nigh heaven, that the shadow of it might break the force of the storm, and the *crazed ship* might win to land. My Lord's sun casteth a heat of love, and beam of light on my soul. My blessing thrice every day upon the sweet cross of Christ: I am not ashamed of my garland, *The banished Minister*, (which is the term of *Aberdeen*) Love, Love defiest reproaches: The love of Christ hath a *croset of proof* on it, and arrows will not draw blood of it: we are more then conquerours, through the blood of him that hath loved us, *Rom. 8*. The devil, and the world they cannot wound the love of Christ. I am further from yielding to the course of defection, then when I came hither: sufferings blunt not the fiery edge of love: Cast love in the floods of hell, it will swim above: it careth not for the world's busked and plaistered offers. It hath pleased my Lord, so to *lyne* my heart, with the love of my Lord Jesus, that as if the field were already

won, and I on the other side of time, I laugh at the world's golden pleasures, and at this dirtie idol, that the sons of Adam worship: This *worm-eaten* God, is that which my soul hath fallen out of love with. Sir, ye were once my hearer: I desire now, to hear from you and your wife: I salute her and your children with blessings: I am glad, that ye are still *hand-fast* with Christ: go on in your journey, and take the city by violence: Keep your garments clean: Be clean virgins to your husband the Lamb: the world shall follow you to heaven's gates; and ye would not wish it to go in with you: Keep fast Christ's love: Pray for me, as I do for you: the Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. March 13.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE.

Reverend and dear Brother;

I Received your letter: as for my case, *Brother*, I bless his glorious name, my losses are my gain, my prison a palace, and my sadness joyfulness. At my first entry, my apprehensions wrought so upon my cross, that I became jealous of the love of Christ, as being by him thrust out of the vineyard, and I was under great challenges, (as ordinarily melted gold casteth first a drossie scum, and Satan and our corruption form the first words, that the heavy cross speaketh, and say, *God is angry: He loveth you not*) But our apprehensions are not *canonical*: they dote lyes of God and Christ's love; but since my spirit was settled, and the clay fallen to the bottom of the well, I see better what Christ was doing: And now my Lord is returned with salvation under his wings, now I want little of half a heaven, and I find Christ every day so sweet, comfortable, lovely and kind, as three things only trouble me. 1. I see not how to be thankful, or how to get help to praise that royal King, who raiseth up those that are bowed down. 2. His love paineth me and woundeth my soul, so as I am in a fever, for want of real presence. 3. An excessive desire to take instruments in God's name,

name, that this is Christ and his truth, I now suffer for, yea the apple of the eye of Christ's honour, even the Sovereignty and royal privileges of our King and law-giver Christ: and therefore let no man fear at Christ's cross, or raise an ill report upon him, or it; for he beareth the sufferer and it both. I am here troubled with the disputes of the great Doctors (especially with D.B. in Ceremonial and Arminian controversies, for all are corrupt here) but I thank God, with no detriment to the truth, or discredit to my profession: So then, I see that Christ can triumph in a weaker man nor I; and who can be more weak? But his grace is sufficient for me. Brother, remember our old Covenant, and pray for me, and write to me your case. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Aberd. March 13.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN MEINE.

Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I wonder ye sent me not an answer to my last letter; for I stand in need of it: I am in some piece of court with our great King, whose love would cause a dead man speak and live: whether my court will continue or not, I cannot well say, but I have his ear frequently, and [to his glory only I speak it] no penurie of the love-kisses of the Son of God: He thinketh good to cast apples to me in my prison to play withal, lest I should think long and faint: I must give over all attempts to fathom the depth of his love: all I can do is but to stand beside his great love, and look and wonder: my debts of thankfulness affright me: I fear my Creditor get a *Dyvvour bill* and a *rugged account*: I would be much the better of help: O for help! and that ye would take notice of my case: Your not writing to me maketh me think, ye suppose that I am not to be bemoaned, because He is comfortable; but I have pain in my unthankfulness, and pain in the feeling of his love, while I am sick again for real presence, and real possession of Christ; yet there is no *gooked* [if I may speak

234. Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 116.
[so] nor fond love in Christ: He casteth me down some-
times with challenges for old faults, and I know, he
knoweth well, that sweet comforts are swelling, and
therefore sorrow must make a vent to the wind: my
dumb sabbaths are undercutting wounds: The condition
of this oppressed Kirk, and my Brother's case [I thank
you, and your wife, for your kindness to him] hold my
fore smarting, and keep my wounds bleeding; but the
ground-work stands sure. Pray for me. Grace be with
you. Remember me to your wife.

Aberd. March 14.

Yours in his sweet Lord,

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Reverend and Dear Brother;

I Bles you for your Letter: it was a shower to the new
mowen grafs: The Lord has given you the tongue of
the Learned: Be fruitful and humble? it is possible ye
come to my case, or the like; but the water is neither so
deep, nor the stream so strong, as it is called; I think my
fire is not hot, my water, dry land, my loss, rich loss,
O if the walls of my prison be high, wide and large, &
the place sweet! No man knows it, no man, I say,
knows it (*my Dear Brother*) so well, as He and I; no man
can put it down in *black and white*, as my Lord has sealed
it in my heart: My poor stock is grown since I came to
Aberdeen: And if any had known the wrong I did, in
being jealous of such an honest lover as Christ, who with-
held not his love from me, they would think the more
of it; but I see he must be above me in mercy: I will ne-
ver strive with him: To think to recompence him is fol-
ly: if I had as many Angels tongues, as there have fallen
drops of rain since the creation, or as there are leaves of
trees in all the forrests of the earth, or stars in the heaven,
to praise; yet my Lord Jesus would ever be behind with
me: We will never get our accounts fitted: A pardon
must close the reckoning; for his comforts to me in this
honourable cause, have almost put me beyond the bounds
of modesty; howbeit I will not let every one know, what

is betwixt us: Love, love (I mean Christ's love) is the hottest coal that ever I felt: O but the smoke of it be hot! Cast all the salt sea on it, it will flame: hell cannot quench it: Many, many waters will not quench love: Christ is turned over to his poor prisoner in a mass and glob of love: I wonder he should waste so much love upon such a waster as I am; but he is no waster, but abundant in mercy. He hath no niggard's alms, when he is pleased to give. O that I could invite all the nation to love him! Free grace is an unknown thing: This world has heard but a bare name of Christ, and no more: There are infinite pyles in his love, that the saints will never win to unfold; I would it were better known, and that Christ got more of his own due than he does. *Brother*, ye have chosen the good part, who have taken part with Christ: Ye will see him win the field, and ye shall get part of the spoil, when he divides it: They are but fools who laugh at us; for they see but the back-side of the moon: yet our moon-light is better than their twelve-hours-sun: We have gotten the new heavens, and, as a pledge of that, the Bridegroom's love-ring: The children of the wedding-chamber have cause to skip, and leap for joy, for the marriage supper is drawing nigh, & we find the four-hours sweet and comfortable. *O time be not slow! O sun move speedily, and hasten our banquet! O bridegroom be like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains! O welbeloved run fast, that we may once meet!* *Brother*, I contain my self for want of time: Pray for me: I hope to remember you. The good will of him who dwelt in the bush, the tender mercies of God in Christ enrich you: Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

TO BETHAIA AIRD.

Worthy Sister;

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you: I know ye desire news from my Prison, and I shall shew you news. At my first entry hither, Christ and I agreed not well upon it: The devil made a plea in the house, and I laid

laid the blame upon Christ; for my heart was fraught with challenges, and I feared that I was an outcast, and that I was but a withered tree in the vineyard, & but held the sun off the good plants, with my idle shadow, and therefore my Master had given the evil servant *the fields to feed him*: Old guiltiness said (as witness) all is true: My apprehensions were with child of faithless fears, and unbelief put a seal and *Amen* to all. I thought my self in a hard case: Some said, I had cause to rejoyce, that Christ had honoured me to be a witness for him: and I said in my heart, these are words of men, who see but mine outside, and cannot tell if I be a false witness or not. If Christ had in this matter been as wilful and *short*, as I was, my faith had *gone over the brack*, and broken its neck; But we were well met, a hastie fool, and a wise patient and meek Saviour: he took no *law-advantage* of my folly, but waited on till my ill blood was fallen, and my *drumled* and troubled well began to clear: He was never a whit angry at the *fever-ravings* of a poor tempted sinner, but he mercifully forgave, and came (as it well becometh him) with grace and new comfort, to a sinner, who deserved the contrary: And now he is content to kiss my black mouth, to put his hand in mine, and to feed me with as many consolations, as would feed ten hungry souls; Yet I dare not say, he is a waster of comforts, for no less would have born me up; one grain weight less would have casten the ballance. Now, who is like to that royal king, crowned in Zion? where will I get a seat for royal Majesty to set him on? If I could set him as far above the heaven, as thousand thousands of heights devised by men and Angels, I would think him but too low. I pray you, for God's sake, *My dear Sister*, help me to praise: His love hath neither brim nor bottom: His love is like himself, *it passeth all natural understanding*: I go to fathom it with my arms, but it is, as if a child would take the globe of sea and land, in his two short arms: Blessed and holy is his name. This must be his truth I now suffer for; for he would not laugh upon a lye, nor be witness with his comforts to a night-dream. I entreat for your prayers, and the prayer
and

and blessing of a prisoner of Christ be upon you. Grace
be with you

Aberd. March 14.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Iesus, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON Of Knockgray.

Dear Brother;

I Have not leisure to write to you: Christ's ways were known to you, long before I (who am but a child) knew any thing of him. What wrong and violence the Prelats may, by God's permission, do unto you, for your trial, I know not; but this I know, that your ten dayes tribulation will end; Contend to the last breath for Christ. Banishment out of these Kingdoms is determined against me, as I hear; this land dow not bear me: I pray you, recommend my case and bonds to my brethern and sisters, with you: I intrust more of my spiritual comfort to you and them, that way, my dear Brother, then to many in this Kingdom besides. I hope, ye will not be wanting to Christ's prisoner. Fear nothing, for I assure you, Alexander Gordon of Knockgray shall win away, and get his soul for a prey: And what can he then want that is worth the having? Your friends are cold (as ye write,) and so are these, in whom I trusted much: Our husband doth well in breaking our idols in pieces: dry wells send us to the fountain. My life is not dear to me, so being I may fulfil my course with joy. I fear, you must remove, if your new hireling will not bear your discountenancing of him; for the Prelat is affraid, Christ get you, and that he hath no will of. Grace be with you,

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
and Master, S. R.

TO JOHN FLEEMING,
Bailiff of Leitch.

Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter: I wish I could satisfie your desire, in drawing up and framing for you a Christian directory: But the learned have done it before me, more judiciously then I can; especially *Mr. Rodgers, Greenham and Perkins*; notwithstanding, I shall shew you, what I would have been at my self (howbeit I came aways short of my purpose.)

1. That hours of the day, less or more time, for the word and prayer, be given to God, not sparing the twelfth hour or midday, howbeit it should then be the shorter time
2. In the midst of worldly employments, there would be some thoughts of *sin, judgment, death and eternity*, with a word or two of ejaculatory prayer (at least) to God.
3. To beware of wandring of heart, in privat prayers.
4. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from prayer, without sense or joy: Down-casting, sense of guiltiness and hunger is often best for us.
5. That *the Lord's day*, from morning to night, be spent always either in private or publick worship.
6. That words be observed, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, sudden anger and desire of revenge, even of such as persecute the truth, be guarded against; for we often mix our zeal with our own wild fire.
7. That known, discovered & revealed sins, that are against the conscience, be eschewed, as most dangerous preparatives to hardness of heart.
8. That in dealing with men, faith and truth in covenants and trafficking be regarded, that we deal with all men in sincerity: that conscience be made of idle and lying words; and that our carriage be such, as that they who see it may speak honourably of our sweet Master and profession.
9. I have been much challenged.

1. For not referring all to God, as the last end: That I do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak and think-for God.
2. That I have not benefited by good company, and that I left not some word of conviction, even upon natural & wicked men,

men, as by reprov'g swearing in them, or because of being a silent witness to their loose carriage, and because I intended not in all companies to do good. 3. That the woes and calamities of the Kirk and particular Professors have not moved me. 4. That at the reading of the Life of *David*, *Paul*, and the like, when it humbled me, I (coming so far short of their holiness) laboured not to imitate them, as far off at least, according to the measure of God's grace. 5. That unrepented sins of youth were not looked to and lamented for. 6. That sudden stirrings of pride, lust, revenge, love of honours were not resisted and mourned for. 7. That my charity was cold. 8. That the experiences I had, of God's hearing me in this and the other Particular, being gathered, yet in a new trouble I had always (once at least) my faith to seek, as if I were to begin at A, B, C. again. 9. That I have not more boldly contradicted the enemies, speaking against the truth, either in publick church-meetings, or at tables, or ordinary conference. 10. That in great troubles, I have received false reports of Christ's love, and misbelieved him in his chastning, whereas the event hath said, *all was in mercy*. 11. Nothing more moyeth me and weighteth my soul, then that I could never for my heart, in my prosperity, so wrestle in prayer with God, nor be so dead to the world, so hungry and sick of love for Christ, so heavenly-minded, as when ten stone weight of a heavy cross was upon me. 12. That the cross extorted vows of new obedience, which ease has blown away, as chaff before the wind. 13. That practice was so short and narrow, and light so long and broad. 14. That death hath nor been often meditated upon. 15. That I have not been careful of gaining others to Christ. 16. That my grace and gifts bring forth little or no thankfulness. There are some things also, whereby I have been helped: As, 1. I have benefited by riding alone a long journey, in giving that time to prayer. 2. By abstinence, and giving days to God. 3. By praying for others; for, by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for my self. 4. I have been really confirmed, in many particulars, that God heareth prayers, and therefore

fore I used to pray for any thing, of how little importance soever. 5. He enabled me to make no question, that this mocked way, which is nicknamed, is the only way to heaven. Sir, these and many more occurrences in your life would be looked unto: and, 1. Thoughts of *Atheism* would be watched over, as, *If there be a God in heaven*: Which will trouble and assault the best, at some times. 2. Growth in grace would be cared for, above all things, and falling from our first love mourned for. 3. Conscience made of praying for the enemies, who are blinded. Sir, I thank you most kindly for your care of my Brother and me also: I hope it is laid up for you, and remembered in heaven. I am still ashamed with Christ's kindness to such a sinner, as I am: He hath left a fire in my heart, that hell cannot cast water on, to quench or extinguish it. Help me to praise, and pray for me; for ye have a prisoner's blessing and prayers. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 15.
1637.

Yours in Christ Iesus,
S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON
Of Knockbrex.

My very dear Brother;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you; I thought to have answered your two letters upon this occasion: though I cannot say all that I would. Your timely word (not to delight in the cross, but in him who sweeteneth it) came to me, in due time: I find the consolations and off-fallings, that follow the cross of Christ, so sweet, that I almost forget my self: my desire and purpose is, when Christ's honey combs drop, neither to refuse to receive and feed upon his comforts, nor yet to make joy my bastard-god, nor my new-found heaven: But what shall I say! Christ very often, in his sweet comforts, cometh unsent-for, and it were a sin to close the door upon him: it is not unlawful to love and delight in Christ's apples, when I am not dotingly wooing, nor eagerly begging kisses; but when they come clean from the timber,

timber, (like kindness it self, that cometh of it's own accord) then I cannot but laugh upon him, who laugheth upon me: if joy and comforts came single and alone, without Christ himself, I think, I would send them back again the gate they came, and not make them welcome; But when the King's train cometh, and the King in the midst of the company, O how am I overjoyed with floods of love! I fear not, that too great speats of love wash away the growing corn, and loose my plants at the roots: Christ doth no *skait* where he cometh; but certainly, I would wish such spiritual wisdom, as to love the bridegroom, better then his gifts, his *propines* or *drink money*. I would be further in upon Christ, then at his joyes; they but stand in the utter side of Christ: I would wish to be in, as a seal on his heart; in, where his love and mercy lodgeth, beside his heart. My welbeloved hath ravished me; but it is done with consent of parties, and it is allowable enough: But, *my dear Brother*, ere I part with this subject, I must tell you, (that ye may lift up my King in praises with me) Christ hath been keeping something these fourteen years for me, that I have now gotten in my heavy dayes, that I am in for his names sake; even an opened coffer of perfumed comforts, and fresh joyes coming new, and green, and powerful from the fairest, fairest face of Christ, my Lord. Let the sower law, let crosses, let hell be cryed down: Love, love hath shamed me from my old wayes. Whether I have a race to run, or some work ado, I see not; but I think, Christ seemeth to leave heaven (to say so) and his court, and come down to laugh, and play, and sport with a *dast bairn*. I am not this plain with many I write to: it is possible, I be misconstrued, and deemed to seek a name; but my witness above knoweth, I seek to have a good name raised upon Christ; I observe it to be our folly, to seek little from Christ; because our *four-hours* may not be our *supper*; nor our *propine* sent by the Bridegroom our *tocher-good*; nor our earnest our principal sum: But I trow, few of us know, how much may be had of Christ for a four-hours, & propine, & earnest: We are like the young heir,

heir, who knoweth not the whole bounds of his own
 Lordship. Certainly it is more than my part to say, O
 sweetest Lord Jesus, what howbeit I were spilt and broken in
 five thousand sheards or bits of clay, so being every sheard
 had a heart to love thee, and every one as many tongues as
 there are in heaven, to sing praises to thee, before men and
 angels for evermore! Therefore if my sufferings cry good-
 nels, and praise, and honour upon Christ, my stipend
 is well payed. Each one knows not what a life Christ's
 love is: Scar not at suffering for Christ; for Christ has
 a chair, and a cushion, and sweet peace for a sufferer:
 Christ's trencher from the first mess of the high-table is
 for a sinful witness. O then, Brother, who but Christ?
 who but Christ? Hold your tongue of lovers, where he
 cometh out! O all flesh, O dust and ashes, O Angels,
 O glorified spirits, O all the shields of the world, be si-
 lent before him, come hither & behold our Bridegroom,
 stand still and wonder for evermore at him? Why cease
 we to love and wonder, to kiss and adore him? It is a
 hard matter, that days lie betwixt me and him, & hold
 us asunder. O how long, how long! O how many miles
 are there to my Bridegroom's dwelling house! It is a
 pain to frist Christ's love any longer. But it may be, a
 drunken man lose his feet, and miss a step. Ye write to
 me, *ball binks are slippery*: I do not think my dâting world
 will still last, and that feasts will be my ordinary food;
 I would have humility, patience and faith, to set down
 both my feet, when I come to the north-side of the cold
 and thorny hill. It is ill my common, to be *swear* to go
 an errand for Christ, and to take the wind upon my face
 for him. Lord, let me never be a false witness, to de-
 ny, that I saw Christ take the pen in his hand, and sub-
 scribe my writes. *My dear Brother*, ye complain to me,
 ye cannot hold sight of me; but were I a footman, I should
 go at leisure, but sometimes the King takes me into his
 coach, and draws me; and then I out-run my self; but
 alas! I am still a forlorn transgressor: O how unthank-
 ful! I will not put you off your sense of deadness, but
 let me say this, who gave you *Proctour-fee*, to speak for
 the law, that can speak for it self, better than ye can
 do!

do? I would not have you to bring your ditray in your own bosom with you to Christ: Let the old man & the new man be summoned before Christ's white throne, and let them be confronted before Christ, and let each one of them speak for themselves: I hope, howbeit the new man complain of his lying among the pots, which makes the believer look black; yet he can say also, *I am comely as the tents of Kedar*: Ye shall not have my advice, nor to bemoan your deadness; but I find by some experience (which ye knew before I knew Christ) it suiteth not a ransomed man of Christ's buying, to go and plea for the *sever* law, our old forecassen husband; for we are now not under the law (as a covenant) but under grace: Ye are in no man's common but Christ's: I know, he bemoaneth you more then ye do your self: I say this, because I am wearied of complaining. I thought it had been humility, to imagin that Christ was angry with me, both because of my dumb sabbaths, and my hard heart; but I feel now nothing but aking wounds: my grief, whether I will or not, swelleth upon me: But let us die in Grace's *hall-floor*, pleading before Christ: I deny nothing that the Mediator will challenge me of; but I turn it all back upon himself: Let him look his own old counts, if he be angry, for he will get no more of me: when Christ saith, *I want Repentance*: I meet him with this, *True Lord; but thou art made a King and Prince to give me Repentance*, Act. 5. 31. When Christ bindeth a challenge upon us, we must bind a promise back upon him: Be woe, and lay your self in the dust before God, (which is suitable;) but withal let Christ take payment in his own hand, and pay himself, off the first end of his own merits; else he will come behind, for any thing we can do. I am every way in your case, as hard hearted and dead, as any man; but yet I speak to Christ through my sleep: Let us then proclaim a free market for Christ, and swear our selves *bare*, and cry on him, to come without money and buy us, and take us home to our ransom-payer's *fire-side*, and let us be Christ's *free-boarders*: because we dow not pay the old, we may not refuse to take on Christ's new debt of mercy:

Let

Let us do our best Christ will still be behind with us, and many terms will run together. For my part, let me stand forevermore in his book, for a forlorn Dyvour: I must desire to be this far in his *common* of new, as to desire to kiss his feet: I know not how to win to a heartsom fill and feast of Christ's love; for I dow neither buy, nor beg, nor borrow; and yet I cannot want it: I dow not want it. O if I could praise him! yea I would rest content with a heart submissive and dying of love for him, and howbeit I won never personally in at heaven's gates, O would to God, I could send in my praises to my incomparable welbeloved, or cast my love-songs of that matchless Lord Jesus over the walls, that they might light in his lap, before men and Angels! Now, Grace, grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife, and daughter and brother John,

Aberd. June 11.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1638.

Jesus, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON, Of Earlestown.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: I long to hear from you: I received few letters since I came hither: I am in need of a word: A dry plant would have some watering: My case betwixt Christ my Lord and me standeth between love and jealousy, faith and suspicion of his love: it is a marvel he keepeth house with me: I make many pleas with Christ, but he maketh as many agreements with me: I think his unchangeable love hath said, *I desire thee to break me and change me*: if Christ had such changeable and new thoughts of my salvation, as I have of it, I think I should then be at a sad loss: He humoureth not a fool like me in my unbelief, but rebuketh me and fathereth kindness upon me: Christ is rather like the poor friend and needy prisoner, (begging love) then I am: I cannot for shame get Christ said *Nay* of my whole love; for he will not want his errand

errand for the seeking: God be thanked, my bridegroom is not of wooings: Honour to him, he is a wilful suitor of my soul: But as love is his, pain is mine, that I have nothing to give him: His count book is full of my debts of mercy, kindness and free love towards me: Oh that I might read with watery eyes! O that he would give me the interest of interest to pay back! Or rather my soul's desire is, that he would comprize my person, soul and body, love, joy, confidence, fear, sorrow and desire, and drive the Pynd, and let me be roused, and sold to Christ, and taken home to my creditor's house and his fire-side. The Lord knoweth, if I could, I would sell my self without reversion to Christ. O sweet Lord Jesus make a marker, and over-bid all my buyers! I dare swear, there is a Mystery in Christ, which I never saw: A mystery of love. O if he would lay by the lap of the covering that is over it, and let my grining soul see it! I would break the door, and be in upon him, to get a *Wombful* of love; for I am an hungered and famished soul. Oh, Sir, if ye or any other would tell him, how sick my soul is, dying for want of a hearty draught of Christ's love! Oh if I could *doze* (if I may make use of that word, in this case) as much upon himself, as I do upon his love! It is a pity, that Christ himself should not rather be my heart's choice, than Christ's manifested love: it would satisfy me, in some measure, if I had any *but* to give for his love; shall I offer him my praises? Alas he is more then praises! I give it over to get him exalted according to his worth, which is above what can be known; yet all this time I am tempting him, to see if there be both love and anger in him against me. I am plucked from his flock (dear to me,) and from feeding his Lambs: I go therefore in sackcloth, as one who hath lost the wife of his youth: Grief and sorrow are suspicious, and spue out against him the smoke of jealousies; and I say often, *Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me? Tell me, Lord, read the process against me:* but I know, I cannot answer his allegiance: I will lose the cause, when it cometh to open pleading. Oh if I could force my heart to believe

dreams to be dreams! Yet when Christ giveth my fears the lye, and saith to me, *thou art a Liar*, then I am glad. I resolve to hope to be quiet, and to lie on the brink upon my side, till the water fall, and the foord be rideable, and howbeit there be pain upon me in longing for deliverance, that I may speak of him in the great congregation; yet I think there is joy in that pain and on-waiting: and I even rejoyce, that he putteth me off for a time, and shifteth me: Oh if I could wait on for all eternity, howbeit I should never get my soul's desire, so being he were glorified! I would wish, my pain and my ministry could live long to serve him; for, I know, I am a clay vessel, and made for his use. O if my very broken sheards could serve to glorifie him! I desire Christ's grace to be willingly content, that my bell (excepting his hatred and displeasure, which I put out of all play: (for submission to this is not called for) were a preaching of his glory to men and Angels, forever and ever. When all is done, what can I add to him? or what can such a *clay-shadow* as I do? I know, he needeth not me: I have cause to be grieved and to melt away in tears, (if I had grace to do it, Lord grant it to me) to see my welbeloved's fair face spitted upon by dogs, to see *lorans* pulling the crown off my royal King's head, to see my *harlot-mother* and my sweet Father agree so ill, that they are going to *skail*, and give up house: My Lord's palace is now a nest of unclean birds. Oh if harlot, harlot *Scotland* would rue upon her provoked Lord, and pity her good husband, who is broken with her whorish heart! But these things are hid from her eyes. I have heard of late of your new tryal by the Bishop of *Galloway*: Fear not *clay & worm's* meat: Let Truth and Christ get no wrong in your hands it is your gain, if Christ be glorified, and your glory to be Christ's witness: I perswade you, your sufferings are Christ's advantage and victory; for he is pleased to reckon them so. Let me hear from you: Christ is but *winning* a clean Kirk out of the fire: He will *win this play*. He will not be in your *common*, for any charges ye are at, in his service: He is not poor to sit in your debt: He will repay an hundred fold more, it may be, even in this life. The prayers and blessing

bleſſing of Chriſt's priſoner be with you.

Aberd.

Your Brother in his ſweet Lord

1617.

Jeſus, S. R.

To his Reverend and loving Brother

Mr. J O H N N E V A Y.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I received yours of April 11. As I did another of March 25. and a letter for Mr. Andrew Cant. I am not a little grieved, that our mother-church is running ſo quickly to the *brothel-houſe*, and that we are hiſing lovers, and giving gifts to the great mother of fornications: Alas that our huſband is like to quit us ſo ſhortly: It were my part, [if I were able], when our huſband is departing, to ſtir up my ſelf to take hold of him, and keep him in this land; for I know him to be a ſweet ſecond, and a lovely companion to a poor priſoner: I find my extremity hath ſharpened the edge of his love and kindneſs, ſo as he ſeemeth to deviſe new wayes of expreſſing the ſweetneſs of his love to my ſoul: Suffering for Chriſt is the very element, wherein Chriſt's love liveth, and exerciſeth it ſelf, in caſting out flames of fire and ſparks of heat; to warm ſuch a frozen heart, as I have: And if Chriſt weeping in ſackcloth be ſo ſweet, I cannot find any imaginable thoughts to think what he will be, when we clay-bodies (having put off mortality) ſhall come up to the marriage-hall and great Palace, and behold the King clothed in his robes royal, ſitting on his throne. I would deſire no more for my heaven, beneath the moon, while I am ſighing in this houſe of clay, but dayly renewed feaſts of love with Chriſt, and liberty now and then to feed my hunger with a kiſs of that faireſt face, that is like the ſun in his ſtrength at noon-day. I would willingly ſubſcribe an ample reſignation to Chriſt of the *fourteen Prelacies* of this land, & of all the moſt delightful pleaſures on earth, & forfeit my part of this *clay-God*, this earth, which *ſinners* ſobliſh children worſhip, to have no other exerciſe, but to lie in a love-bed with Chriſt, and fill this hungered, and ſatiſhed

soul with kissing, embracing & real enjoying of the Son of God: And I think then I might write to my friends, *That I had found the golden world*, and look out, and laugh at the poor bodies, who are slaying one another for feathers: For verily, *Brother*, since I came to his prison, I have conceived a new & extraordinary opinion of Christ, which I had not before; for I perceive we frist all our joyes to Christ, till he and we be in our own house above, as married parties: thinking that there is nothing of it here to be sought or found; but only hope and fair promises: and that Christ will give us nothing here but tears, sadness, crosses: and that we shall never feel the smell of the flowers of that high garden of Paradise above, till we come there: Nay, but I find; it is possible to find young glory, and a young green Paradise of joy, even here: I know, Christ's kisses will cast a more strong and refreshfull smell of incomparable glory and joy, in heaven, then they do here: Because a drink of the well of life, up at the well's head, is more sweeter and fresher by far, then that which we get in our borrowed, old, running, out vessels, and our wooden dishes here; yet I am now perswaded; it is our folly to fristall till the term day; seeing abundance of earnest will nondiminish any thing of our principal sum: We dream of hunger in Christ's house; while we are here, although he alloweth feasts upon all the *bairns* within God's household: it were good then to store our selves with more borrowed kisses of Christ, and with more borrowed visits, till we enter Heirs to our new inheritance, and our *Tutor* put us in possession of our own, when we are *pist minority*. Oh that all the young heirs would seek more, and a greater and a nearer communion with my *Lord-tutor*, the prime heir of all, *Christ*! I wish for my part, I could send you and that gentleman, who wrote his commendations to me, in to the king's innermost cellar and house of wine, to be filled with love: A drink of this love is worth the having indeed: We carry our selves but too too nicely with Christ our Lord, and our Lord loveth not niceness, and dryness, and uncomeliness in friendship. Since need force we must be in Christ's communion, then let us be in his common; for it will be no other-

otherwayes. Now for my present case, in my imprisonment, deliverance (for my appearance I see) looketh cold like: My hope, if it looked to or leaned upon men, should wither soon at the root, like a May-flower: Yet I resolve to ease my self with on-waiting on my Lord, and to let my faith swim where it loseth ground; I am under a necessity either of fainting (which I hope my master, of whom I boast all the day, shall avert) or then to lay my faith upon omnipotency, and to wink and stick by my grip: And I hope my ship shall ride it out, seeing Christ is willing to blow his sweet wind in my sails, and mendeth and closeth the leaks in my ship, and ruleth all: It will be strange, if a believing passenger be casten over board. As for your Master, *My Lord & my Lady*, I will be loath to forget them: I think my prayers (such as they are) are due debts to him, and I shall be far more engaged to his Lo: if he be fast for Christ, (as I hope he will) now when so many of his spot and quality slip from Christ's back, and leave him to tend for himself. I entreat you, remember my love to that worthy Gentleman A. C. who saluted me in your letter: I have heard, that he is one of my Master's friends, for the which cause I am tied to him: I wish he may more & more fall in love with Christ. Now for your question, as far I rawly conceive: I think, God is praised two ways: *First*, by a *concional* profession of his highness before men, such as is the very hearing of the word, & receiving of either of the Sacraments, in which acts by profession, we give our tomen, that he is our God, with whom we are in covenant, & our Lawgiver: Thus eating & drinking in the Lord's supper, is an annunciation and profession before men, that Christ is our slain Redeemer: Here, because God speaketh to us, not we to him, it is not a formal thanksgiving, but an annunciation, or predication of Christ's death, *concional*, not *adorative*; neither hath it God for the immediate object, and therefore no kneeling can be here. *Secondly*, there is another praising of God, *formal*, when we are either formally blessing God, or speaking his praises: And this I take to be twofold: 1. When we directly and formally direct praises and thanksgiving to God:

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This may well be done kneeling; in token of our recognition of his highness, yet not so, but it may be standing or sitting, especially seeing joyful elevation, (which should be in praising) is not formally signified by kneeling. 1. When we speak good of God, and declare his glorious nature and attributes, extolling him before men, to excite men to conceive highly of him. The former I hold to be worship every way immediat, else I know not any immediat worship at all: the latter hath God for the subject, not properly the object, seeing the predication is directly to men immediatly, rather then to God: for here we speak of God, by way of praising; rather then to God. And for my own part, as I am for the present minded, I see not, how this can be done kneeling, seeing it is *predicatio Dei & Christi, non laudatio aut benedictio Dei*: But observe that it is formal praising of God, and not merely concional, as I distinguished in the first member: for in the first member any speaking of God or of his works of creation, providence and redemption, as *indirect* and *conional* praising of him; and *formally* preaching or an act of teaching, not an act of predication of his praises, for there is a difference betwixt the simple relation of the virtues of a thing, which is formally teaching; and the extolling of the worth of a thing by way of commendation, to cause others to praise with us. Thus recommending you to God's grace, I rest.

Aberd. June 15.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. J. R.

Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: upon the report I hear of you, (without any further acquaintance, except our straitest bonds in our Lord Jesus) I thought good to write unto you, hearing of your danger to be thrust out of the Lord's house, for his name sake: Therefore my earnest and humble desire to God is, that ye may be strengthened in the grace of God, and by the power of his might, to go on for Christ, not standing in awe of a

worm

worm that shall die. I hope ye will not put your hand to the ark, to give it a wrong tetch, and to overturn it, as many now do, when the archers are shooting for at Joseph, whose bow shall abide in it's strength: We owe to our royal King and Princely Master a testimony. O how blessed are they, who can warde a blow off Christ, and his borne-down truth! Men think Christ a gone man now, and that he shall never get up his head again: And they believe his court is failed, because he suffereth men to break their spears & swords upon him, and the enemies to plow Sion, and make long and deep their furrows on her back: But it would not be so, if the Lord had not a sowing for his plowing: What can he do, but melt an old drossie Kirk, that he may bring out a new bride out of the fire again? I think Christ is just now repairing his house, & exchanging his old vessels with new vessels, and is going through this land, and taking up an inventory and a roll of so many of *Levi's* sons, and good Professors, that he may make them new work for the second temple: And whatsoever shall be found, not to be for the work, shall be casten over the wall: When the house shall be builded, he shall lay by his hammers, as having no more to do with them: it is possible, he do worse to them, then lay them by: and I think, the vengeance of the Lord, and the vengeance of his temple shall be upon them: I desire no more, but to keep weight when I am past the fire: & I can now, in some weak measure, give Christ a testimonial of a lovely and loving companion, under suffering for him. I saw him before but afar off; his beauty to my eye's sight groweth: a fig, a straw for ten world's-plastered glory and for childish shadows; The idol of clay (this God, the world) that fools fight for. If I had a lease of Christ of my own dateing (for whoever once cometh nigh hand, and taketh a hearty look of Christ's inner-side, shall never wring nor wrestle themselves out of his love-grips again) I would rest contented in my prison, yea in a prison without light of sun or candle, providing Christ and I had a love-bed, not of mine, but of Christ his own making; that we might lie together among the lilies, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

Who knoweth how sweet a drink of Christ's love is? O but to live on Christ's love is a King's life! The worst things of Christ, even that which seemeth to be the refuse of Christ, his hard cross, his black cross, is white and fair: and the cross receives a beautiful lustre and a perfumed smell from Jesus. *My dear Brother*, fear not at it. While ye have time to stand upon the watch-tower, and to speak, contend with this land, plead with your *barlot mother*, who hath been a treacherous half-marrow to her husband *Jesus*; For I would think liberty to preach one day, the root and top of my desires, and would seek no more of the blessings, that are to be had on this side of time, till I be over the water, but to spend this my crazed clay-house in his service and saving of souls: But I hold my peace because he hath done it: my shallow and ebb thoughts are not the compass Christ saileth by: I leave his wayes to himself, for they are far, far above me; Only I would contend with Christ for his love, & be bold to make a plea with Jesus, my Lord, for a heart-fill of his love; for there is no more left to me. What standeth beyond the far end of my sufferings, and what shall be the event, he knoweth; and I hope, to my joy, shall make me know, when God shall unfold his decrees concerning me; for there are windings and so's and fro's in his wayes, which blind bodies like us cannot see. This much for further acquaintance: So recommending you, and what is before you to the grace of God, I rest.

*Aberd. June 16. Your very loving Brother in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

Reverend & wellbeloved Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I have heard somewhat of your trials in *Galloway*: I bless the Lord, who hath begun first in that corner to make you a new Kirk to himself: Christ hath the less ado behind, when he hath refined you. Let me entreat you, *my dearly beloved*, to be fast to Christ: My witness above, *My dear*

dearest Brother, that ye have added much joy to me in my bonds, when I hear that ye grow in the grace and zeal of God for your Master. Our ministry, whether by preaching or suffering, will cast a smell, through the world both of heaven and hell; a *Cor.* 2. 15, 16. I perswade you, my dear Brother, there is nothing out of heaven next to Christ, dearest to me, than my ministry, and the worth of it, in my estimation, is sweetened, and paineth me exceedingly; yet I am content, for the honour of my Lord, to surrender it back again to the Lord of the vineyard: let him do with me and it both, what he thinketh good: I think my self too little for him: and let me speak to you, how kind a fellow-prisoner is Christ to me! Believe me, this kind of cross (that would not go by my door, but would needs visit me,) is still the longer the more welcome to me. It is true, my silent sabbaths have been and are still *glassy* ye, whercon my faith can scarce hold it's feet, and I am often blowen on my back, and off my feet, with a storm of doubting; yet truly my bonds all this time cast a mighty & rank smell of high & deep love in Christ: I cannot indeed see through my cross, to the far end; Yet I believe, I am in Christ's books, and in his decree (not yet unfolded to me) a man triumphing, dancing and singing over on the other side of the red sea, and laughing and praising the lamb, over beyond time, sorrow, deprivation, *Psalm's* indignation, losses, want of friends and death: Heaven is not a fowl flying in the air, (as men use to speak of things that are uncertain) nay it is well paid for, Christ's *comprizement* lieth on *Glory*, for all the *mourners in Zion*, and shall never be loosed: Let us be glad and rejoyce that we have blood, losses, and wounds to shew our Master and Captain, at his appearance, and what we suffered for his cause. Wo is me, my dear Brother, that I say often, I am but dry bones, which my Lord will not bring out of the grave again, and that my faithless fears say, *Oh I am a dry tree, that can bear no fruit, I am an useless body, who can beget no children to the Lord in his house!* Hopes of deliverance look cold and afar off, as if I had done with it: it is much

for Christ (if I may say so) to get *Lawborrows* of my sorrow, and of my quarrelous heart: Christ's love playeth me *fair play*, I am not wronged at all; but there is a *tricking* and false heart within me, that still playeth Christ *soul play*: I am a cumberfom neighbour to Christ: it is a wonder, that he dwelleth beside the like of me; yet I often get the advantage of the hill, above my temptations, and then I despise temptation, even hell it self, and the stink of it, and the instruments of it, and am proud of my honourable Master: And I resolve, whether contrary winds will or not, to fetch Christ's harbour: and I think a wilful and stiff contention with my Lord Jesus for his love very lawful: it is sometimes hard to me, to *win my meat* upon Christ's love, because my faith is sick, and my hope withereth, and my eyes wax dim; and unkind; and comfort-eclipsing clouds go over the fair and bright *Sun Iesus*: And then, when I and temptation tryst the matter together, we spill all, through unbelief: Sweet, sweet for evermore would my life be, if I could keep faith in exercise: But I see, my fire cannot alwayes cast light. I have even a *poor man's hard world*, when he goeth away: But surely, since my entry hither, many a time hath my fair sun shined without a cloud: Hot and burning hath Christ's love been to me; I have no vent to the expression of it: I must be content with stolln and smothered desires of Christ's glory: O how far is his love *behind the hand* with me! I am just like a man, who hath nothing to pay his thousands of debt: All that can be gotten of him, is to seise upon his person: Except Christ would seise upon my self, and make the readiest payment that can be of my heart and love to himself, I have no other thing to give him: if my sufferings could do beholders good, and edifie his Kirk, and proclaim the incomparable worth of Christ's love to the world, O then would my soul be overjoyed, and my sad heart cheared and calmed! *Dear Brother*, I cannot tell what is become of my labours among that people: if all that my Lord builded by me be casten down, and the bottom fallen out of the profession of the *parish*, and none stand by Christ, whose love I once preached, as clearly and plainly as I could,

could, (though far below it's worth and excellency) to that people; if so, how can I bear it? and if another make a foul harvest, where I have made a painful and honest sowing, it will not soon digest with me: but I know, his ways pass finding out: Yet my witness both within me and above me knoweth, and my pained breast upon the Lord's day at night, my desire to have had Christ awful, and amiable, and sweet to that people, is now my joy: and it was my desire and aim, to make Christ and them one: if I see my hopes die in the bud, ere they bloom a little, and come to no fruit, I die with grief. O my God seek not an account of the violence done to me by my brethren, whose salvation I love and desire: I pray, that they and I be not heard as contrary parties, in the day of our compearance before our judge, in that process led by them against my ministry, which I received from Christ: I know, a little inch, and less then the third part of this span-length and handbreadth of time, which is posting away, will put me without the stroke, and above the reach of either brethren or foes: And it is a short-lasting injurie done to me, and to my pains, in that part of my Lord's vineyard. O how silly an advantage is my deprivation to men, seeing my Lord Jesus hath many ways to recover his own losses, and is irresistible to compass his own glorious ends, that his lillie may grow amongst thorns, and his little Kingdom exalt it self, even under the sword and spears of contrary powers! But, *my dear Brother*, go on in the strength of his rich grace, whom ye serve: Stand fast for Christ: Deliver the Gospel off your hand, and your ministry to your Master, with a clean and undefiled conscience: Loose not a pin of Christ's tabernacle: Do not so much as pike with your naile at one board or border of the ark: Have no part or dealing upon any terms, in a hoop, in a closed window, or in a bowing of your knee, in casting down of the temple: But be a mourning and speaking witness, against them, who now ruin Zion. Our Master will be on us all, in a clap, ere ever we wit: That day will discover all our white's and our black's, concerning this controversie of poor oppressed Zion: Let us make our part of it good, that it may be

able to abide the fire, when hay and stubble shall be burnt to ashes: Nothing, nothing (I say, nothing) but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's fan: I stand to my testimony, that I preached often of Scotland: *Lamentation, mourning & weeping abides thee, O Scotland: O Scotland, the fearful quarrel of a broken Covenant standeth good with thy Lord.* Now, remember my love to all friends, and to my parishioners, as if I named each one of them particularly: I recommend you and God's people, committed by Christ to your trust, to the rich grace of our all-sufficient Lord, Remember my bonds; Praise my Lord, who beareth me up in my sufferings: As ye find occasion (according to the wisdom given you) shew out acquaintance, what the Lord hath done to my soul: This I seek not, verily, to hunt my own praise, but that my sweetest and dearest Master may be magnified in my sufferings. I rest,

*Aberd. June 17. Your brother in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO MARION MCKNAUGHT.

Dearlly beloved in our Lord Iesus Christ;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: Few know the heart of a stranger and prisoner; I am in the hands of mine enemies: I would, honest & lawful means were essayed, for bringing me home to my charge, now when Mr. A. R. and Mr. H. R. are restored. It concerneth you of *Galloway* most, to use supplications and address for this purpose, and try if by fair means I can be brought back again: As for liberty, without I be restored to my flock, it is little to me, for my silence is my greatest prison: However it be, I wait for the Lord, I hope not to rot in my sufferings: Lord give me submission to wait on; my heart is sad, that my dayes flee away, and I do no service to my Lord in his house, now when his harvest and the souls of perishing people require it, but his ways are not like my wayes, neither can I find him out. O that he would shine upon my darkness, and bring forth my morning light from under the thick cloud, that

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men have spread over me? O that the Almighty would lay my cause in a ballance and weigh me, if my soul was not taken up, when others were sleeping, how to have Christ betrothed with a Bride, in that part of the land! but that day, that my mouth was most unjustly and cruelly closed, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did cast the flower; Howbeit I have been casting my self under Christ's feet, and wrestling to believe under a hidden and covered Lord; yet my fainting cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed with the sore cast, and under this almost insupportable weight: O that it break not! I dare not say, that the Lord hath put out my candle, and hath casten water upon my poor coal, and broken the stakes of my tabernacle: But I have tasted bitterness and eaten gall and wormwood, since that day, my Master laid bonds upon me to speak no more: I speak not this, because the Lord is uncouth to me, but because beholders, that stand on dry land, see not my sea-storm: The witnesses of my crosse are but strangers to my sad days and nights. O that Christ would let me alone, and speak love to me, and come home to me, and bring summer with him! O that I might preach his beauty and glory, as once I did, before my clay tent be removed to darkness, and that I might lift Christ off the ground, and my branches might be watered with the dew of God, and my joy in his work might grow green again, & bud, & send out a flower! But I am but a short-sighted creature, & my candle casteth not light afar off: He knoweth all that is done to me, how that when I had but one joy & no more, and one green flower, that I esteemed to be my garland, he came in one hour and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only eye, & mine only one crown & garland: what can I say? Surely my guiltiness has been remembered before him, and he was seeking to take down my sails, and to land the flower of my delights, and to let it lie on the coast, like an old broken ship, that is no more for the sea: But I praise him for this wailed stroke: I welcome this furnace, God's wisdom made choice of it for me, & it must be best because it was his choice. O that I may wait for him till the morning

248 * MR. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 126.
of this benighted Kirk break out ! This poor afflicted
Kirk had a fair morning; but her night came upon her be-
fore her noon-day, and she was like a traveller, forced to
take house in the morning of his journey: and now her
adversaries are the chief men in the land, her ways mourn,
her gates languish, her children sigh for bread, and there
is none to be instant with the Lord, that he would come a-
gain to his house, and dry the face of his weeping spouse,
and comfort Zion's mourners, who are waiting for him:
I know, he shall make corn to grow upon the top of his
withered mount Zion again. Remember my bonds, and
forget me not: Oh that my Lord would bring me again
amongst you, with abundance of the Gospel of Christ ! But
O that I may set down my desires, where my Lord bid-
deth me ! Remember my love in the Lord to your hus-
band; God make him faithful to Christ; and my blessing
to your three children. Faint not in prayer for this Kirk:
Desire my people not to receive a stranger, and intruder
upon my ministry: let me stand in that right and sta-
tion, that my Lord Jesus gave me. Grace, grace be with
you:

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
and Master, S. R.*

To JOHN GORDON
At Risco.

Dear Brother;

I Earnestly desire to know the case of your soul, and to
understand, that ye have made sure work of heaven
and salvation. 1. Remember, Salvation is one of Christ's
dainties he giveth but to a few. 2. That it is violent swea-
ting and striving that taketh heaven. 3. That it cost Christ
blood to purchase that house to sinners, and to set man-
kind down, as the King's free tenants and free-holders.
4. That many make a start toward heaven, who fall on
their back, and win not up to the top of the mount, it
plucketh heart and legs from them, and they sit down
and give it over, because the devil setteth a sweet smelled
flower to their nose (this fair balked world) wherewith
they

they are bewitched, and so forget or refuse to go forward. 5. Remember, many go far on, and reform many things, and can find tears, as *Esaú* did; and suffer hunger for truth, as *Judas* did; and wish and desire the end of the righteous, as *Balaam* did; and profess fair and fight for the Lord, as *Saul* did; and desire the fairs of God to pray for them, as *Pharaoh* and *Simon Magus* did; and prophesie and speak of Christ, as *Caiaphas* did; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgment, as *Abob* did; and put away gross sins and idolatry, as *Iehu* did; and hear the word of God gladly, and reform their life in many things according to the word, as *Herod* did; and say, *Master*, to Christ, *I will follow thee whither thou goest*, as the man who offered to be Christ's servant, *Math. 8.* and may taste of the virtues of the life to come, and be partaker of the wonderful gifts of the holy spirit, and taste of the good word of God, as the *Apostates* who sin against the Holy Ghost, *Heb. 6.* and yet all these are but like gold in clink and colour, and watered brals and base mettall. These are written, that we should try our selves, and not rest till we be a step nearer Christ, than *sun-burnt* and withering professors can come. 6. Consider, it is impossible that your idol-sins & ye can go to heaven together, & that they, who will not part with these, can indeed love Christ at the bottom; but only in word & shew: which will not do the business. 7. Remember how swiftly God's post, *time*, flieth away, and that your forenoon is already spent, your afternoon will come, and then your evening, and at last night, when ye cannot see to work: let your heart be set upon finishing of your journey, and summing and laying your accounts with your Lord. O how blessed shall ye be, to have a joyfull welcome of your Lord at night! How blessed are they, who in time take sure course with their soul! Bless his great name, for what ye possess in goods and children, ease and worldly contentment, that he hath given you, and seek to be like Christ, in humility and lowliness of mind, & be not great and intire with the world: make it not your God, nor your lover, that ye trust unto; for it will deceive you: I recommend Christ and his love to you, in all things, let him have the flower of your heart

250 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 127
heart and your love, set a low price upon all things but
Christ, and cry down in your thoughts clay and dirt, that
will not comfort you, when ye get summons to re-
move, and compare before your Judge, to answer for all
the deeds done in the body. The Lord give you wisdom
in all things: I beseech you sanctifie God in your speaking,
for holy and reverend is his name: and be temperate &
sober; *companionry* (as it is called) is a sin, that holdeth
men out of heaven. I will not believe, that ye will receive
the ministry of a stranger, who will preach a new and
uncouth doctrine to you: Let my salvation stand for it, if
I delivered not the plain and whole counsel of God to you
in his word. Read this letter to your wife, and remember
my love to her, and request her to take heed to do what I
write to you: I pray for you and yours. Remember me
in your prayers to our Lord, that he would be pleased to
send me amongst you again. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

To Mr. HUGH HENDERSON.

Reverend and dear Brother;

W Ho knoweth, but the wind may turn into the west
again, upon Christ and his desolate bride in this
land? And that Christ may get his summer by course a-
gain; for he hath had ill weather this long time, & could
not find law or justice for himself & his truth these many
years. I am sure, the wheels of this crazed and broken
Kirk run all upon no other axel-tree, nor is there any
other to roll them, and cogg them, and drive them, but
the wisdom and good pleasure of our Lord: And it were a
just *trick*, and glorious, of never-sleeping providence, to
bring our brethrens darts, they have shot at us, back upon
their own heads: Suppose they have two strings to their
bow, and can take one as another faileth them, yet there
are moe then three strings upon our Lord's bow; and be-
sides, he cannot miss the white that he shooteth at. I
know, he shufflith up and down in his hand the great
body of heaven and earth, and that Kirk and Common
wealth

wealth are in his hand, like a stock of Cards, and that he dealeth the play to the mourners in Zion, and these that say, *lye down, that we may go over you*, at his own sovereign pleasure: And I am sure, Zion's adversaries, in this play, shall not take up their own stakes again. O how sweet a thing is it to trust in him! When Christ hath slept out his sleep (if I may speak so of him, who is the *watch-man of Israel, that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth*) & his own are tried, he will arise as a strong man after wine, and make bare his holy arm, and put on vengeance as a cloak, and deal vengeance thick and double amongst the haters of Zion. It may be, we see him sow, & send down maledictions and vengeance, as thick as drops of rain or hail, upon his enemies: For our Lord oweth them a black day, and be useth duely to pay his debts: neither his friends and followers, nor his foes and adversaries shall have it to say, that he is not faithful & exact in keeping his word. I know no bar in God's way, but Scotland's guiltiness, and he can come over that impediment, and break that bar also, and then say to guilty Scotland, as he said *Ezek. 36. Not for your sakes, &c.* Onwaiting had ever yet a blessed issue, & to keep the word of God's patience keepeth still the saints dry in the water, cold in the fire, and breathing & blood-hot in the grave. What are prisons of iron-walls & gates of brass to Christ? Not so good as *scald-dikes*, fortifications of straw, or old tottering walls: if he give the word, then chains will fall off the arms & legs of his prisoners. God be thanked, that our Lord Jesus hath the tutoring of King and Court and Nobles, and that he can dry the gutters, and the mires in Zion, and lay causers to the Temple with the carcases of *bastard Lord Prelats* and idol shepherds: The corn on the house-tops got never the husband-man's prayers, & so is seen on it, for it filleth not the hand of mowers. Christ and truth and innocency worketh even under the earth; and verily there is hope for the righteous: We see not what conclusions pass in heaven anent all the affairs of God's house: we need not give hire to God to take vengeance of his enemies; for justice worketh without hire. O that the seed of hope would grow again & come to maturity! And that we could

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 could importune Christ, and double our knocks at his
 gate, and cast our cries and shouts over the wall, that
 he might come out, and make our *Jerusalem* the praise
 of the whole earth, and give us *Salvation for walls and bul-
 works*! If Christ bud, and grow green, and bloom, and
 bear seed again, in *Scotland*, and his father send him two
 summers again in one year, and bless his crop; O what
 cause have we, to rejoyce in the free salvation of our
 Lord, & to set up our banners in the name of our God!
 O that he would hasten the confusion of the leprous *strump-
 pet*, the mother & mistress of abominations in the earth,
 and take graven images out of the way, & come in with
 the *Jews*, in troops, & agree with his old outcast & forsaken
 wife, & take them in again to his bed of love! Grace be
 with you.

Aberd. 1637. Yours, in our Master and Lord. S. R.

To the Lady

L A R G I R I E.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I exhort you in
 the Lord, to go on in your journey to heaven; and
 to be content of *such fare* by the way, as Christ and his
 followers have had before you; for they had alwayes the
 wind on their faces, and our Lord hath not changed the
 way to us, for our ease; but will have us following our
 sweet guide. Alas how doth sin clog us, in our journey,
 and retard us! What fools are we to have a *by-good*, or
 another love, or match to our souls, beside Christ?
 It were best for us, like *ill bairns* (who are best heard at
 home,) to seek our own home, and to sell our hopes
 of this little clay Innes and idol of the earth, where
 we are neither well *summered*, nor well *wintered*. Oh
 that our souls would *fall so at odds* with the love of this
 world, as to think of it, as a traveller doth of a drink
 of water, which is not any part of his treasure, but goeth
 away with the using; for ten miles journey maketh that
 drink to him as nothing! O that we had as soon done
 with this world, and could as quickly dispatch the love
 of

er it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of it's room; so neither can we be masters and Lords of two loves: Blessed were we, if we could make our selves masters of that invaluable treasure, the love of Christ; or rather, suffer our selves to be mastered & subdued to Christ's love, so as Christ were our *all things*, & all other things our *nothings*; and the refuse of our delights. O let us be ready for shipping against the time our Lord's wind and tide call for us! *Death* is the last thief, that shall come without din or noise of feet, and take our souls away, and we shall take our leave at Time, and face Eternity, and our Lord shall lay together the two sides of this earthly Tabernacle, and fold us and lay us by, as a man layeth by clothes at night, & put the one half of us in an house of clay, the dark grave, and the other half of us in heaven or hell. Seek to be found of your Lord in peace, and gather in your sifting, and put your soul in order, for Christ will not give a nail-breadth of Time to our little sandglass. Pray for Zion, and for me his prisoner, that he would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, full of Christ; and fraughted & loaden with the blessing of his Gospel. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his only Lord and Master. S. R.

TO EARLESTOWN Younger.
Worthy & dearly beloved in the Lord;

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I long to hear from you: I remain still a prisoner of hope, and do think it service to the Lord, to wait on still with submission, till the Lord's morning-skie break, and his summer day dawn: for I am perswaded, it is a piece of the chief errand of our life, that God sent us, for some years, down to this earth, among devils and men, the firebrands of the devil, and temptations; that we might suffer for a time here amongst our enemies; otherwise he might have made heaven to wait on us; at our coming out of the womb, and have carried us home to our countrey, without letting us set down our feet in this knotty and thor-

ny life; but seeing a piece of suffering is carried to every one of us, less or more, as infinite wisdom hath thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin skinned nature, to endure fire and water, devils, lions, men, losses, woe hearts, as these that are looked upon by God, Angels, men and devils. O what folly is it, to sit down and weep upon a decree of God, that is both dumb and deaf at our tears, and must stand still as unmovable as God who made it; for who can come behind our Lord, to alter or better what he hath decreed & done! It were better to make windows in our prison, and to look out to God and our country Heaven, and to cry like fettered men, who long for the King's free air, *Lord, let thy Kingdom come: O let the Bridegroom come! And O day, O fair day, O everlasting summerday, dawn and shine out, break out from under the black skie and shine!* I am perswaded, if every day, a little stone in the prison walls were broken, and thereby assurance given to the chained prisoner, lying under twenty stone of irons upon arms and legs, that at length his chain should wear in two pieces, and a hole should be made at length, as wide as he might come safely out to his long desired liberty; he would in patience wait on, till time should hole the prison wall and break his chains: The Lord's hopeful prisoners under their tryals are in that case: Years & moneths will take out now one little stone, then another, of this house of clay, and at length time shall win out the breadth of a fair door, and send out the imprisoned soul to the free air in heaven, and time shall file off, by little and little, our iron bolts, which are now on legs & arms, and our date, and wear our trouble *threeed-bare and hollic*, and then wear them to nothing: For what I suffered yesterday, I know, shall never come again to trouble me. O that we could breath out new hope, and new submission every day, in Christ's lap! For certainly, a weight of glory well weighed [yea increasing to a far more exceeding & eternal weight:] shall recompence both weight and length of light and clipped and short-dated crosses. Our waters are but ebb, & come neither to our chin, nor to the stopping of our breath. I may see, [if I would bor-

row

row eyes from Christ,] dry land, and that near: Why then should we not laugh at adversity, and scorn our short-born and soon-dying temptations: I rejoyce, in the hope of that glory to be revealed, for it is no uncertain glory we look for; our hope is not hang upon such an untwisted threed, as, *I imagin so*, or, *it is likely*; but the cable, the strong tow of our fastened anchor, is the oath and the promise of him; who is eternal verity, our Salvation is fastened with God's own hand, and with Christ's own strength, to the strong stoup of God's unchangeable nature, *Mal. 3. 6. I am the Lord, I change not, and therefore ye sons of Iacob are not consumed*: We may play, and dance, and leap upon our worthy and immoveable rock: the ground is sure and good, and will bide hell's *brangling*, and devils *brangling*, and the world's assaults. Oh if our faith could ride it out, against the high and proud winds and waves, when our sea seemeth all to be on fire! O how oft do I let my grips go! I am put to swimming and half sinking: I find the devil hath the advantage of the ground, in this battel, for he fighteth in known ground, in our corrupt nature: Alas! that is a friend neer of kin and blood to himself, and will not fail to fall foul upon us: And hence it is, that he, who *saveth to the uttermost*, and, *leadeth many sons to glory*, is still righting my salvation, and twenty times a day I ravel my heaven, and then I must come with my *ill raveled work* to Christ, to *cumber* him (as it were) to right it, and to seek again the right end of the threed, and to fold up again my eternal glory with his own hand, and to give a right cast of his holy and gracious hand to my marred, and spilt salvation. Certainly, it is a cumberfom thing, to keep a foolish child from falls and broken brows, and weeping for this and that toy, and rash running, and sickness, and bairns diseases; ere he win through them all, and win out of the *mires*, he costeth meekle *black cumber*; and *saubrie* to his keepers: And so is a believer a cumberfom piece of work, & an *ill raveled hess* (as we use to say) to Christ: But God be thanked, for many spilt salvations, and many *ill raveled hess*; hath Christ mended, since first he entered outour to lost mankind;

O what

O what could we, *hairs*, do without him! how soon would we mar all! But the less of our weight be upon our own feeble legs, and the more that we be on Christ, the strong Rock, the better for us: It is good for us, that ever Christ took the cumber of us: it is our heaven, to lay many weights, and burdens upon Christ, and to make him all we have, root, and top, beginning and ending of our salvation: Lord hold us here. Now to this tutour, and rich Lord, I recommend you: Hold fast till he come, and remember his prisoner. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in his and your Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

TO Mr. WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

Reverend & dear Brothers,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter: I bless our high and onely wise Lord, who hath broken the snare that men had laid for you; and I hope, that now he shall keep you in his house, in despite of the powers of hell. Who knoweth, but the streets of our *Jerusalem* shall yet be filled with yong men, and with old men, & boys, & women with child; & that they shall plant vines in the mountains of *Samaria*? I am sure, the whetls, paces and motions of this poor Church, are tempered and ruled, not as men would, but according to the good pleasure and infinite wisdom of our only wise Lord. I am here waiting in hope, that my innocency, in this honourable cause, shall melt this cloud, that men have casten over me. I know, my Lord had his own quarrels against me, and that my dross stood in need of this hot furnace, but I rejoyce in this, that fair truth, beautiful truth, [whose glory my Lord cleareth to me more and more] beareth me company, and that my weak aims to honour my Master, in bringing guests to his house, now swell upon me in comforts; and that I am not affraid to want a witness in heaven, that it was my joy, to have a crown put upon Christ's head, in that country. O what joy would I have to see the wind turn upon the enemies of the cross of Christ, and to see my Lord *Jesus* restored with the

the voice of praise to his own free throne again; and to be brought amongst you, to see the beauty of the Lord's house! I hope, that countrey will not be so silly, as to suffer men to pluck you away from them, and that ye will use means to keep my place empty, and to bring me back again to the people, to whom I have Christs right, and his Church's lawful calling, *Dear Brother*, let Christ be dearer and dearer to you, let the conquest of souls be top and root, flower and bloom of your joyes and desires, in this side of sun and moon: and in the day, when the Lord shall pull up the four stakes of this clay-rent of the earth, and the last pickle of sand shall be at the nick of falling down in your warch glass, and the master shall call the servants of the vineyard to give them their hire; ye will esteeme the bloom of this world's glory like the colours of the rain-bow, that no man can put in his purse and treasure: Your labours and pains shall then smile upon you. My Lord now hath given me experience [howbeit weak and small] that our best fare here is bonger; we are but at God's *by-board*, in this lower house, we have cause to long for supper-time, and the high table, up in the high place; This world deserveth nothing but the utter court of our soul: Lord hasten the marriage-supper of the Lamb. I find it still peace to give up with this present world, as with an old decounted and cast off lover: My bread and drink in it, is not so much worth, that I should not loath the limes, and pack up my desires for Christ, that I have sent out to the feckless creatures in it. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your affectionat Brather & Christ's
prisoner. S. R.*

To the Laird of
C A L L Y.

Much honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth: I have that confidence, that your soul mindeth Christ and salvation: I beseech you in the Lord, give more pain and diligence to
fetch

fetch heaven, then the *country* sort of lazie professors,
 who think their own faith and their own godliness, be-
 cause it is their own, best; and content themselves with
 a cold rise custom and course, with a resolution to sum-
 mer and winter in that sort of profession, that the mul-
 titude and the times favour most, and are still shaping
 and clipping and carving their faith; according as it may
 best stand with their summer sun and a whole skin, and
 so breath out both hot & cold in God's matters, according
 to the course of the times: This is their compass they sail
 toward heaven by, instead of a better. *Worthy and dear Sir,*
 separate your self from such; and bend your self, to the
 utmost of your strength and breath, in running fast for
 salvation; and in taking Christ's Kingdom, use violence:
 It cost Christ and all his followers sharp showers and
 horeweats, ere they won to the top of the mountain:
 But still our soft nature would have heaven coming to
 our bed-side, when we are sleeping; and lying down
 with us, that we might go to heaven in warm clothes;
 but all that came there found wet feet by the way, and
 sharp storms, that did take the hide off their face, and
 found to's and fro's and down's, and many enemies by
 the way. It is impossible, a man can take his lusts to hea-
 ven with him; such wares as these will not be welcome
 there. O how loath are we to forgo our packhills & bur-
 dens, that hinder us to run our race with patience! It is
 no small work to displease and anger nature, that we may
 please God. O if it be hard to win one foot or half an inch,
 out of our own will, our own wit, out of our own
 ease and worldly lusts; and so to deny our self, and to
 say, *It is not I but Christ, not I but grace, not I but God's*
glory, not I but God's love constraining me, not I but the
Lord's word, not I but Christ's commanding power as King
in me! O what pains, and what a death is it to nature,
 to turn me, my self, my lust, my ease, my credit, over in,
 my Lord, my Saviour, my King, & my God, my Lord's will
 my Lord's grace! But alas! that idol, that whorish crea-
 ture, my self, is the master-idol we all bow to: What
 made *Evah* miscarry? and what hurried her headlong
 upon the forbidden fruit, but that wretched thing, her
 self?

self? What drew that brother-murderer to kill *Abel*? That wild *himself*. What drove the old world on to corrupt their wayes? Who but *themselves*, and their own pleasure? What was the cause of *Solomon's* falling into idolatry, & multiplying of strange wives? What but *himself*, whom he would rather pleasure than God? What was the hook that took *David*, & snared him first in adultery, but his *self-lust*; & then in murder, but his *self-credit* & *self-honour*? What led *Peter* on to deny his Lord? Was it not a piece of *himself*, & *self-love* to a whole skin? What made *Judas* sell his Master for 30 pieces of money, but a piece of self-love, idolizing of *avaritious self*? What made *Demas* to go off the way of the Gospel, to embrace this present world? even *self-love* & *love of gain* for *himself*: Every man blameth the devil for his sins, but the great devil, the house-devil of every man, the house-devil that eateth & lieth in every man's bosom, is that idol that killeth all, *himself*. O blessed are they, who can deny *themselves*, & put Christ in the room of *themselves*! O would to the Lord, I had not a *my self*, but Christ; nor a *my lust*, but Christ; nor a *my ease*, but Christ; nor a *my honour*, but Christ! O sweet word, *Gal. 2. 20. I live no more, but Christ liveth in me!* O if every one would put away *himself*, his *own self*, his *own ease*, his *own pleasure*, his *own credit*, and his *own twenty things*, his *own hundred things*, that he setteth up as idols above Christ! Dear Sir, I know ye will be looking back to your old *self*, and to your *self-lust* and *self-idol*, that ye set up in the last of youth, above Christ. *Worthy Sir*, pardon this my freedom of love: God is my witness, that it is out of an earnest desire after your soul's eternal welfare, that I use this freedom of speech: Your sun I know is lower, and your evening-skie and sun-setting nearer, then when I saw you last: Strive to end your task before night, and to make Christ *your self*, and to acquaint your love and your heart with the Lord: Stand now by Christ and his truth, when so many fall foully and are false to him. I hope, ye love him and his truth; let me have power with you to confirm you in him. I think more of my Lord's sweet cross, then of a

crown of gold, and a free Kingdom lying to it. *Sir*, I remember you in my prayers to the Lord, according to my promise: Help me with your prayers, that our Lord would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, with the Gospel of Christ: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweetest Lord
and Master, S. R.*

TO JOHN GORDON
Of Cardoness Younger.

Dearly beloved in our Lord,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long exceedingly to hear of the case of your soul, which hath a large share both of my prayers and careful thoughts. *Sir*, remember, that a precious treasure and prize is upon this short play, that ye are now upon, even the eternity of well or woe to your soul standeth upon the little point of your ill or well employed short and swift posting sand-glass: Seek the Lord, while he may be found; the Lord waiteth upon you: Your soul is of no little price: gold nor silver, or as much bonds as would cover the highest heavens round about, cannot buy it: To live as others do, and to be free of open sins, that the world crieth shame upon, will not bring you to heaven: as much civility and country-discretion, as would lie between you and heaven, will not lead you one foot or one inch above condemned nature: and therefore take pains upon seeking of salvation, and give your will, wit, humour, the green desires of youth's pleasures, off your hand to Christ. It is not possible for you to know, till experience teach you, how dangerous a time Youth is: it is like green and wet timber; when Christ casteth fire on it, it taketh not fire: There is need here of more than ordinary pains; for corrupt nature hath a good back friend of Youth, and sinning against light will put out your candle, and stupify your conscience, and bring upon it more coverings and skin, and less feeling and sense of guiltiness; and when that is done, the Devil is like a mad horse, that hath broken the bridle, and runneth away with his rider, whither

whither be listeth. Learn to know that which the Apostle knew, the deceitfulness of sin: strive to make prayer, & reading, and holy company, and holy conference, your delight; and when delight cometh in, ye shall by little & little smell the sweetness of Christ, till at length your soul be over head & ears in Christ's sweetness: then shall ye be taken up to the top of the mountain with the Lord, to know the ravishments of spiritual love, & the glory & excellency of a seen, revealed, felt and embraced Christ: & then ye shall not be able to loose your self off Christ, & to bind your soul to old lovers: then, & never till then, are all the paces, morions, walkings and wheels of your soul in a right tune, and in a spiritual temper: But if this world and the lusts thereof be your delight, I know not, what Christ can make of you; ye cannot be mettall to be a vessel of glory and mercy. As the Lord liveth, thousand thousands are beguiled with security, because God and wrath & judgment is not terrible to them: stand in awe of God, and of the warnings of a checking and rebuking conscience: make other to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will smell of him, if he be in you: there is an instinct in the new born babes of Christ, like the instinct of nature, that leads birds to build their nests & bring up their young, & love such and such places as woods, forests and wildernesses, better then other places: The instinct of nature maketh a man love his *mother country*, above all countreys: The instinct of renewed nature, and supernatural grace, will lead you to such and such works, as to love your country above, to sigh to be clothed with your house not made with hands, & to call your borrowed prison here below, a borrowed prison, and to look upon it servant-like & pilgrim-like: And the pilgrim's eye & look, is a disdainful-like discontented-cast of his eye, his heart crying after his eye, *Ey, fy, this is not like my country*. I recommend to you the mending of a hole, and reforming of a failing, one or other, every week, and put off a sin or a piece of it, as of anger, wrath, lust, intemperance, every day, that ye may more easily master the remnant of your corruption. God hath given you a wife, love her, and let

her breasts satisfie you; and for the Lord's sake, drink no waters but out of your own cistern, strange wells are poison. Strive to learn some new way against your corruption, from the man of God *M. W. D.* or other servants of God: sleep not sound till ye find your self in that case, that ye dare look death in the face, & durst hazard your soul upon eternity. I am sure, many ells & inches of the short threed of your life are by hand, since I saw you: & that threed hath an end, and ye have no hands to cast a koot, and add one day or a finger-breadth to the end of it: When hearing, & seeing, and the utter walls of the clay-house shall fall down, and life shall render the besieged castle of clay to death and judgment, and ye find your time worn ebb & run out, what thoughts will ye then have of *idol pleasures*, that possibly are now sweet? what *bud* or hire would ye then give for the Lord's favour? & what a price would ye then give for pardon? It were not amiss to think, *What if I were to receive a doom, and to enter into a furnace of fire & brimstone? What if it come to this, that I shall have no portion, but utter darknes? And what if I be brought to this, to be banished from the presence of God, and to be given over to God's serjeants, the devil, and the power of the second death?* Put your soul, by supposition, in such a case, and consider, what horreur would take hold of you, and what then ye would esteem of pleasing your self in the course of sin! O dear Sir, for the Lord's sake, awake to live righteously, and love your poor soul, and after ye have seen this my letter, say with your self, *The Lord will seek an account of this warning, I have received.* Lodge Christ in your family. Receive no stranger hireling as your Pastor. I bless your children. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your lawfull and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

To my Lord B O Y D.

My very honourable and good Lord;

GRate, mercy & peace be to your Lo: Out of the worthy report that I hear of your Lo: zeal, for this
born

born down & oppressed Gospel, I am bold to write to your Lo: beseeching you by the mercies of God, by the honour of our royal and princely King Jesus, by the sorrows, tears and desolation of your afflicted *mother church*, & by the peace of your conscience, & your joy in the day of Christ, that your Lo: would go on in the strength of your Lord, and in the power of his might, to bestir your self, for the vindicating of the fallen honour of your Lord Jesus. O blessed hands for evermore, that shall help to put the crown upon the head of Christ again, in Scotland! I dare promise, in the name of our Lord, that this shall fasten and fix the pillars, and the stakes of your own honourable house upon earth, if ye lend, and lay in pledge in Christ's hand, (upon spiritual hazard) life, estate, house, honour, credit, moeyen, friends, the favour of men (suppose Kings with three crowns) so being ye may bear witness, & acquit your self as a man of valour & courage, to the Prince of your salvation, for the purging of his temple, and sweeping out the Lordly *Diotrephes*, time-courting *Demas*, corrupt *Hymeneus* & *Philistus* & other such oxen, that with their dung defile the Temple of the Lord. Is not Christ now crying, *Who will help me? Who will come out with me, to take part with me, & share in the honour of my victory, over these mine enemies, who have said, We will not have this man to rule over us? My very honourable and dear Lord, joyne, joyne (as ye do) with Christ, he is more worth to you and your posterity, then this world's May-flowers and withering Riches and Honour, that shall go away as smoke, and evanish in a night vision, and shall in one half hour, after the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, lie in white ashes.* Let me beseech your Lo: to draw by the lap of *Time's curtain*, and look in through that window to great and endless Eternity, and consider, if a worldly price (suppose this little round clay glob of this ashie and dirty earth, the dying idol of the fools of this world, were all your own) can be given for one smile of Christ's God, like and soul-ravishing countenance, in that day, when so many joints & knees of thousand thousands wailing shall stand before Christ, trembling; shouting and making their

prayers to hills and mountains, to fall upon them, & hide them from the face of the Lamb. O how many would sell Lordships and Kingdoms that day, and buy Christ! But Oh the market shall be closed and ended ere then. Your Lo: hath now a blessed venture, of winning court with the Prince of the Kings of the earth: He himself weeping, truth born down, & fallen in the streets, and an oppressed Gospel, Christ's bride with watery eyes, and spoiled of her veil, her hair hanging about her eyes, forced to go in ragged apparel, the banished, silenced & imprisoned prophets of God, who have not the favour of liberty to prophesie in sackcloth; all these, I say, call for your help: Fear not worms of clay, the moth shall eat them as a garment, let the Lord be your fear, he is with you, & shall fight for you: thus shall ye cause, *the blessing of these, who are ready to perish, come upon you*, and ye shall make the heart of this your *mother-Church* to sing for joy. The Lamb & his armies are with you, & the Kingdoms of the earth are the Lord's. I am perswaded, there is not another Gospel, nor another saving truth, then that which ye now contend for. I dare hazard my heaven & salvation upon it, that this is the only saving way to glory. Grace, grace be with your Lo:

Aberd.
1637.

*Your Lo: at all respective obedience in
Christ, S. R.*

TO ROBERT GORDON,
Bailiff of Ayr.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I long to hear from you: Our Lord is with his afflicted Kirk, so that this burning bush is not consumed to ashes. I know, submissive on-waiting for the Lord shall at length ripen the joy and deliverance of his own, who are truly blessed on-waiters: What is the dry and miscarrying hope of all them, who are not in Christ, but confusion & wind? O how pitifully and miserably are the children of this world beguiled, whose wine cometh home to them water, & their gold brags & tin! And what wonder, that hopes builded upon

upon sand should fall and sink? It were good for us all to abandon the forlorn, & blasted, & withered hope, we have had in the creature; & let us henceforth come, & drink water out of our own well, even the fountain of living waters, & build our selves and our hope upon Christ our rock: But alas! that natural love, that we have to this borrowed home, that we were born in; and that this clay-city, the vain earth, should have the largest share of our heart! Our poor, lean and empty dreams of confidence, in something beside God, are no further travelled, then up and down the naughty and feckless creatures. God may say of us, as he said, *Amos 6. 13. Ye rejoyce in a thing of nought.* Surely, we spin our spider's web with pain, and build our rotten and tottering house upon a lye, and falsehood, and vanity. O when will we learn to have thoughts, higher then the sun and moon, and learn our joy, hope, confidence and our soul's desires, to look up to our best countrey, and to look down to clay-tents, set up for a night's lodging or two, in this uncouth land, and laugh at our childish conceptions and imaginations; that suck our joy out of creatures, woe, sorrow, losses and grief. O sweetest Lord Jesus! O fairest Godhead! O flower of man and angels, why are we such strangers to, and far-off bebolders of thy glory? O it were our happiness for evermore, that God would cast a pest, a borch, a leprosie upon our pate of this great whore, a fair and wellbusked World, that clay might no longer deceive us! but O that God may burn and blast our Hope hereaway, rather then our Hope should live to burn us! Alas! the wrong side of Christ, (to speak so) his black side, his suffering side, his wounds, his bare coat, his wants, his wrongs, the oppressions of men done to him, are turned towards mens eyes, and they see not the best and fairest side of Christ, nor see they his amiable face and his beauty, that man and angels wonder at. *Sir,* lend your thoughts to these things, and learn to contemn this world, and to turn your eyes and heart away, from beholding the masked beauty of all things under Time's law & doom. See him who is invisible, and his invisible things; draw by the curtain, and look in with liking and longing to a

Kingdom undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for you in the heaven: This is worthy of your pains & worthy of your soul's sweating, and labouring and seeking after, night and day: Fire will flee over the earth & all that is in it, even destruction from the Almighty: Fy, fy upon that hope, that shall be dried up by the root! Fy upon the drunken night-bargains, and the drunken and mad covenants, that sinners make with death and hell after cups, and when wots souls are mad and drunken with the love of this lawless life! They think to make a nest for their hopes, and take quarters and conditions of hell and death, that they shall have ease, long life, peace; and in the morning, when the last trumpet shall awakethem, then they rue the block. It is time, and high time for you, to think upon death & your accounts, and to remember what ye are, where ye will be before the year of our Lord 1700. I hope ye are thinking upon this: pull at your soul, and draw it aside from the company that it is with, and round and whisper-in to it news of eternity, death, judgment, heaven & hell. Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To ALEXANDER GORDON
Of Earlsfoun.

Much honoured Sir;

Grace, Mercy & peace be to you: It is like if ye, the Gentry and Nobility of this nation, be *men in the streets* (as the word speaketh) for the Lord, that he will now deliver his flock, and gather and rescue his scattered sheep, from the hands of cruel and rigorous Lords, that have ruled over them with force. O that mine eyes might see the moon-light turn to the light of the sun? But I still fear, the quarrel of a broken Covenant in Scotland standeth before the Lord: However it be, I avouch it before the world, that the tabernacle of the Lord shall again be in the midst of Scotland, and the glory of the Lord shall dwell in beauty, as the light of many days in one,
in

in this land. O what could my soul desire more, next to my Lord Jesus, while I am in this flesh, but that Christ & his Kingdom might be great amongst *Yets* and *Gauls*, and that the Isles (and amongst them, overclouded and darkned *Brittan*) might have the glory of a noon-day's sun? Oh that I had any thing (I will not except my part in Christ) to wadset or lay in pledge, to redeem and buy such glory to my highest and royal Prince, my sweet Lord Jesus! my poor little heaven were well bestowed, if it could stand a pawn forever, to set on high the glory of my Lord; But I know, he needeth not wages nor hire at my hand: Yea, I know, if my eternal glory could weigh down in weight, its alone, all the eternal glory of the blessed Angels, and of all the spirits of just and perfect men glorified and to be glorified, Oh alas! how far am I engaged to forgo it for, and give it over to Christ; so being he might thereby be set on high above ten thousand thousand millions of heavens, in the conquest of many, many nations to his Kingdom! Oh that his Kingdom would come! O that all the world would stoop before him! O blessed hands that shall put the crown upon Christ's head in *Scotland*! But alas! I can scarce get leave to ware my love on him: I can find no wayes to ent my heart upon Christ: and my love, that I with my soul bestow on him, is like to die upon my hand, and I think it no *bairns-play* to be hungred with Christ's love: To love him and to want him, wanteth little of hell. I am sure he knoweth, how my joy would swell upon me, from a little well to a great sea, to have as much of his love, and as wide a soul answerable to comprehend it, till I cried, *hold Lord, no more*: But I find, he will not have me to be mine own steward, nor mine own carver: Christ keepeth the keys of Christ, (to speak so,) and of his own love, and he is a wiser distributor, then I can take up: I know, there is more in him, then would make me run-over, like a coast-ful sea. I were happy for evermore, to get leave to stand but beside Christ and his love, and to look in, suppose I were interdicted of God to come near, touch or embrace, kiss or set to my sinful head,

and drink my self drunken with that lovely thing. God send me that which I would have; for I now verily see, more clearly then before, our folly in drinking dead waters, & in playing the whore with our soul's love upon running-our wells, and broken sheards of creatures of yesterday, whom Time will *unlaw*, with the penalty of losing their being and natural ornaments. O! when a soul's love is itching (to speak so) for God, and when Christ in his boundless and bottomless love, beauty and excellency, someth and rubbeth up and exciteth that love; what can be heaven, if this be not heaven? I am sure, this bit, seckless, narrow and short love of regenerated sinners, was born for no other end, but to breath, and live, and love, & dwell in the bosom, and betwixt the breasts of Christ: Where is there a bed or a lodging for the saints love but Christ? O that he would take our selves off our hand, for neither we, nor the creatures, can be either due conquest, or lawful heritage to love! Christ, and none but Christ, is Lord and proprietor of it. Oh alas, how pitiful is it, that so much of our love goeth by him! O but we be wretched wasters of our soul's love! I know, it is the deep of bottomless and unsearchable providence, that the saints are suffered to play the whore from God, and that their love goeth a hunting; when God knoweth, it shall cost nothing of that, at supper time. The renewed would have it otherwise; & why is it so, seeing our Lord can keep us without nodding, tottering or reeling, or any fall at all! Our desires, I hope, shall meet with perfection; but God will have our *sin* an office-house for God's grace, and hath made sin a matter of an *unlaw* and penalty, for the Son of God's blood; & howbeit *sin* should be our sorrow, yet there is a sort of acquiescing & resting upon God's dispensation required of us, that there is such a thing in us as *sin*, whereupon mercy, forgiveness, healing, curing, in our sweet Physician, may find a field to work upon. O what a deep is here, that created wit cannot take up! However matters go, it is our happiness to win new ground daily in Christ's love, and to purchase a new piece of it daily, and to add conquest to conquest, till our Lord Jesus and we be so near other, that

that Satan shall not draw a straw or a threed betwixt us. And for my self, I have no greater joy, in my well-favoured bounds for Christ, then that I know, time shall put him and me together, and that my love and longing hath room & liberty, amidst my bonds and foes (whereof there are not a few here of all ranks) to go visit the borders, and utter coasts of my Lord Jesus's countrey: and see, at least afar off and darkly, the countrey which shall be mine inheritance, which is my Lord Jesus's due, both through birth and conquest. I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest, and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, if we would take more pains: And that we all go to heaven with less earnest, & *lighter-purses* of the hoped-for summer, then otherwise we might do, if we took more pains to win further in upon Christ, in this pilgrimage of our absence from him. Grace, grace & glory be your portion.

Aberd.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO JOHN LAWRIE.

Dear Brother;

I Am sorry, that ye, or so many in this Kingdom, should expect so much of me, an empty reed: Verily, I am a naughty & poor body: But if the tinkling of my Lord Jesus's iron-chains on legs and arms, could sound the high praises of my royal King, whose prisoner I am, O how would my joy run over! If my Lord would bring edification to one soul by my bonds, I am satisfied; but I know not, what I can do to such a princely and beautiful wellbeloved: He is far behind with me: Little thanks to me, to say to others, his wind bloweth on me, who am but withered and dry bones: But since ye desire me to write to you, either help me to set Christ on high, for his running-over love, in that the heat of his sweet breath has melted a frozen heart, else I think ye do nothing for a prisoner. I am fully confirmed, that it is the honour of

our *Low-giver* I suffer for now: I am not ashamed to give out letters of recommendation of Christ's love, to as many as will extol the Lord Jesus and his cross. If I had not sailed this *sea-way* to heaven, but had taken the *land way*, as many do, I should not have known Christ's sweetness, in such a measure: But the truth is, let no man thank me; for I caused not Christ's wind to blow upon me: His love came upon a withered creature, whether I would or not; [& yet by coming it procured from me a welcome] A heart of iron, & iron doors will not hold Christ out: I give him leave to break *iron-locks* & come in, & that is all; and now I know not, whether pain of love for want of possession, or sorrow that I dow not thank him, paineth me most: but both work upon me. For the *First*, O that he would come, & satisfie the longing soul, & fill the hungry soul with these good things? I know indeed, my guiltiness may be a bar in his way, but he is God, & ready to forgive: And for the *other*, woe, woe is me, that I cannot find a heart to give back again my unworthy little love, for his great sea-full of love to me: O that he would learn me this piece of gratitude! O that I could have leave to look *in*, thorow the hole of the door, to see his face, and sing his praises! or could break up one of his chamber windows, to look *in* upon his delighting beauty, till my Lord send more: any little communion with him, one of his love-looks should be my begun heaven: I know, he is not *Lordly*, neither is the bridegroom's love proud, though I be black, & unlovely, & unworthy of him. I would seek but leave, & withal, grace, to spend my love upon him: I counsel you, to think highly of Christ, & of free, free grace, more then ye did before; for I know, that Christ is not known amongst us. I think, I see more of Christ, then ever I saw; & yet I see but little of what may be seen: O that he would draw by the courtaine, & that the King would come out of his gal-lerie & palace, that I might see him! Christ's love is young glory & young heaven: It would soften hell's pains to be filled with it: What would I refuse to suffer, if I could but get a draught of love at my hearts desire? O what price can be given for him! Angels cannot weigh him:

him: O his weight, his worth, his sweetness, his overpassing beauty! If men & Angels would come, & look to that great & Princely one, their ebbs & flows would never take up his depth, their narrowness would never comprehend his breadth, height & length: If ten thousand thousand worlds of Angels were created, then might all tire themselves in wondering at his beauty, & begin again to wonder of new, O that I could win nigh him, to kiss his feet, to hear his voice, to find the smell of his ointments! But Oh alas, I have little, little of him; yet I long for more! Remember my bonds, & help me with your prayers, for I would not *niffer*, or exchange my sad hours, with the joy of my velvet *adversaries*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 12.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES FLEMING.

Reverend and welbeloved in our Lord;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you. I received your letter, which hath refreshed me in my bonds. I cannot but testify unto you, *my dear Brother*, what sweetness I find in our Master's cross; but alas! what can I either do or suffer for him? If I my alone had as many lives, as there have been drops of rain since the creation, I would think them too little for that lovely one, our welbeloved; but my pain & my sorrow is above my sufferings, that I find not ways how to set out the praises of his love to others: I am not able, by tongue, pen or sufferings, to provoke many to fall in love with him, but he knoweth, whom I love to serve in the spirit, what I would do, & suffer by his own strength, so being I might make my Lord Jesus lovely & sweet to many thousands in this land. I think it amongst God's wonders, that he will take any praise or glory, or any testimony to his honourable cause, from such a forlorn sinner as I am: But when Christ worketh, he needeth not ask the question, by whom he will be glorious: I know, seeing his glory at the beginning did shine out of poor nothing,

thing, to set up such a fair house for man and Angels, and so many glorious creatures, to proclaim his goodness, power and wisdom, if I were burnt to ashes, out of the smoke and powder of my dissolved body, he could raise glory to himself: His glory is his end, Oh that I could joyn with him, to make it *my end*! I would think that fellowship with him sweet and glorious. But alas, few know the guiltiness that is on my part: it is a wonder, that this good cause hath not been marred and spilt, in my foul hands: But I rejoyce in this, that my sweet Lord Jesus hath found something ado, even a ready market for his free grace, and incomparable and matchless mercy, in my wants: Ouly my loathsome wretchedness, and my wants have qualified me for Christ, and the riches of his glorious grace; he behooved to take me for nothing, or else to want me: Few know the unseen and private reckonings betwixt Christ & me; yet his love, his boundless love, would not bide away, nor stay at home with himself; & yet I dow not make it welcome, as I ought, when its come unsent-for & without hire. How joyful is my heart, that ye write, ye are desirous to joyn with me in praising; for it is charity to help a Dyvour to pay his debts; but when all have helped me, my name shall stand in his count book under ten thousand thousands of sums unpaid: But it easeth my hearr, that his dear servants will but speak of my debts, to such a sweet creditor. I desire, he may lay me in his own ballance and weigh me, if I would not fain have a feast of his boundless love made to my own soul, and to many others. One thing I know, we shall not all be able to come near his excellency with eye, heart or tongue; for he is above all created thoughts; *All nations before him are as nothing, & less then nothing; He sitteth in the circuit of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before him!* O that men would praise him! Ye complain of your private case: Alas, I am not the man, who can speak to such an one as ye are: Any sweet presence, I have had in this town, is (I know) for this cause, that I might express and make it known to others; but I never find my self nearer Christ, that royal and Princely One, then
after

after a great weight and sense of deadness and gracelessness! I think the sense of our wants, when with all we have a restlessness, and a sort of spiritual impatience under them, and can make a *sin*, because we want him, him whom our soul loveth, is that which maketh an open door to Christ: and when we think, we are going backward because we feel deadness, we are going forward: For the more sense the more life, and no sense argueth no life. There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ than to bring our wounds and our sores to him. But for my self, I am ashamed of Christ's goodness and love, since the time of my bonds; for he hath been pleased, to open up new treasures of love and felt sweetness, and give visitations of love, and access to himself, in this strange land. I would think a fill of his love, young and green heaven: and when he is pleased to come, and the tide is in, and the sea full, and the King and a poor prisoner together in the house of wine, the black tree of the cross is not so heavie as a feather. I cannot, I do not, but give Christ an honourable and glorious testimony: I see, the Lord can ride through his enemies bands, and triumph in the sufferings of his own; and that this blind world seeth not, that *Suffering* is Christ's armour, wherein he is victorious: and they that contend with *Zion*, see not what he is doing, when they are set to work, as *under-smiths* and servants, to the work of refining of the saints, (Satan's hand also by them is at the melting of our Lord's vessels of mercy) and their office in God's house, is to scour and cleanse vessels for the King's table. I marvel not to see them triumph, and sit at ease in *Zion*; our father must lay up his rods, and keep them carefully, for his own use: our Lord cannot want fire in his house, his furnace is in *Zion*, and his fire in *Ierusalem*: but little know the adversaries the counsel and the thoughts of the Lord. And for your complaints of your ministry, I now think all I did too little: Plainness, freedom, watchfulness, fidelity, shall swell upon you, in exceeding large comforts, in your sufferings: The feeding of Christ's lambs in private visitations, and catechising, in painful preaching, and fair, honest and
free

free warning of the flock, is a sufferer's garland. O ten thousand times blessed are they, who are honoured of Christ to be faithful & painful, in wooing a Bride to Christ! *My dear Brother*, I know, ye think more on this, then I can write, & I rejoyce that your purpose is, in the Lord's strength, to back your wronged Master, and to come our, and call your self Christ's man, when so many are now denying him, as fearing, that Christ cannot do for himself & them. I am a lost man forever, or this, this is the way to Salvation, even this way, that they call *Heresie*, that men now do mock and scoff at. I am confirmed now, that Christ will accept of his servants sufferings, as good service to him, at the day of his appearance, and that ere it be long he will be upon us all, and men in all their *black's* and *white's* shall be brought out before God, Angels and men. Our Master is not far off: Oh if we could wait on, and be faithful! The good will of him who dwelt in the bush, the tender favour and love, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Help me with your prayers, and desire from me, other brethren to take courage for their Master.

Aberd. Aug. 15

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesur, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN MEINE.

Worthy and Dear Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in answering your letter, but other business took me up. I am here waiting, if the fair wind will turn upon Christ's sails, in *Scotland*; and if deliverance be breaking out to this overclouded and benighted *Kirk*. Oh that we could contend by prayers and supplications with our Lord for that effect! I know, he hath not given out his last *doom* against this land. I have little of Christ in this prison, but groanings, and longings, and desires: All my stock of Christ is some hunger for him [And yet I cannot say, but I am rich in that] my faith, & hope, & holy practice of new obedience are scarce worth the speaking of: But blessed be my Lord, who takes me, *lighr*, & clipped,

clipped, and naughty, and feckless, as I am. I see Christ will not *prig* with me, nor stand upon *stepping stones*, but comes in at the *broad side*, without ceremonies, or making it nice, to make a poor ransomed one his own. O that I could feed upon his breathing, & kissing, & embracing, & upon the hopes of my meeting and his, when love-letters shall not go betwixt us, but he shall be messenger himself: But there is required patience on our part, till the summer-fruit in heaven be ripe for us; it is in the bud, but there be many things to do, before our harvest come: And we take ill with it, and can hardly endure to set our *paper-face* to one of Christ's *forms*, and to go to heaven with wet feet, & pain, & sorrow: We love to carry heaven to heaven with us, & would have two summers in one year, and no less then two heavens, but this will not be for us: one, and such an one, may suffice us well enough: The man Christ got but one only, and shall we have two? Remember my love in Christ to your *Father*, and help me with your prayers. If ye would be a deep Divine, I recommend to you *Sanctification*: Fear him, and he shall reveal his *Covenant* to you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 5.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO CARDONNESS Elder.

Much Honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have longed to hear from you, and to know the estate of your soul, and the estate of that people with you: I beseech you, *Sir*, by the salvation of your precious soul and the mercies of God, make good and sure work of your salvation, and try upon what ground-stone ye have builded. *Worthy and dear Sir*, if ye be upon sinking sand, a storm of death, and a blast will loose Christ and you, and wash you close off the rock: O for the Lord's sake, look narrowly to the work. Read over your life, with the light of God's day-light and sun, for Salvation is not casten down at every man's door: It is good to look to your compass, and all ye have

have need of, ere ye take shipping; for no wind can blow you back again. Remember when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the albes of a blaze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, *lodging, lodging for God's sake*: Then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely & homely smiles, then if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity. Let pleasures and gain, will and desires of this world, be put over in God's hands, as arrested and fenced goods, that ye cannot *introuet* with: Now when ye are drinking the ground of your cup, and ye are upon the utmost ends of the last link of time; and old age, like death's long shadow, is casting a covering upon your days, it is no time to court this vain life, and to set love & heart upon it: It is near after-supper, seek rest and ease for your soul, in God through Christ. Believe me, I find it hard wrestling to play fair with Christ, and to keep good quarters with him; and keep love to him in integrity and life, & to keep a constant course of sound and solid daily communion with Christ: temptations are daily breaking the threed of that course, and it is not easie to cast a knot again, and many knots make evil work. O how fair have many ships been plying before the wind, that, in an hour's space, have been lying in the sea-bottom! How many professors cast a golden lustre, as if they were pure gold, and yet are, under that skin and cover, but base and reprobate mettall! And how many keep breath in their race many miles, and yet come thort of the prize and the garland! Dear Sir, my soul would mourn in secret for you, if I knew your case with God to be but false work: Love to have you anchored upon Christ, maketh me fear your tottering and slips: False *under-water* not seen, in the ground of an enlightned conscience, is dangerous; so is often falling and sinning against light: Know this, that these who never had sick nights nor days in conscience for sin, cannot have but such a peace with God, as will *undercot*, and break the flesh again, and end in a sad war at death. O how fear-

fully are thousands beguil'd with false *hide-grown* over-old
 sins, as if the soul were cured and healed! *Dear Sir*, I
 saw ever nature mighty, lofty, heady and strong, in you;
 and it was more for you, to be mortified and dead to the
 world, then another common man: Ye will take a low
 ebb, and a deep cut, and a long lance, to go to the bot-
 tom of your wounds, in saving humiliation, to make
 you a *wasprey* for Christ: Be humbled, walk softly;
 down, down for God's sake, *my dear and worthy Brother*,
 with your top-sail: *Stoop, Stoop*; it is a low entry to go
 in at heaven's gates: There is infinite justice in the party
 ye have to do with; it is his nature not to acquit the guilty
 & the sinner: The Law of God will not want one farthing
 of the sinner: God forgets not both the Cautioner and the
 sinner; and every man must pay, either in his own per-
 son [O Lord save you from that payment] or in his cau-
 tioner, Christ. It is violence to corrupt nature, for a
 man to be holy, to lie down under Christ's feet, to quit
 will, pleasure, worldly love, earthly hope, and an it-
 ching of heart after this *skirded* and overguiled world,
 and to be content that Christ trample upon all. Come in,
 come in to Christ, and see what ye want, and find it in
 him: He is the *short cut* [as we use to say] and the near-
 est way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch,
 ye shall be dearly welcome to him; my soul would be
 glad, to take part of the joy ye should have in him. I
 dare say, Angels pens, Angels tongues, nay as many
 worlds of Angels, as there are drops of water in all the
 seas, and fountains and rivers of the earth, cannot paint
 him out to you: I think his sweetness, since I was a pri-
 soner, hath swelled upon me to the greatness of two
 heavens: O for a soul as wide as the outmost circle of
 the highest heaven that containeth all, to contain his love!
 And yet I could hold little of it. O world's wonder! O
 if my soul might but lie within the smell of his love, sup-
 pose I could get no more but the smell of it! O but it is
 long to that day, when I shall have a free world of
 Christ's love! O what a sight to be up in heaven, in that
 fair orchard of the new Paradise; and to see, and smell,
 and touch, and kiss that fair *field-flower*, that ever-green
 tree

tree of life! His bare shadow were enough for me; a sight of him would be the earnest of heaven to me. Fy, fy upon us, that we have love, lying rusting beside us, or, which is worse, wasted away upon loathsome objects, & Christ should lie his alone. Woe, woe is me, that Sin hath made so many mad men, seeking the fool's Paradise, fire under ice, & some good and desirable thing, without and apart from Christ. Christ, Christ, nothing but Christ, can cool our love's burning languor: O *thirsty love*, wilt thou let Christ, the well of life, to thy head, & drink thy fill; drink & spare not, drink love, & be drunken with Christ. Nay alas, the distance betwixt us and Christ is death: O if we were clasped in other's arms! We should never twin again, except heaven *twin'd* and *sunder'd* us; & that cannot be. I desire your children to seek this Lord: Desire them from me to be requested, for Christ's sake, to be blessed & happy, and come & take Christ & all things with him: Let them beware of glassy & slippery youth, of foolish young motions, of worldly lusts, of deceivable gain, of wicked company, of cursing, lying, blaspheming and foolish talking: Let them be filled with the Spirit, acquaint themselves with daily praying, & with the store-house of wisdom and comfort, the good word of God. Help the souls of the poor people: O that my Lord would bring me again among them, that I might tell uncouth & great tales of Christ to them! Receive not a stranger to preach any other doctrine to them. Pray for me, his prisoner of hope. I pray for you without ceasing: I write my blessing, earnest prayers, the love of God, and the sweet presence of Christ to you, & yours & them. Grace, grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637

Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.

To the Earl of L O T H I A N.

Right honourable & my very worthy and Noble Lord;

O Ut of the honourable & good report, that I hear of your Lo: good will & kindness, in taking to heart the honourable cause of Christ, & his afflicted Church,

Epist.
Chur
speak
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tion,
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daugh
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Christ
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Church, & wronged truth, in this land, I make bold to speak a word in paper to your Lo: at this distance, which I trust your Lo: will take in good part. It is your Lo: honour & credit, to put to your hand (as ye do, all honour to God) to the falling & tottering tabernacle of Christ, in this your *mother-Church*, & to own Christ's wrongs, as your own wrongs. O blessed hand, which shall wipe & dry the watery eyes of our weeping Lord Jesus, now going mourning in sackcloth in his members, in his spouse, in his truth, & in the prerogative royal of his Kingly power! He needeth not service and help from men; but it pleaseth his wisdom to make the wants & losses, sores and wounds of his spouse, a field & an office-house, for the zeal of his servants, to exercise themselves in: Therefore, *my noble and dear Lord*, go on, go on in the strength of the Lord, against all opposition, to side with wronged Christ: The defending & warding of strokes off Christ, his Bride, the King's daughter, is like a piece of the rest of the way to heaven, knotty, rough, stormy & full of thorns: Many would follow Christ, but with a reservation, that by open proclamation Christ would cry down crosses, & cry up fair weather, & a summer-skie & sun, till we were all fairly landed at heaven. I know your Lo: hath not so learned Christ, but that ye intend to *fetch heaven*, suppose your father were standing in your way, & to take it with the wind on your face; for so both storm & wind was on the fair face of your lovely fore-runner Christ, all his way. It is possible, the success answer not your desire, in this worthy cause: what then? Duties are ours, but events are the Lord's: and I hope, if your Lo: & others with you shall go on, to dive to the lowest ground & bottom of the *knavery* & perfidious treachery to Christ, of the cursed & wretched *Prelats*, the *Anti-Christ's first-born*, & the first fruit of his foul womb, & (shall deal with our Sovereign, (Law going on before you) for the reasonable & impartial hearing of Christ's bill of complaints, & set your selves singly to seek the Lord & his face, your righteousness shall break through the clouds, that prejudice hath drawn

ever it: and ye shall in the strength of the Lord, bring our bannished and departing Lord Jesus home again to his Sanctuary. Neither must your *Lo!* advise with flesh and blood in this, but wink, and in the dark reach your hand to Christ, and follow him. Let not mens fainting discourage you: neither be afraid of mens *ranny* wisdom, who in this storm take the nearest shore, and go to the lee and calm side of the Gospel, and hide Christ (it ever they had him) in their cabinets; as if they were ashamed of him, or as if Christ were *stolen wares*, and would blush before the sun. *My very dear & noble Lord*, ye have rejoiced the hearts of many, that ye have made choice of Christ and his Gospel, whereas such great temptations do stand in your way: But I love your profession the better, that it endureth winds: If we knew our selves well, to want temptations is the greatest temptation of all: Neither is father nor mother, nor court, nor honour, in this overlustred world, with all its paintry and fair-ding; any thing else; when they are laid in the ballance with Christ, but feathers, shadows, night-dreams and straws: O if this world knew the excellency, sweetness and beauty of that high and lofty one, that fairest among the sons of men! verily they should see, if their love were bigger then ten heavens, all in circles without other, that it were all too little for Christ our Lord. I hope your choice shall not repent you, when life shall come to that twilight betwixt Time & Eternity, & ye shall see the utmost border of Time, & shall draw the curtain, & look in to Eternity, and shall one day see God take the heavens in his hands, and fold them together, like an old *holly* garment, & set on fire this clay part of the creation of God, and consume away in smoke and ashes the *idol-hope* of poor fools, who think there is not a better countrey than this low countrey of dying clay. Children cannot make comparison aright betwixt this life and that to come, and therefore the babes of this world, who see no better, mould in their own brain a heaven of their own coining, because they see no further, then the nearest side of Time. I dare lay in pawn my hope of heaven, that this reproached way, is the only way of peace:

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I find, it is the way that the Lord hath sealed with his comforts, now in my bonds for Christ: and I verily esteem, and find chains and fetters for that lovely one Christ, to be watered over with sweet consolations, and the love-smiles of that lovely Bridegroom, for whose coming we wait: & when he cometh, then shall the black's and white's of all men come before the sun, then shall the Lord put a final decision upon the pleas that Zion hath with her adversaries: And as fast as Time posteth away, (which neither sitteth, nor standeth, nor sleepeth) as fast is our handbreadth of this short winter-night flying away, and the skie of our long day drawing near its breaking. Except your Lo: be pleased to plead for me, against the tyranny of *Prelats*, I shall be forgotten in this prison, for they did shapè my doom, according to their new lawless Cannons, which is, that a deprived minister shall be utterly silenced, and not preach at all, which is a cruelty, contrary to their own former practices. Now the onely wise God, the very God of peace, confirm, strengthen and establish your Lo: upon the stone laid in Zion, and be with you forever.

Aberd. 1637. Your Lo: at all respective obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JEAN BROWN.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth: I earnestly desire your on-going toward your countrey: I know, ye see your day melteth away by little and little, and that in short time ye will be put beyond *Time's* bounds; for *life* is a post that standeth not still, and our joyes here are born weeping, rather then laughing, and they die weeping: Sin, Sin, this body of sin and corruption, imbittereth and poisoneth all our enjoyments. O that I were where I shall sin no more! O to be freed of these chains and iron fetters, that we carry about with us! Lord loose the *sad prisoners*. Who of the children of God have not cause to say, that they have their fill of this vain life, and like

a full & sick stomach, to wish at *mid-supper*, that the supper were ended, & the table drawn, that the sick man might win to bed & enjoy rest? We have cause to *tire* at *mid-supper* of the best messes, that this world can dress up for us, and to cry to God, that he would remove the table, and put the sin-sick souls to rest with himself. O for a long *play-day* with Christ, and our long lasting *vacance* of rest! Glad may their souls be that are safe over the *firth*, Christ having payed the freight: Happy are they, who have past their hard and wearisome time of apprenticeship, and are now free-men and citizens, in that joyful high city, the new *Ierusalem*. Alas! that we should be glad of, and rejoyce in our fetters, and our prison-house, and this dear *Innes*, a life of sin, where we are absent from our Lord, and so far from our home. O that we could get *bonds* and *law-suretieship* of our love, that it fasten not it self on these clay dreams, these clay-shadows and worldly vanities! We might be oftner seeing what they are doing in heaven, and our heart more frequently upon our sweet treasure above: We smell of the smoke of this lower house of the earth, because our heart and our thoughts are here: If we could *haunt* up with God, we should smell of heaven and of our country above, and we should look like our country, and like strangers or people not born or brought up here away: Our crosses would not bite upon us, if we were heavenly minded. I know no obligation the saints have to this world; seeing we *fare* but upon the smoke of it: and if there be any smoke in the house, it bloweth upon our eyes: all our part of the table is scarce worth a drink of water, and when we are stricken we dare not weep, but steal our grief away betwixt our Lord and us, and content our selves with stollen sorrow behind backs. God be thanked, we have many things that so stroke us against the hair, as we may pray, God *keep our better home*, God *bless our Father's house*, and *not this smoke*, that bloweth us to seek our best lodging. I am sure, this is the best fruit of the cross, when we, from the *hard fare* of the dear *Innes*, cry the more, that God would send a fair wind, to *land us*, hungry & oppressed strangers, at the door of our Father's

ther's house, which now is made in Christ our kindly heritance. O then let us pull up the stakes and stoups of our tent, & take our tent on our back, & go with our *sitting* to our best home, for here *we have no continuing city*? I am waiting in hope here, to see what my Lord will do with me: Let him make of me what he pleases; providing he make glory to himself out of me, I care not; I hope, yea I am now sure, that I am for Christ, and all that I can or may make is for him: I am his everlasting debtor or dyvour, and still shall be; for alas I have nothing for him, & he getteth little service of me! Pray for me, that our Lord would be pleased to give me house-room, that I may serve him in the calling he hath called me unto. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT STUART.

My very Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: Ye are heartily welcome to my world of suffering, & heartily welcome to my Master's house; God give you much joy of your new Master: If I have been in the house before you, I were not faithful to give the house an ill name, or to speak evil of the Lord of the family: I rather with God's Holy Spirit (O Lord *breath upon me with that Spirit*) to tell you the fashions of the house. One thing I can say, by onwaiting ye will grow a great man with the Lord of the house: Hang on, till ye get some good from Christ: Lay all your loads & your weights by faith upon Christ: Ease your self, & let him bear all: he can, he drow, he will bear you, howbeit hell were upon your back. I rejoyce that he is come, & hath chosen you in the furnace, it was even there where ye & he set tryst: that is an old gate of Christ's, he keepeth the good old fashion with you, that was in *Hoses's* days, *Hos. 2. 14. Therefore behold I will allure her, & bring her to the wilderness, & speak to her heart*: There was no talking to her heart, while he & she were in the fair & flourish-

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ing city, & at ease; but out in the cold, hungry, waste wilderness, he allureth her, he whispered in news into her ear there, & said, *Thou art mine*. What would ye think of such a bed? Ye may soon do worse then say, *Lord, hold all*; *Lord Iesus, a bargain be it, it shall not go back on my side*. Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to heaven, that ye have started to the gate in the morning: Like a fool as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, & near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end: I pray you now, keep the advantage ye have: *My heart*, be not lazie, set quickly up the brae on hands & feet, as if the last pickle of sand were running out of your glass, & death were coming to turn the glais: & be very careful to take heed to your feet, in that slippery & dangerous way of youth, that ye are walking in: The devil & temptations now have the advantage of the brae of you; & are upon your *wand-hand* & your working hand: Dry timber will soon take fire: Be covetous & greedy of the grace of God, & beware that it be not holiness that cometh only from the cross, for too many are that way disposed, *Psalm. 78. 34. When he slew them then they sought him, & they returned & enquired early after God, v. 36. Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, & they lyed unto him with their tongues*. It is a part of our hypocrisie, to give God *fair white words*, when he hath us in his grips- (if I may speak so) and to flatter him, till we win to the fair fields again. Try well green godliness, and examin, what it is ye love in Christ: If ye love but Christ's sun side, and would have only summer-weather and a land gate, not a sea way to heaven, your profession will play you a slip, and the winter well will go dry again in summer: Make no sports nor *bayns play* of Christ: But labour for a sound and lively sight of sin, that ye may judge your self an undone man, a damned slave of hell and sin, one dying in your own blood, except Christ come and rue upon you, and take you up; and therefore make sure and fast work of conversion: Cast the earth deep, and down, down with the old work, the building of confusion, that was there before; and let Christ lay new work, and

and make a new creation within you : look if Christ's rain goeth down to the root of your withered plants, & if his love wound your heart, while it bleed with sorrow for sin, and if ye can pant and fall aswoon, and be like to die for that lovely one, Jesus: I know, Christ will not be hid where he is, grace will ever speak for it self, & be fruitful in welldoing: The sanctified cross is a fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples. If I should tell you by some weak experience, what I have found in Christ, ye or others could hardly believe me: I thought not the hundred part of Christ long since, that I do now, though alas! my thoughts are still infinitely below his worth. I have a *dwining*, sickly and pained life, for a real possession of him, and am troubled with *lovebrashes* and love-fevers, but it is a sweet pain: I would refuse no conditions, not hell excepted, [reserving always God's hatred] to buy possession of Jesus; but alas! I am not a merchant, who have any money to give for him; I must either come to a good cheap market, where wares are had for nothing, else I go home empy: But I have casten this work upon Christ, to get me himself: I have his faith & truth, & promise [as a pawn of his] all engaged, that I shall obtain that, which my hungry desires would be at, & I esteem *that* the choice of my happiness: And for Christ's cross, especially the garland & the flower of all crosses, to *suffer for his name*, I esteem it more, then I can write or speak to you: And I write it under mine own hand to you, it is one of the steps of the ladder up to our countrey, & Christ [who ever be one] is still at the heavy end of this black tree, & so it is but as a feather to me: I need not run at leisure, because of a burthen on my back; my back never bare the like of it, the more heavily crossed for Christ the soul is, it is still the lighter for the journey. Now would to God, all *cold-blooded*, faint-hearted soldiers of Christ, would look again to Jesus, & to his love; & when they look, I would have them to look again & again, and fill themselves with beholding of Christ's beauty: & I dare say then, that Christ should come in great court & request with many: The virgins would flock fast about the Bridegroom, they would embrace &

take hold of him; and nor let him go. But when I have spoken of him till my head rive, I have said just nothing, I may begin again: A God-head; a God-head is a world's wonder; Set ten thousand thousand new made worlds of angels and elect men, and double them in number, ten thousand, thousand, thousand times, let their heart and tongues be ten thousand thousand times more agile and large, then the heart & tongues of the Seraphims, that stand with six wings before him, *Isa. 6. 2.* when they have said all for the glorifying & praising of the Lord Jesus, they have but spoken little or nothing: his love will bide all possible creatures to praise. Oh if I could wear this tongue to the *stump*, in extolling his highness! but it is my daily growing sorrow, that I am confounded with his incomparable love, & he doth so great things for my soul, & he got never yet any thing of me worth the speaking of. *Sir*, I charge you, help me to praise him: It is a shame to speak of what he hath done for me, & what I do to him again, I am sure, Christ hath many drowned Dyvours in heaven beside him; and when we are convened, man & angel, at the great day, in that fair last meeting, we are all but his drowned Dyvours: It is hard to say, who oweth him most; If men could do no more, I would have them to wonder: If we cannot be filled with Christ's love, we may be filled with wondering. *Sir*, I would I could persuade you, to grow sick for Christ, and to long after him, & be pained with love for himself; but his tongue is in heaven, who can do it! To him and his rich grace I recommend you. I pray you, pray for me, & forget not to praise.

Aberd. June 17.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady

G A I T G I R T H.

MISTRESS;

G Race, mercy & peace beto you: I long to know how matters stand betwixt Christ and your soul: I know ye find him still the longer the better; time can-

cannot change him in his love: ye may your self ebb and flow, rise & fall, wax & wane, but your Lord is this day as he was yesterday; & it is your comfort, that your salvation is not rolled upon wheels of your own making, neither have ye to do with a Christ of your own shaping: God hath singled out a Mediator, strong & mighty, if ye & your burdens were as heavy as ten hills or hells, he is able to bear you, & save you to the uttermost: Your often seeking to him cannot make you a burden to him. I know, Christ compassionateth you, & maketh a moan for you, in all your *dumps*, & under your down-castings; but it is good for you that he hides himself sometimes; it is not *niceness*, *drievness*, nor coldness of love, that causeth Christ withdraw, & *slip in* under a curtain & a vail, that ye cannot see him; but he knoweth, ye could not bear with *up-failes*, a fair gale, a full moon & a high spring-tide of his felt love, & alwayes a fair summer-day & a summer-sun of a felt & possessed & embracing Lord Jesus: His kisses & his visits to his dearest ones are thin sown: He could not let out his rivers of love upon his own, but these rivers would be in hazard to loose a young plant at the root; & he knoweth this of you: Ye should therefore frist Christ's kindness, as to its sensible and full manifestations, till ye and he be above sun and moon: that is the countrey where ye will be enlarged for that love, which ye dow not now contain. Cast the burden of your sweet babes upon Christ, and lighten your heart by laying your *All* upon him, he will be their God. I hope to see you up the mountain yet, and glad in the salvation of God: Frame your self for Christ, and gloom not upon his cross. I find him so sweet, that my love, suppose I would charge it to remove from Christ, would not obey me: His love hath stronger fingers then to let go its grips of us, bairns, who cannot go but by such a hold as Christ. It is good that we want legs of our own, since we may borrow from Christ: & it is our happiness that Christ is under an *act of caution* for heaven, & that Christ is booked in heaven, as the principal debtor, for such poor bodies as we are. I request you, give

the Lord your husband thanks for his care of me, that he hath appeared in publick for a prisoner of Christ: I pray & write mercy & peace and blessings to him and his. Grace, grace be with you forever.

Aberd.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and dear Brother;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: My longings and desires for a sight of the new builded tabernacle of Christ again in Scotland, that tabernacle that came down from heaven, hath now taken some life again, when I see Christ making a mint to sow vengeance among his enemies. I care not, if this land be ripe for such a great wonderful mercy; but I know, he must do, when ever it is done, without hire. I find the grief of my silence & my fear to be holden at the door of Christ's house swelling upon me: and the truth is, were it not that I am dated now and then with pieces of Christ's sweet love & comfort, I fear I should have made an ill browst of this honourable cross, that I know such a soft & silly-minded body as I am, is not worthy of: For I have little in me but softness and superlative and excessive apprehensions of fear, and sadness, & sorrow, & often God's terrors do surround me, because Christ looks not so favourably upon me, as a poor witness would have him: And I wonder, how I have past a year & a quarters imprisonment, without shaming my sweet Lord, to whom I desire to be faithful; & I think I shall die but even minting & aiming to serve & honour my L. Jesus: Few know how room & empty I am at home; but it is a part of marriage-love & husband-love, that my Lord Jesus goes not to the streets with his chiding against me: it is but stolen & concealed anger that I find & feel, and his glooms to me are kept under roof, that he will not have mine enemies hearing what is betwixt me and Christ: And believe me, I say the truth in Christ, the only gall and wormwood in my cup, and that which hath filled me with fear, hath been lest my
sins,

firs, that sun and moon and the Lord's children were never witness to, should have moved my Lord to strike me with dumb sabbaths: Lord pardon my soft & weak jealousies, if I be here in an error. *My very dear Brother*, I would have looked for more large & more particular letters from you, for my comfort in this, for your words before have strengthened me: I pray you, mend this, and be thankful & painful, while ye have a piece or corner of the Lord's vineyard to dress. O would to God, I could have leave to follow you to break the clods! but I wish I could command my soul silence, & wait upon the Lord. I am sure, while Christ lives I am well enough *friend-stead*: I hope he will extend his Kindness & power for me, but God be thanked, it is not worse with me, then a cross for Christ & his truth. I know he might have pitched upon many more choise & worthy witnesses, if he had pleased; but I seek no more (be what timber I will, suppose I were made of a piece of hell) then that my Lord, in his infinite art, hew glory to his name & enlargement to Christ's Kingdom out of me. Oh that I could attain to this, to desire that my part of Christ might be laid in pledge for the heightning of Christ's throne in *Britain*! Let my Lord redeem the pledge, or, if he please, let it sink & drown unredeemed: But what can I add to him? Or what way can a smothered & born down prisoner see our Christ in open market, as a lovely & desireable Lord, to many souls? I know, he seeth to his own glory, better then my ebb thoughts can dream of, & that the wheels & paces of this poor distempered Kirk are in his hands, & that things shall roll as Christ will have them: Only, Lord *tryff* the matter so, as Christ may be made a householder and Lord again in *Scotland*, and wet faces for his departure may be dried, at his sweet & much desired *wel come-home*. I see in all our trials, our Lord will not mix our wares & his grace over head through other; but he will have each man to know his own, that the like of me may say, in my sufferings, *This is Christ's grace, & this is but my course stuff; this is free grace, and this is but nature & reason*: We know what our legs would *play* us, if they should carry us through all our waters:

and the least thing our Lord can have of us, is, to know we are *grace's* debtors, or *grace's* dyvours, and that *nature* is of a Base house and blood, and *grace* is better born, & of kin & blood to Christ, & of a better house. Oh that I were free of that Idol, that they call *my self*, and that Christ were for *my self*, & *my self* a decourted cipher & a denied & forsworn thing! But that proud thing, *my self*, will not play, except it ride up *side for side* with Christ, or rather have place before him. O *my self*, another devil, as evil as the prince of devils, if thou could give Christ the way and take thine own room, which is to sit as low as nothing or corruption! O but we have much need to be ransomed and redeemed, by Christ, from that master-tyrant, that cruel and lawless Lord, *our self*: Nay, when I am seeking Christ, and am out of my self, I have the third part of a squint eye upon that vain, vain thing, *my self*, *my self*, and something of *mine own*: But I must hold here. I desire you to contribute your help, to see if I can be restored to my wasted and lost flock. I see not how it can be, except the *Lords* would procure me a liberty to preach; and they have reason: 1. Because the opposers and my adversaries have practised their new Cannons upon me, whereof one is, *That no deprived Minister preach, under the pain of excommunication.* 2. Because my opposing of these Cannons was a special thing that incensed *Sidlers* against me. 3. Because I was judicially accused for my book against the *Arminians*, & commanded by the *Chancellor* to acknowledge, I had done a fault in writing against *Dr. lackson*, a wicked *Arminian*. Pray for a room in the house to me. Grace, grace be (as it is) your portion.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN STUART,
Provost of Ayr.

Worthy Sir.

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long for the time, when I shall see the beauty of the Lord in his house, & would

would be as glad of it, as of any sight on earth, to see the halt, the blind and the lame, come back to *Zion* with supplications, *Ier.* 31. 8, 9. going & weeping & seeking the Lord, asking the way to *Zion* with their faces thitherward, *Ier.* 50. 5, 6. & to see the woman travelling in birth, delivered of the man child, of a blessed Reformation. If this land were humbled, I would look that our skie should clear, and our day dawn again; and ye should then bless Christ, who is content to save your travel & to give himself to you, in pure ordinances on this side of the sea. I know, the mercy of Christ is engaged by promise to *Scotland*, notwithstanding he bring wrath, as I fear he shall, upon this land. I am waiting on for enlargement, and half content that my faith bow, if Christ, while he bow it, keep it unbroken; for who goeth through a fire without a mark or a scald? I see the Lord making use of this fire, to scout his vessels from their rust. Oh that my will were silent, and as a child weaned from the breasts! *Psal.* 131. But alas! who hath an heart that will give Christ the *last word in saying*, and will hear and not speak again? Oh! contestations and quarrelous replies (as a *soon-sadled* spirit, *I do well to be angry, even to the death*, *Ion.* 4. 9.) smell of the stink of strong corruption. O blessed soul that could sacrifice his *will* and go to heaven, having lost his *will*, and made resignation of it to Christ! I would seek no more, but that Christ were absolute King over my *will*, and that my *will* were a sufferer in all crosses, without meeting Christ with such a word, *why is it thus?* I wish still, that my love had but leave to stand beside beautiful Jesus, and to get the mercy of looking to him and burning for him, suppose possession of him were suspended and fristed, till my Lord fold together the leaves and two sides of the side of the little shepherds tent of clay. Oh what pain is in longing for Christ, under an overclouded & eclipsed assurance! What is harder then to burn, and dwine with longing & deaths of love, and then to have blanks and *uninked* paper, for assurance of Christ in real fruition or possession? O how sweet were one line or half a letter of a written assurance under Christ's own hand!

But this is our exercise daily, that *guiltiness* shall overmist and darken assurance: It is a miracle to believe, but for a sinner to believe is two miracles. But O what obligations of love are we under to Christ, who beareth with our wild apprehensions, in suffering them to nick-name sweet Jesus, & to put a lye upon his good name! If he had not been God, and if long-suffering in Christ were not like Christ himself, we should long ago have broken Christ's mercies in two pieces, and put an iron bar upon our own salvation, that mercy should not have been able to break or overleap; but long suffering in God, is God himself, & that is our salvation, & the stability of our heaven is in God: He knew (who said, *Christ in you the hope of glory*, Coll. 1. 27. For our hope & the bottom & pillars of it is Christ-God) sinners are anchor-fast and made stable in God: So that if God do not change (which is impossible) then my hope shall not fluctuat. O sweet stability of sure-bottomed salvation! Who could win heaven if this were not; & who could be saved if God were not God, & if he were not such a God as he is? O God be thanked, that our Salvation is coasted & landed & shored upon Christ, who is master of winds & storms! & what sea-wind can blow the coast or the land out of it's place? Bulwarks are often casten down, but coasts are not removed? but suppose that were, or might be, yet God cannot reel nor remove. Oh that we go from this strong and unmoveable Lord, and that we loose our selves (if it were in our power) from him! Alas, our green & young love hath not taken with Christ, being unacquainted with him: He is such a wide, and broad, & deep, and high and surpassing sweetness, that our love is too little for him: But O if our love, little as it is, could take bond with his great and huge sweetness and transcendent excellency! O thrice blessed and eternally blessed are they, who are out of themselves & above themselves. that they may be in love united to him! I am often rolling up & down the thoughts of my faint and sick desires, of expressing Christ's glory before his people? but I see not through the throng of impediments, & cannot find eyes to look higher, and so I put many things in Christ's way

way to hinder him, that I know he would but laugh at, & with one stride set his foot over them all, I know not, if my Lord will bring me to his sanctuary or not; but I know, he hath the placing of me, either within or without the house, & that nothing will be done without him: But I am often thinking & saying, within my self, that my dayes flee away, and I see no good, neither yet Christ's work thriving, and it is like the grave shall prevent the answer of my desires of saving souls, as I would: But alas! I cannot make right work of his wayes, I neither spell nor read my Lord's providence aright: My thoughts go away, that I fear they meet not God; for it is like God will not come the way of my thoughts: and I cannot be taught to crucifie to him my wilddom & desires, & to make him King over my thoughts; for I would have a Principdom over my thoughts, & would boldly & blindly prescribe to God, & guide my self in a way of my own making: But I hold my peace here, let him do his will; Grace, grace be with you,

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweetest Lord
and Master, S. R.*

T O C A R S L U T H.

Much honoured Sir;

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you, to try how matters stand between your soul & the Lord: think it no easy matter to take heaven by violence: Salvation cometh now to the most part of men, in a night dream: there is no scarcity of faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the man who will not say, he hath faith in Christ: But alas! dreams make no man's rights. *Worthy Sir*, I beseech you in the Lord, give your soul no rest, till ye have real assurance, & Christ's rights confirmed & sealed to your soul: common faith & countrey-holiness & week-day's zeal, that is among peop'e, will never bring men to heaven: Take pains for your salvation; for in that day, when ye shall see many mens labours, & conquests & idol-riches lying in althes, when the earth & all the works thereof

shall be burnt with fire, O how dear a price would your soul give for God's favour in Christ? It is a blessed thing to seek Christ with *up-sun*, and to read over your papers and soul-accounts with fair day light: it will not be time to cry for a lamp, when the Bridegroom is entred into his chamber, and the door shut. Fy, fy upon blinded and base souls, who are committing whoredom with this idol-clay, and hunting a poor wretched hungry heaven, a hungry break-fast, a day's meat, from this hungry world, with the forfeiting of God's favour, & the *drinking over their heaven over the board* [as men use to speak] for the laughter & sports of this short forenoon! All that is under this vault of heaven & betwixt us and death, & in this side of sun & moon, are but toys, night-visions, head-fancies, poor shadows, watery froth, godless vanities at their best, and black hearts, & salt, & lowre miseries, sugared over & confectioned with an hour's laughter or two, & the conceit of riches, honour, vain, vain Court & lawless pleasures. *Sir*, if ye look both to the laughing side & the weeping side of this world, & if ye look not only upon the skin & colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye shall see that one look of Christ's sweet and lovely eye, one kiss of his fairest face, is worth ten thousand worlds of such rotten stuff, as the foolish sons of men set their heart upon. Oh *Sir*, turn, turn your heart to the other side of things, and get it once free of these entanglements, to consider Eternity, Death, the clay-bed, the Grave, awsome Judgment, everlasting burning quick in Hell, where Death would give as great a price [if there were a Market, where Death might be bought and sold] as all the world. Consider heaven and glory: But alas, why speak I of considering these things, which have not entered into the heart of man to consider? Look into those depths [without a bottom] of loveliness, sweetness, beauty, excellency, glory, goodness, grace & mercy, that are in Christ, and ye shall then cry down the whole world & all the glory of it, even when it is come to the summer-bloom, and ye shall cry, up with Christ, up with Christ's father, up with eternity of glory. *Sir*, there is a great deal of less sand in your glass, then when I saw you,

you, and your afternoon is nearer even-tide now than it was. As a flood carried back to the sea, so doth the Lord's swift post, *Time*, carry you and your life with wings to the grave: Ye eat & drink, but *Time* stands not still; ye laugh, but your day flees away; ye sleep, but your hours are reckoned & put by hand. O how soon will *Time* flout you out of the poor & cold & hungry lanes of this life! & then what will yesterday's short-born pleasures do to you, but be as a snow-ball melted away, many years since, or worse; for the memorie of these pleasures useth to fill the soul with bitterness. *Time* & experience will prove this to be true; & dying men, if they could speak, would make this good. Lay no more on the creatures, then they are able to carry: Lay your soul and your weights upon God: Make him your only, only best beloved: Your errand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ: your love, if it were more than all the love of Angels in one, is Christ's due: Other things worthy in themselves, in respect of Christ, are not worth a *windlestraw*, or a drink of cold water. I doubt not, but in death ye will see all things more distinctly, and that then the world shall bear no more bulk then it is worth, and that then it shall conch and be contracted into nothing, and ye shall see Christ longer, higher, broader and deeper, then ever he was. O blessed conquest, to lose all things and to gain Christ! I know not what ye have, if ye want Christ: Alas! how poor is your gain, if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay, if Christ be not yours? O seek all midses, lay all oars in the water, put forth all your power, and bend all your endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that ye may gain and enjoy Christ: try and search his word, and strive to go a step above and beyond ordinary professours, and resolve to swear more and run faster then they do, for Salvation: mens mid-way, cold and wise courses in godliness, & the neighbour-like, cold & wise pace to heaven, will cause many a man want his lodging at night, and lie in the fields. I recommend Christ and his love to your seeking, and your self to the tender mercy and rich

grace of our Lord. Remember my love in Christ to your wife: I desire her to learn to make her soul's anchor fast upon Christ himself: Few are saved: Let her consider, what joy the smiles of God in Christ will be, & what the love-kisses of sweet, sweet Jesus, & a welcome-home to the new Jerusalem from Christ's own mouth, will be to her soul; when Christ shall fold together the clay tent of her body, & lay it by his hand for a time, till the fair morning of the general resurrection. I avouch before God, man & Angel, that I have not seen, nor can imagin a love to be comparable to lovely Jesus: I would not exchange or niffer him with ten heavens: If heaven could be without him, what could we do there? Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637

Your soul's eternal well-wisher, S. R.

TO CASSINCARRIE.

Much honoured Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in writing to you. I am confident ye have learned to prize Christ, & his love & favour, more then ordinary professours, who scarce see Christ with half an eye, because their sight is taken up with eying & liking the beauty of this over-gilded world, that promiseth fair to all its lovers, but in the push of a trial, when need is, can give nothing but a fair beguile. I know ye are not ignorant, that men come not to this world, as some do to a market, to see & be seen; or as some come to behold a May-game, & only to behold & to go home again: Ye came hither to treat with God, & to tryst with him in his Christ, for salvation to your soul, & to seek reconciliation with an angry & wrathful God, in a covenant of peace made to you in Christ, & this is more then an ordinary sport, or the play, that the greatest part of the world give their heart unto: And therefore, *worthy Sir*, I pray you by the salvation of your soul, and by the mercy of God, & your compearance before Christ, do this in sad earnest, & let not
sal-

salvation be your by-work, or your holy-day's task only, or as work by the way: For men think, that this may be done in three dayes space on a feather-bed, when death & they are fallen in hands together, & that with a word or two they shall make their soul-matters right: Alas, this is to sit loose & unsure in the matters of our salvation: Nay, the seeking of this world & the glory of it, is but an odd & by-errand, that we may slip, so being we make salvation sure. Oh when will men learn to be that heavenly-wise, as to divorce from and free their soul of all Idol-lovers, and make Christ the only, only One, and trim and make ready their lamps, while they have time & day! How soon will this house skail, & the Innes where the poor soul lodgeth fall to the earth! How soon will some few years pass away, and then, when the day is ended, and this life's lease expired, what have men of world's glory, but dreams & thoughts? O how blessed a thing is it to labour for Christ, and to make him sure! Know and try in time your holding of him, and the rights and charters of heaven, and upon what terms ye have Christ and the Gospel, and what Christ is worth in your estimation, and how lightly ye esteem of other things, and how dearly of Christ! I am sure, if ye see him in his beauty and glory, ye shall see him to be all things, and that incomparable jewel of gold, that ye should seek, howbeit ye should sell, woe-set and forfeit your few years portion of this life's joyes. O happy soul for evermore, who can rightly compare this life with that long-lasting life to come, and can ballance the weighty glory of the one, with the light golden vanity of the other! The day of the Lord is now near hand, and all men shall come out in their black's & white's, as they are: There shall be no borrowed lying colours in that day, when Christ shall be called Christ, and no longer nicknamed: now men borrow Christ and his white colour, and the lustre and fairing of Christianity; but how many counterfeit masks will be burnt in the day of God, in the fire, that shall burn the earth and the works that are in it: And howbeit Christ have the hardest part of it now, yet in the pre-

presence of my Lord, whom I serve in the Spirit, I would not niffer or exchange Christ's prison, bands, and chains, with the gold chains and Lordly tents, and smiling and happy-like heavens of the men of this world. I am far from thoughts of repenting, because of my losses & bonds for Christ. I with all my adversaries were as I am, except my bonds. Worthy, worthy, worthy for evermore is Christ, for whom we should suffer pains like hell's pains, far more the short hell that the saints of God have in this life. Sir, I wish your soul may be more acquainted with the sweetness of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his only Lord and
Master, S. R.*

To his Parishoners at Anwoth.

Dearly beloved in our Lord;

GRACE, mercy & peace from God our father, & from our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied upon you: I long exceedingly to hear of your on-going and advancement, in your journey to the Kingdom of God: My only joy out of heaven is, to hear that the seed of God sown among you is growing and coming to an harvest; for I teased not, while I was among you, in season and out of season, [according to the measure of grace given unto me] to warn & stir up your minds: & I am free from the blood of all men, for I have communicated to you the whole counsel of God: And I now again charge and warn you, in the great and dreadful name, and in the sovereign authority of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and I beseech you also by the mercies of God, and by the bowels of Christ, by your appearance before Christ Jesus our Lord, by all the plagues that are written in God's book, by your part of the holy city, the new Jerusalem, that ye keep the truth of God, as I delivered it to you, before many witnesses, in the sight of God and his holy Angels; for now the last dayes are come & coming, when many forsake Christ Jesus, & he saith to you, *will ye also leave me?* Remember that I forewarned you to *forbear the dishonouring of the Lord's blessed name, in swearing*

swearing, blaspheming, cursing, And the profaning of the Lord's sabbath; willing you to give that day from morning to night to praying, praising, hearing of the word, conferring, and speaking not your own words but God's words, thinking and meditating on God's nature, word and works; And that every day at morning and at night [at least] ye should sanctifie the Lord by praying in your houses, publickly in the hearing of all; that ye should in any sort forbear the receiving of the Lord's supper, but after the form that I delivered it to you, according to the example of Christ our Lord, that is, that ye should sit as banquetters, at one table with our King, and eat and drink, and divide the elements one to another: The timber and stones of the church walls shall bear witness; that my soul was refreshed with the comforts of God in that supper: & that crossing in baptism was unlawful, and against Christ's ordinance; And that no day (besides the sabbath, which is of his own appointment) should be kept holy and sanctified with preaching and the publick worship of God, for the memory of Christ's birth, death, resurrection and ascension; seeing such days so observed are unlawful, wil-worship, and not warranted in Christ's word; And that every thing in God's worship, not warranted by Christ's Testament and word, was unlawful; And also, that idolatry, worshipping of God before hallowed creatures, and adoring of Christ by kneeling before bread and wine was unlawful; And that ye should be humble, sober, modest, forbearing pride, envy, malice, wrath, hatred, contention, debate, lying, slander, stealing, and defrauding your neighbours in grass, corn or cattel, in buying or selling, borrowing or lending, taking or giving, in bargains or covenants; And that ye should work with your own hands, and be content with that which God hath given you; That ye should studie to know God and his will, and keep in mind the doctrine of the Catechism, which I taught you carefully, and speak of it in your houses & in the fields, when ye lie down at night, and when ye rise in the morning; That ye should believe in the Son of God, and obey his commandments, and learn to make your accounts in time with your judge, because death and judgment are before you: and if ye have

now

now penury and want of that word, which I delivered to you in abundance; yea (to God's honour I speak it, without arrogating any thing to my self, who am but a poor empty man) ye had as much of the word, in nine years while I was among you, as some others have had in many. Mourn for your loss of time, and repent: My soul pitieth you, that ye should suck dry breasts, and be put to draw at dry wells. O that ye would esteem highly of the lamb of God, your welbeloved Christ Jesus, whose virtues and praises I preached unto you with joy, and which he did countenance & accompany with some power; & that ye would call to mind the many fair dayes, and glorious feasts in our Lord's house of wine; that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus! But if there be any among you that take liberty to sin, because I am removed from amongst you, and forget that word of truth, which ye heard, and turn the grace of God into wantonness; I here, under my hand, in the name of Christ my Lord, write to such persons *all the plagues of God, and the curses that ever I preached in the pulpit of Anwoth against the children of disobedience*: And, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jesus shall make good what I write unto you: Therefore, *Dearly beloved*, fulfil my joy: Fear the great and dreadful name of the Lord: seek God with me. Scotland's judgment sleepeth not: awake & repent: the sword of the Lord shall go from the North to the South, from the East to the west, and through all the corners of the land, and that sword shall be drunk with your blood amongst the first; and I shall stand up as a witness against you, if ye do not amend your wayes & your doings, and turn to the Lord, with all your heart: I beseech you also, *my beloved in the Lord, my joy and my Crown*, offend not at the sufferings of me, the prisoner of Jesus Christ; I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God: Upon my salvation, I know and am perswaded, it is for God's Truth, and the Honour of my King and Royal Prince Jesus, I now suffer: and howbeit this town be my prison, yet Christ hath made it my palace, a garden of pleasures, a field and orchard of delights: I know likewise, albeit I be in bonds, that yet the word of God is not in bonds,

bonds, my spirit also is in free ward: Sweet, sweet have his comforts been to my soul: my pen, tongue and heart have not words to express the kindness, love and mercy of my welbelov'd to me, in this house of my pilgrimage. I charge you, to fear and love Christ, and to seek a house not made with hands, but your father's house above: This laughing and white-skinned world beguileth you, and if ye seek it more then God, it shall play you a slip, to the endless sorrow of your heart: Alas! I could not make many of you fall in love with Christ, howbeit I endeavoured to speak much good of him, and to commend him to you [which as it was your sin, so it is my sorrow] yet once again suffer me to exhort, beseech and obtest you in the Lord, to think of his love, and to be delighted with him, who is altogether lovely: I give you the word of a King, ye shall not repent it: ye are in my prayers night & day, I cannot forget you: I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all: I entreat you all, & every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sep 23.
1637.*

*Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

To the Lady CARDONNESS.

MISTRESS;

I Beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make every day more and more of Christ; and try your growth in the grace of God, and what new ground ye win daily on corruption; for travellers are day by day either advancing further on, and nearer home; or else they go not right about to compass their journey: I think still the better & better of Christ: Alas, I know not where to set him, I would so fain have him high! I cannot set heavens above heavens, till I were tired with numbering, and set him upon the highest step and story of the highest of them all: But I wish, I could make him great through the world, suppose my loss and pain and shame were set under the soles of his feet, that he might stand upon me. I request you faint not, because this world and ye are

at

at *yes* and *no*, & because this is not a home that laugheth upon you: The wise Lord, who knoweth you, will have it so, because he casteth a net for your love, to catch it and gather it in to himself: therefore bear patiently the loss of children, and burdens, and other discontentments, either within or without the house: Your Lord in them is seeking you, and seek ye him: Let none be your love and choice, and the flower of your delights, but your Lord Jesus: Set not your heart upon the world, since God hath not made it your portion; for it will not fall you to get two portions, and to laugh twice, and to be happy twice, and to have an *upper-heaven* and an *under-heaven* too: Christ our Lord and his saints were not so; and therefore let go your grip of this life, and of the good things of it: I hope your heaven groweth not hereaway: Learn daily both to possess and miss Christ, in his secret *bridegroom-smiles*: He must go and come, because his infinite wisdom thinketh it best for you: we will be together one day: We shall not need to borrow light from sun, moon or candle: There shall be no complaints on either side in heaven: There shall be none there, but He and we, the bridegroom and the bride; Devils, temptations, trials, desertion, losses, sad hearts, pain and death shall all be put out of play, and the Devil must give up his office of *Tempting*. O blessed is the soul, whose hope hath a face looking straight out to that day! It is not our part to make a treasure here: Any thing under the covering of heaven we can build upon, is but ill ground, and a sandy foundation: Every good thing, except God, wanteth a bottom, and cannot stand it's alone; how then can it bear the weight of us? Let us not lay a load upon a *windlestraw*, there shall nothing find my weight, or found my happiness, but God: I know all created powers should sink under me, if I should lean down upon it; & therefore it is better to rest on God, then sink or fall: and we weak souls must have a bottom and a *being-place*, for we cannot stand our alone: let us then be wise in our choice, and chuse and waile our own blessedness, which is to trust in the Lord: Each one of us hath a *whore* and *idol*, besides our husband *Christ*: But it is our folly

folly to divide our narrow and little love : I will not serve two, its best then to hold it whole & together, & give it to Christ; for then we get double interest for our love, when we lend it to, & lay it out upon Christ, & we are sure besides, that the stock cannot perish. Now, I can say no more, remember me: I have God's right to that people; howbeit by the violence of men, stronger then I, I am banished from you & chased away : The Lord give mercy in the day of Christ: it may be God clear my sky again; howbeit there is small appearance of my deliverance : But let him do with me what seemeth good in his own eyes: I am his clay, let my potter frame and fashion me as he pleaseth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637

*Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

To SIBILLA McADAM.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy & peace be to you : I can bear witness in my bonds, that Christ is still the longer the better, and no worse, yea, inconceivably better then he is, or can be, called : I think it half an heaven, to have my fill of the smell of his sweet breath, and to sleep in the arms of Christ my Lord, with his left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me : There is no great reckoning to be made of the withering of my flower, in comparison of the foul and manifest wrongs done to Christ : Nay, let never the dew of God lie upon my branches again, let the bloom fall from my joy, and let it wither, let the Almighty blow out my candle, so being the Lord might be great among *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and his oppressed church delivered : Let Christ fare well, suppose I should eat ashes; I know, he must be sweet himself, when his cross is so sweet : And it is the part of us all, if we marrie Himself, to marrie the crosses, losses, and reproaches also, that follow him; for mercy followeth Christ's cross : His prison for beauty is made of marble and ivory, his chains, that are laid on his prisoners, are golden chains, and the
sighs

sights of the prisoners of hope are perfumed with comforts, the like whereof cannot be bred, or found in this side of sun & moon: Follow on after his love, tire not of Christ; but come-in, and see his beauty & excellency, and feed your soul upon Christ's sweetness: This world is not yours, neither would I have your heaven made of such mettall, as mire & clay: Ye have the choice & waile of all lovers in heaven or out of heaven, when ye have Christ, the only delight of God his father: Climb up the mountain with joy, and faint not; for time will cut off the men, who pursue Christ's followers: Our best things here have a worm in them: Our joyes besides God, in the inner half, are but woes & sorrows: Christ, Christ is that which our love and desires can sleep sweetly and rest safely upon. Now the very God of peace establish you in Christ: Help a prisoner with your prayers, and entreat that our Lord would be pleased to visit me, with a sight of his beauty in his house, as he hath sometimes done. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Laird of C A L L Y.

Worthy Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long, I confess, in writing to you. My sure now to you in paper (since I have no access to speak to you as formerly) is, that ye would lay the foundation sure in your youth: When ye begin to seek Christ, try, I pray you, upon what terms ye covenant to follow him, and lay your accounts what it may cost you; that summer nor winter, nor well nor woe, may not cause you change your master, Christ: *Keep fair* to him, and be honest and faithful, that he find not a crack in you: Surely, ye are now in the throng of temptation: When youth is come to it's fairest bloom, then the Devil, and the lusts of a deceiving world, and sin are upon horse-back, and follow with *up-fails*: If this were not, *Paul* needed not to have written to a sanctified & holy youth,

Timothy.

Timothy (a faithful preacher of the Gospel) *flee the lusts of youth.* Give Christ your virgin-love, ye cannot put your love and heart in a better hand. O if ye knew him, and saw his beaurty! Your love, your liking, your heart, your desires would close with him and cleave to him. Love by nature, when it seeth, cannot but cast out it's spirit and strength upon amiable objects, and good things, and things love-worthy: and what fairer thing then Christ? O fair sun, and fair moon, and fair stars, and fair flowers, and fair roses, and fair lilies, and fair creatures: but O ten thousand thousand times fairer Lord Jesus! Alas, I wronged him in making the comparison this way! O black sun and moon, but O fair Lord Jesus! O black flowers, & black lilies & Roses, but O fair, fair, ever fair Lord Jesus! O all fair things, black and deformed without beauty, when ye are beside that fairest Lord Jesus! O black heaven, but O fair Christ! O black Angels, but O surpassingly fair Lord Jesus! I would seek no more to make me happy for evermore, but a through and clear sight of the beauty of Jesus my Lord: Let my eyes enjoy his fairnesse, & stare him forever in the face, and I have all that can be wished. Get Christ rather then gold or silver: seek Christ, howbeit ye should lose all things for him: They take their marks by the moon, and look askint, in looking to fair Christ, who resolve for the world and their ease; and for their honour & court & credit; or for fear of losses and a sore skin, will turn their back upon Christ and his truth. Alas, how many blind eyes and squint lookers look this day in Scotland upon Christ's beauty, & they see a spot in Christ's fair face! Alas, they are not worthy of Christ, who look this way upon him, and see no beauty in him why they should desire him! God send me my fill of his beaurty, if it be possible, that my soul can be full of his beauty here: But much of Christ's beauty needeth not abate the eager appetite of a soul [sick of love for himself] to see him in the other world, where he is seen as he is. I am glad with all my heart, that ye have given your greenest morning-age, to this Lord Jesus: Hold on, and weary not, faint not, resolve upon

upon suffering for Christ, but fear not ten dayes tribulation, for Christ's lowre cross is sugared with comforts, and hath a taste of Christ himself. I esteem it my glory, my joy and my crown, and I bless him for this honour, to be yoked with Christ, and married with him in suffering, who therefore was born, and therefore came into the world, that he might bear witness to the truth. Take pains above all things for salvation; for, without running, fighting, sweating, wrestling, heaven is not taken. O happy soul, that crosseth nature's stomach, and delighteth to gain that fair garland and crown of glory! What a seckless loss is it for you, to go through this wilderness, and never taste of sin's sugared pleasures! What poorer is a soul to want pride, lust, love of the world, & the vanities of this vain & worthless world! Nature hath no cause to weep at the want of such toys as these. Esteem it your gain to be an heir of glory; O but that is an eye-look to a fair rent! The very hope of heaven, under troubles, is like wind and sails to the soul, and like wings, when the feet come out of the snare. O! for what stay we here? Up, up, after our Lord Jesus, this is not our rest, nor our dwelling: What have we to do in this prison, except only to take meat and house-room in it, for a time! Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your souls wel-wisher & Christ's
prisoner, S. R.*

TO WILLIAM GORDON

At Kenmure.

Dear Brother;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I have been long in answering your letter, which came in good time to me. It is my aim and hearty desire, that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may sparkle fire upon *standers-by*, to the warming of their hearts with God's love. The very dust that falleth from Christ's feet, his old ragged clothes, his knotty and black cross, is sweeter to me, than Kings golden crowns, and their *time-eaten* pleasures: I should be a liar & false witness, if I should not give

give my Lord Jesus a fair testimonial, with my whole soul: my word I know will not heighten him; he needs not such props under his feet, so raise his glory high: But Oh that I could raise him the height of heaven; & the breadth and length of ten heavens, in the estimation of all his young lovers! for we have all shapen Christ but too narrow & too short, & formed conceptions of his love in our conceit, very unworthy of it. Oh that men were taken & caught with his beauty & fairness! They would give over playing with idols, in which there is not half room for the love of our soul to expatiate itself: & man's love is but *heart hungered* in gnawing upon bare bones, & sucking at dry breasts: It is *well wared* they want, who will not come to him, who hath a world of love & goodness and bounty for all. We seek to thaw our frozen hearts, at the cold smoke of the short-timed creature, & our souls gather neither heat, nor life, nor light; for these cannot give to us, what they have not in themselves. Oh that we could thrust in, through these thorns and this throng of bastard-lovers, and be ravished and sick of love for Christ! We should find some footing & some room, & sweet ease for our tottering & witless souls in our Lord. I wish it were in my power, after this day, to cry down all love but the love of Christ, & to cry down all Gods but Christ, all Saviours but Christ, all welbeloveds but Christ, and all soul-suters, all love-beggars but Christ. Ye complain, that ye want a mark of the sound work of grace & love in your soul. For answer, consider for your satisfaction (till God send more) 1 Job. 3. 14. And as for your complaint of Deadness and Doubtings, Christ, I hope, will take your deadness and you together: They are bodies full of holes, running boils, and broken bones that need mending, that Christ the Physician taketh up: whole vessels are not for the Mediator Christ's art: Publicans, sinners, whores, harlots, are ready *market-wares* for Christ. The only thing that will bring sinners within a cast of Christ's drawing arm, is that which ye write of, some feeling of death & Sin, that brings forth complaints: & therefore out of sense complain more, & be more acquaint with all the cramps, stiches and soul-

fwoonings that trouble you: The more pain & the more night watching, & the more fevers, the better; A soul bleeding to death, till Christ were sent-for, & cried-for in all haste, to come & stem the blood, and close up the hole in the wound, with his own hand & balm, were a very good disease, when many are dying of a whole heart. We have all too little of hell-pain and terrours that way: Nay, God send me such a hell, as Christ hath promised to make a heaven out of. Alas! I am not come that far on in the way, as to say in sad earnest, *Lord Iesus, great and sovereign Physician, here is a pained patient for thee.* But the thing that we mistake, is the want of victory, we hold that to be the mark of one that hath no grace: Nay, I say, the want of fighting were a mark of no grace, but I shall not say, the want of victory is such a mark. If my fire & the Devil's water make crackling, like thunder in the air, I am the less scared; for where there is fire, it is Christ's part, that I lay and bind upon him, to keep in the coal, & to pray the father that my faith fail not, if I in the mean time be wrestling & doing & fighting & mourning: For prayer puts not Paul's devil [the prick in the flesh, & the messenger of Satan] to the door, at first; but our Lord will have them trying every one another, and let Paul send himself by God's help, God keeping the stakes, & moderating the play: And ye do well, not to doubt, if the ground-stone be sure, but to try if it be so; for there is great olds between doubting that we have grace, & trying if we have grace: the former may be sin, but the latter is good. We are but loose in trying our free-holding of Christ, & making sure work of Christ: Holy fear is a searching the camp, that there be no enemy within our bosom to betray us, and a seeing that all be fast & sure: For I see many leaking vessels fair before the wind, & professors who take their conversion upon trust, & they go on securely, & see not to the under-water, till a storm sink them: Each man had need twice a day & oftner, to be ryped & searched with candles. Pray for me, that the Lord would give me house-room again, to hold a candle to this dark world, Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
and Master, S. R.

To

TO MARGARET FULLERTON.

MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad that ever ye did cast your love on Christ; fasten more and more love every day upon him. O if I had a river of love, a sea of love, that would never go dry, to bestow upon him! But alas the pity, Christ hath beauty for me, but I have not love for him. O what pain is it, to see Christ in his beauty, and then to want a heart and love for him! But I see, want we must, till Christ lend us, never to be payed again. O that he would empty these vaults and lower houses of these poor souls, of these bastard and base lovers, which we follow! And verily, I see no object in heaven or in earth that I could ware this much of love upon, that I have, but upon Christ. Alas! that clay and time and shadows run away with our love: which is ill spent upon any but upon Christ: each fool at the day of judgment shall seek back his love from the creatures, when he shall see them all in a fair fire, but they shall prove irresponsal debtors: And therefore 'tis best here, *we look ere we leap*, and look ere we love. I find now under his cross, that I would fain give him more then I have to give him, if giving were in my power: But I rather wish him my heart then give him it: except he take it, and put himself in possession of it, [for I hope he hath a *market right* to me, since he hath ransomed me] I see not how Christ can have me. O that he would be pleased to be more homely with my soul's love, and to come into my soul and take his own! But when he goeth away and hideth himself, all is to me that I had of Christ, as if it had fallen in the sea bottom. Oh that I should be *sosickle* in my love, as to love Christ only by the eyes and the nose! That is, to love him only in as far, as fond and foolish sense carrieth me, and no more: And when I see not, and smell not, and touch not, then I have all to seek. I cannot love *parquier*, nor rejoyce *parquier*: But this is our weakness, till we be at home, and shall have aged mens stomachs to bear Christ's love.

O 2

Pray

Pray for me, that our Lord would bring me back to you, with a new blessing of the Gospel of Christ. I forget not you. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Dear Brother;

YE are heartily welcome to that honour, that Christ hath made common to us both, which is to suffer for his name. Verily, I think it my garland & crown, & if the Lord should ask of me my blood & life for this cause, I would gladly, in his strength, pay due debt to Christ's honour & glory, in that kind. Acquaint your self with Christ's love, & ye shall not miss to find new golden mines & treasures in Christ: Nay truly, we but stand beside Christ, we go not *in* to him, to take our fill of him. But if he should do two things. 1. Draw the curtains, & make bare his holy face; & then 2. Clear our dim & bleired eyes, to see his beauty & glory, he should find many lovers. I would seek no more happiness, but a sight of him so near hand, as to see, hear, smell & touch & embrace him: But oh, closed doors, & vails, & curtains, & thick clouds hold me in pain, while I find the sweet burning of his love, that many waters cannot quench! O what sad hours have I, when I think that love of Christ scars at me, & blows by me! If my L. Jesus would come to bargaining for his love, I think, he should make price himself, I should not refuse ten thousand years in hell, to have a wide soul enlarged and made wider, that I might be exceedingly [even to the running over] filled with his love. O what am I to love such an one, or to be loved by that high & lofty One! I think the Angels may blush to look upon him: & what am I, to file such infinit brightness with my sinful eyes: O that Christ would come near, & stand still, & give me leave to look upon him! For to look seemeth the poor man's privilege, since he may, for nothing & without hire, behold the sun. I should have a King's life, if I had no other thing to do, but for evermore to behold & eye my fair Lord Jesus: Nay suppose I were holden out, at
hea-

heaven's fair entry, I should be happy for evermore, to look through an hole in the door, and see my dearest and fairest Lord's face. O great King, why standest thou aloof? Why remainest thou beyond the mountains? O well-beloved, why dost thou pain a poor soul with delays? a long time out of thy glorious presence is two deaths & two hells to me; We must meet, I must see him, I ~~do~~ not want him: hunger and longing for Christ hath brought on such a necessity of enjoying Christ, that, cost me what it will, I cannot but assure Christ, I will not, I ~~do~~ not, want him: For I cannot master or command Christ's love: nay, hell [as I now think] and all the pains in it laid on me alone, would not put me from loving: Yea, suppose my Lord Jesus would not love me, it is above my strength or power, to keep back or imprison the weak love I have, but it must be out to Christ: I would set heaven's joy aside, and live upon Christ's love it's alone: Let me have no joy, but the warmth and fire of God's love: I seek no other: God knoweth, if this love be taken from me, the bottom is fallen out of all my happiness and joy; and therefore, I believe, Christ will never do me that much harm, as to bereave a poor prisoner of his love; it were cruelty to take it from me: and he who is kindness it self cannot be cruel. Dear Brother, weary not of my sweet Master's chains; we are so much the sicker to Christ that we suffer: Lodge not a hard thought of my royal King: rejoyce in his cross: Your deliverance sleepeth not; he that will come is not slack of his promise: Wait on for God's timely salvation, ask not when, or How long? I hope, he shall lose nothing of you in the furnace, but dross; Commit your cause in meekness (forgiving your oppressors) to God, & your sentence shall come back from him laughing: Our Bridegroom's day is passing fast on, and this world, that seemeth to go with a long and a short foot, shall be put in two ranks: Wait till your ten dayes be ended, and hope for the crown, Christ will not give you a blind in the end. Commend me to your wife and father, and to Bailiff M. A. And send this

MR. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 155.
letter to him. The prayers of Christ's prisoner be upon
you, and the Lord's presence accompany you.

Aberd. July 6.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO ROBERT LENNOX
Of Disdove.

Dear Brother;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I beseech you in
the Lord Jesus, make fast and sure work of life e-
ternal; Sow not rotten seed: every man's work will
speak for it self, what his seed hath been. O how many
see I, who sow to the flesh! Alas! what a crop will that
be, when the Lord (shall put in his hook to reap this world,
that is ripe & white for judgment? I recommend to you
holiness & sanctification, and that ye keep your self
clean from this present evil world: We delight to tell our
own dreams, and to flatter our own flesh with the hope
we have: It were wisdom for us to be free, plain, honest
and sharp with our own souls, and to charge them to
brew better, that they may drink well, and fare well,
when time is melted away like snow in a hot summer. O
how hard a thing is it, to get the soul to give up with all
things on this side of death and doomsday! We say, we
are removing and going from this world; but our heart
stirreth not one foot off its seat. Alas! I see few heavenly-
minded souls, that have nothing upon the earth, but their
body of clay going up and down this earth, because their
soul and the powers of it are up in heaven, and there
their hearts live, desire, enjoy, rejoyce. Oh! mens souls
have no wings, and therefore night and day they keep
their nest, and are not acquaint with Christ. Sir, take
you to your own thing, to Christ, that ye may be acquain-
ted with the taste of his sweetness and excellency; and
charge your love not to dote upon this world; for
it will not do your business in that day, when no-
thing will come in good stead to you; but God's favour:
Build upon Christ some good, choice and fast work; for
when your soul for many years hath taken the play, and
hath

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hath posted, and wandered through the creatures, ye
will come home again with the wind: They are not good,
at least not the soul's good, it is the infinite God-head that
must allay the sharpness of your hunger after happiness;
otherwise there shall still be a want of satisfaction to your
desires: And if he would cast in ten worlds in your de-
sires, all shall fall thorow, and your soul shall still cry *red*
hunger, *black hunger*; But I am sure, there is sufficient
for you in Christ, if ye had seven souls & seven desires
in you: Oh if I could make my Lord Jesus *market-sweet*,
lovely, desirable, & fair to all the world, both to Jew
and Gentile! O let my part of heaven go for it, so being
he would take my tongue to be his instrument, to set out
Christ in his whole braveries of love, virtue, grace,
sweetness and matchless glory, to the eyes and hearts of
Jews and Gentiles! *But who is sufficient for these things?*
O for the help of Angels tongues, to make Christ *eye-*
sweet and amiable to many thousands! O how little
doth this world see of him, & how far are they from the
love of him, seeing there is so much loveliness, beauty
and sweetness in Christ, that no created eye did ever yet
see! I would that all men knew his glory, and that
I could put many in at the bridegroom's chamber
door, to see his beauty, and to be partakers of his
high, and deep, and broad, and boundless love. O
let all the world come nigh and see Christ, and they
shall then see more then I can say of him! O if I
had a pledge or pawn to lay down for a sea-full of his
love! that I could come by so much of Christ, as
would satisfie *griening* and longing for him, or rather
increase it, till I were in full possession! I know,
we shall meet, and therein I rejoyce. *Sir*, stand fast in the
truth of Christ, that ye have received: Yield not to
winds, but ride out, and let Christ be your anchor, and
the onely *He*, whom ye shall look to see in peace. Pray
for me his prisoner, & that the Lord would send me a-
mong you to feed his people. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN FLEMING

*Bailiff of Leith.**Worthy Sir ;*

GRace, mercy & peace be to you : The Lord hath brought me safe to this strange town : Blessed be his holy name : I find his cross easie and light, and I hope he shall be with his poor sold *Ioseph*, who is separated from his brethreen : His comforts have abounded towards me, as if Christ thought shame [if I may speak so] to be in the *common* of such a poor man, as I am, and would not have me lose any thing in his errands : My enemies have, beside their intention, made me more blessed, and have put me in a sweeter possession of Christ, then ever I had before : Only the memory of the fair dayes, I had, with my welbeloved, amongst the flock intrusted to me, keepeth me low, and sowreth my unseen joy : But it must be so, and he is wise, who tutoureth me this way : For that which my brethreen have and I want, and others of this world have, I am content, my faith will *frist* God my happines : No Son offendeth, that his father giveth him not hire twice a year; for he isto abide in the house, when the inheritance is to be divided : it is better God's children live upon hope than upon hire. Thus remembring my love to your worthy and kind wife : I bless you and her, and all yours, in the Lord's name.

Aberd. Sept. 20.

1637.

*Yours in his only, only Lord**Jesus, S. R.*

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING

*Bailiff of Kirkcudbright.**Worthy Sir ;*

GRace, mercy & peace be to you : I am well, honour be to God, & as well as a rejoycing prisoner of Christ can be, hoping that one day He, for whom I now suffer, shall enlarge me, & put me above the threatnings of men : I am sometimes sad, heavy & casten down, at the memory of the fair days I had with Christ, in *Sw-
woth*,

woth, Kirkcudbright, &c. The remembrance of a feast encreaseth hunger in a hungry man; but who knoweth, but our Lord will yet cover a table in the wilderness to his hungry bairns, & build the old waste places in *Scotland*, & bring home *Zion's* captives: I desire to see no more glorious sight, till I see the Lamb on his throue, then to see *Mount Zion* all green with grass, and the dew lying upon the tops of the grass, & the crown put upon Christ's head in *Scotland* again: And I believe it shall be so, and that Christ shall mow down his enemies, & fill the pits with their dead bodies. I find people here dry & uncouth: A man pointed at for suffering dare not be countenanced; so that I am like to sit mine alone upon the ground: But my Lord payeth me well home again, for I have neither tongue, nor pen, nor heart to express the sweetness & excellency of the love of Christ: Christ's hony-combs drop hony, & floods of consolation upon my soul: My chains are gold: Christ's cross is all overguilded and perfumed: His prison is the garden and orchard of my delights: I would go through *burning-quick* to my lovely Christ: I sleep in his arms all the night, & my head betwixt his breasts. My welbeloved is altogether lovely: This is all nothing, to that which my soul hath felt: Let no man, for my cause, fear at Christ's cross: if my stipend, place, countrey, credit, had been an Earldom, a Kingdom, ten Kingdoms, & a whole earth, all were too little for the crown and scepter of my royal King: Mine enemies, mine enemies have made me blessed. They have sent me to the bridegroom's chamber: Love is his banner over me: I live a Kings life: I want nothing but heaven and the possession of the crown: my earnest is great; Christ is no niggard to me. *Dear Brother*, be for the Lord Jesus and his *heart-broken* bride. I need not [I hope] remember my distressed *brother* to your care. Remember my love to your *wife*. Let Christ want nothing of us: His garments shall be rolled in the blood of the slain of *Scotland*. *Grace*, grace be with you: pray for Christ's prisoners.

Aberd. Sept. 21.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

O 5

To

TO ROBERT GORDON
Of Knockbrex.

Dear Brother.

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am by God's mercy come now to *Aberdeen*; the place of my confinement; and settled in an honest man's house: I find the town's-men cold, general, & dry in their kindness, yet I find a lodging in the heart of many strangers: My challenges are revived again, and I find old sores bleeding afresh; so dangerous and painful is an *undercotted* conscience; yet I have an eye to the blood, that is physick for such sores: But verily, I see *Christianity* is conceived to be more easie & lighter then it is; so that I sometimes think, I never knew any thing, but the letters of that name; for our nature contents it self with little in godliness. Our Lord, Lord, seemeth to us, ten Lord Lords: little holiness in our ballance is much, because it is our own holiness; & we love to lay small burdens upon our soft natures, and to make a fair courtway to heaven: And I know it were necessary to take more pains then we do, and not to make heaven a city more easily taken, then God hath made it: I perswade my self, many runners shall come short & get a disappointment. Oh! how easie is it to deceive our selves, and to sleep, and wish that heaven may fall down in our laps! Yet for all my Lord's glooms, I find him sweet, gracious, loving, kind: and I want both pen and words to set forth the fairness, beauty and sweetness of Christ's love, and the honour of this cross of Christ, which is glorious to me, tho' the world thinketh shame thereof: I verily think, that the cross of Christ would blush and think shame of these *thinskin'd* worldlings, who are so married to their credit, that they are ashamed of the sufferings of Christ. O the honour, to be scourged, stoned with Christ, & to go through a *furious-faced* death to life eternal! But men would have *Lambros* against Christ's cross. Now, My dear Brother, forget not the prisoner of Christ, for I see very few here, who kindly fear God. Grace be with you. Let my love in Christ and hearty affection be remem-

Epist. 159.

L E T T E R S.

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remembred to your kind wife, to your Brother John, & to all friends. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. Sept. 10.

Yours in his only, only Lord

1616.

Jesus, S. R.

TO EARLESTOWN Younger.

Much honoured Sir;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: I am well, Christ triumpheth in me, blessed be his name: I have all things, I burden no man: I see, this earth & the fullness thereof is my father's: sweet, sweet is the cross of my Lord. The blessing of God upon the cross of my Lord Jesus. My enemies have contributed (beside their design) to make me blessed. This is my palace, not my prison; especially, when my Lord shineth & smileth upon his poor afflicted and sold *Joseph*, who is separated from his brethren: But often he hideth himself, & there is a *day of law*, and a court of challenges within me; I know not, if fenced in God's name, but Oh my neglects! Oh my unseen guiltiness! I imagined, that a sufferer for Christ kept the keys of Christ's treasure, and might take out his *wombful* of comforts, when he pleased; but I see, a sufferer and witness will be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner, and glad to eat with the *bairns*, and to take the *by-board*. This cross hath let me see, that heaven is not at the next door, and that it is a castle not soon taken: I see also, it is neither pain nor art, to play the hypocrite: We have all learned to sell our selves for double price, and to make the people, who call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred, esteem us *half-gods*, or men fallen out of the clouds: But Oh *sincerity*, *sincerity*, if I knew what *sincerity* meaneth. Sir, lay the foundation thus, and ye shall not soon shrink, nor be shaken: make *tight work* at the bottom, and your ship shall ride against all storms, if withal your anchor be fastned upon good ground, I mean within the vail: and verily I think this is *All*, to gain Christ: All other things are shadows, drcams, fancies and nothing. Sir, remember my love to your *mother*: I pray

318 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 160
for mercy and grace to her: I wish her ongoing toward
heaven: As I promised to write, so shew her, I want
nothing in my Lord's service, Christ will not be in such a
poor man's common as mine. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 22.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON.

Worthy and Dear Brother;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I have been too long
in writing to you, but multitude of letters taketh
much time from me. I bless his great name, whom I
serve in the spirit, if it came to voicing amongst Angels and
men, how excellent and sweet Christ is, even in his
reproaches and in his cross, I cannot but vote with the
first, that all that is in him, both cross and crown,
kisses and glooms, embracements and frownings and
strokes are sweet and glorious: God send me no more
happines in heaven or out of heaven, but Christ: For
I find this world, when I have looked upon it on both
sides, within and without, and when I have seen even
the laughing and lovely-like side of it, to be but a fool's
idol, a clay prison: Lord, let it not be the nest that
my hope buildeth in. I have now cause, to judge my
part of this earth not worth a blast of smoke, or a
mouth-full of brown bread. I wish my Hope may take
a *running-leap*, and skip over Time's pleasures, Sin's
plaistering and gold-foile, this vain earth, and rest upon
my Lord. O how great is our night-darkness in this
wilderness! To have any conceit at all of this world, is,
as a man would close his handfull of water, and, holding
his hand in the river say, all the water of the flood is his;
as if it were indeed all within the compass of his hand:
Who would not laugh at the thoughts of such a crack-
brain? Verily, they have but an handfull of water, & are
but like a child clasping his two hands about a night-
shadow, who idolize any created hope, but God. I now
lightlie put the price of a dream, or fable, or black
nothing

nothing, upon all things, but God, & that desirable & love-worthy one, my Lord Jesus: Let all the world be *nothing* (for nothing was their seed and mother) and let God be *all things*. *My very dear Brother*, know, ye are as near heaven, as ye are far from your self, and far from the love of a bewitching and whorish world: For this world, in it's gain & glory, is but the great and notable common whore, that all the sons of men have been in fancy and lust withal these 4000. years: the children, that they have begotten with this uncouth & lustful lover, are but vanity, dreams, gold imaginations and night thoughts: For there is no good ground here under the covering of heaven, for men, and poor wearied souls to set down their foot upon. O! he who is called God, that one whom they term *Jesus Christ*, is worth the having indeed, even if I had given away all without my eyeboles, my soul, and my self for sweet Jesus my Lord! O let the claim be cancelled, that the creatures have to me, except that claim my Lord Jesus hath to me! Oh that he would claim *poor me*, my silly, light and worthless soul! O that he would pursue his claim to the utmost point, and not want me. For it is my pain, and remediless sorrow to want him. I see nothing in this life, but *sinks*, and mires, and dreams, and beguiling ditches, and ill ground for us to build upon. I am fully perswaded of Christs victory in *Scotland*, but I fear this land be not yet ripe and white for mercy: Yet I dare be *halfer* (upon my salvation) with the losses of the church of *Scotland*, that her foes afternoon shall sing *dole* and sorrow for evermore, and that her joy shall once again be cried up, and her skie shall clear: But vengeance and burning shall be to her adversaries, & the sinners of this land. Oh that we could be awakened to prayers and humiliation! Then should our sun shine like seven suns in the heaven, then should the temple of Christ be builded upon the mountain-tops, and the land from coast to coast should be filled with the glory of the Lord. *Brother*, your day-talk is wearing short, your hour-glass of this span-length and hand-breadth of life will quickly pass, and therefore take order and *course* with matters betwixt you and Christ,

320 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 161.
before it come to open pleading: there are no quarters to
be had of Christ, in open judgment. I know, ye see your
thread wearing short, and that there are not many inches
to the thread's end; and therefore lose not time. Remem-
ber me his prisoner, that it would please the Lord, to
bring me again amongst you with abundance of the Gos-
pel. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. HUGH McKAILL.

Reverend & dear Brother;

I Thank you for your letter: I cannot but shew you,
that as I never expected any thing from Christ, but
much good and kindness; so he hath made me to find it,
in the house of my pilgrimage: And believe me, *Brother*,
I give it to you under mine own hand-write, that who-
so looketh to the white side of Christ's cross, and can
take it up handsomly with faith and courage, shall find
it such a burden, as sails are to a ship, or wings to a
bird. I find my Lord hath overgilded that black tree,
and hath perfumed it, and oiled it, with joy and con-
solation. Like a fool, once I would chide and plead with
Christ, and slander him to others for unkindness: but I
trust in God, not to call his *glooms* unkind again; for he
hath taken from me my sackcloth: and I verily cannot tell
you, what a poor *Joseph* and prisoner (with whom my
mother's children were angry) doth now think of kind
Christ: I will chide no more, providing he will quite
me all by-gones; for I am poor. I am taught in this ill
weather, to go on the *lee-side* of Christ, and to put him
in between me and the storm: I thank God I walk on the
sunny side of the brae. I write it that ye may speak in
my behalf the praises of my Lord to others, that my
bonds may preach. O if all *Scotland* knew the feasts,
and *love-blends*, and visits, that the *Prelats* have sent
me unto! I will verily give my Lord Jesus a free discharge
of all, that I, like a fool, laid to his charge, and beg
him pardon to the *men's*. God grant, that in my temp-
erations,

Epist. 162.

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tations, I come not on his *wrong side* again, and never again fall a raving against my Physician, in my fever. Brother, plead with your mother, while ye have time: A pulpit would be a high feast to me, but I dare not say one word against him, who hath done it, I am not out of the house as yet; my sweet Master saith, I shall have *house-room* at his own elbow: albeit their *synagogue* will *new* force cast me out. A letter were a work of charity to me. Grace be with you. Pray for me.

Aberd. Novemb. 22.

Your Brother and Christ's
prisoner, S. R.

1636.

TO JAMES MURRAY.

Dear Brother;

I Received your letter: I am in good health of body, but far better in my soul. I find my Lord no worse then his word, *I will be with him in trouble*, is made good to me now: He heareth the sighing of the prisoner. Brother, I am comforted in my royal Prince and King: The world knoweth not our life, it is a myserie to them: We have the sunny side of the world, and our Paradise is far above theirs, yea our weeping above their laughing, which is but like the crackling of thorns under a pot; And therefore, we have good cause to fight it out, for the day of our *Laureation* is approaching. I find my prison the sweetest place, that ever I was in: my Lord Jesus is kind to me, and hath taken the mask off his face, and is content to *quite me* all by-gones: I dare not complain of him. And for my silence, I lay it before Christ, I hope it shall be a speaking silence: He, who knoweth what I would, knoweth that my soul desireth no, more, but that King Jesus may be great in the North of Scotland, in the South, and in the East and West, through my sufferings, for the freedom of my Lord's house and Kingdom. If I could keep good quarters in time to come with Christ, I would fear nothing: But Oh! Oh! I complain of my woful outbreakings; I tremble at the remembrance of a new out-cast betwixt him and me; and I have cause, when I consider, what sick and sad dayes I have had, for
his

his absence, who is now come. If find Christ doe not be long unkind, our *Ioseph's* bowels yern within him, he cannot smother love long, it must break out at length. Praise, praise with me, *Brother*, and desire my acquaintance to help me: I dare not conceal his love to my soul; I wish you all a part of my feast, that my Lord Jesus may be honoured: I allow you not to hide Christ's bountie to me, when ye meet with such as know Christ. Ye write nothing to me, what are the cruel mercies of the Prelats toward me: The ministers of this town, as I hear, intend that I shall be more strictly confined, or else transported, because they find some people affect me. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 21.

Yours in the Lord
Jesus, S. R.

1637.

TO JOHN FLEEMING

Bailiff of Leith.

My very worthy Friend;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter: I bless my Lord through Jesus Christ, I find his word good, *Isai. 48. 10. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.* And *Psal. 91. 15. I will be with him in trouble.* I never expected other at Christ's hand, but much good and comfort; and I am not disappointed: I find my Lord's crosse overgilded and oiled with comforts: My Lord hath now shown me the white side of his crosse: I would not exchange my weeping in prison with the fourteen Prelats laughter, amidst their hungry & lean joyes. This world knoweth not the sweetness of Christ's love, it is a mystery to them. At my first coming here, I found great heaviness, especially because it had pleased the Prelats, to add this gentle cruelty to my former sufferings, (for it is gentle to them) to inhibit the Ministers of the town to give me the liberty of a pulpit: I said, what aileth Christ at my service? But I was a fool, he hath chide himself friends with me: if ye and others of God's children shall praise his great name, who makes worthless me witnesses for him, my silence & sufferings shall

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shall preach more, then my tongue could do; if his glory be seen in me, I am satisfied, for I want no kindness of Christ; And, Sir, I dare not smother his liberality: I write it to you, that ye may praise, and desire your brother, and others to joyn with me in this work. This land shall be made desolate: our iniquities are full: the Lord saith, we shall drink and spue and fall. Remember my love to your good kind wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 13.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

1636.

TO EARLESTOWN Elder.

Rev. 12. 11. *And they overcame the Dragon by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death.*

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: I long to see you in paper, and to be refreshed by you. I cannot but desire you, and charge you to help me to praise him, who feedeth a poor prisoner with the fairness of his house. O how weighty is his love! O but there is much telling in Christ's kindness! The Amen, the faithful and true witness hath payed me my hundred fold, well told and one to the hundred: I complained of him, but he is oweing me nothing now. Sir, I charge you to help me to praise his goodness, and to proclaim to others my Bridegroom's kindness, whose love is better then wine. I took up an action against Christ; and bought a plea against his love, & libelled unkindness against Christ my Lord; & I said, *this is my death, He hath forgotten me*: But my meek Lord held his peace; & beheld me, & would not contend for the last word of *flyting*, & now he hath chided himself friends with me: And now I see, He must be God, and I must be flesh: I pass from my summons, I acknowledge he might have given me my fill of it, and never troubled himself: But now he hath taken away the mask, I have been comforted, he could not smother his love any longer to a prisoner and a stranger:
God

324 Mr. RUTHERFOORD'S Epist. 165.
God grant that I may never buy a *plea* against Christ again, but may keep good quarters with him. I want no kindness, no love-tokens; but Oh, wise is his love! for notwithstanding of this hot summer-blenk, I am keeped low with the grief of my silence; for his word is in me as a fire in my bowels: and I see the Lord's vineyard laid waste, and the heathen entred into the sanctuary, and my belly is pained, and my soul in heaviness, because the Lord's people are gone into captivity, and because of the fury of the Lord, and that wind, [but neither to fan nor to purge] that is coming upon Apostate Scotland. Also I am kept awake with the late wrong done to my brother; but I trust ye will counsel and comfort him. Yet in this mist, I see and believe, the Lord will heal this *shaling* Kirk, and will lay her stones with fair colours, and her foundations with Saphires, and will make her windows of Agates, and her gates Carbuncles, Isa. 54. 11, 12. And for brass he will bring gold: He hath created the smith that formed the sword, no weapon in war shall prosper against us. Let us be glad and rejoyce in the Lord, for his salvation is near to come. Remember me to your wife and your son John: And I entreat you to write to me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Decemb. 30. Yours in his only, only Lord
1636. Iesus. S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and welbeloved in our Lord Iesus;

I Must still provoke you to write by my lines, where-
at ye need not wonder: for the cross is full of talk,
and speak it must, either good or bad: Neither can
grief be silent. I have no *dissey* nor inditement to bring
against Christ's cross, seeing he hath made a friendly
agreement betwixt me and it, and we are in terms of
love together: If my former miscarriages, and my now-
silent sabbaths seem to me to speak wrath from the Lord,
I dare say, it is but Satan borrowing the *use* and *loan* of
my cowardly and feeble apprehensions, which start at
straws.

straws. I know, faith is not so faint and foolish, as to tremble as every false alarm; Yet I gather this out of it, *Blessed are they, who are grac'd of God to guide a cross well, and that there is some art required herein.* I pray God, I may not be so ill friend-stead, as that Christ my Lord should leave me, to be my own Tutor and my own Physician. Shall I not think but my Lord Jesus, who deserveth his own place very well, will take his own place upon him, as it becometh him, & that he will fill his own chair? For in this is his office, *to comfort us, and these that are casten down; in all their tribulations,* 2 Cor. 2. 4. Alas, I know, I am fool to seek an hole, or defect in Christ's way with my soul. If I have not a stock to present to Christ at his appearance, yet I pray God, I may be able with joy, faith and constancy, to shew the Captain of my salvation, in that day, a bloody head, that I received in his service: howbeit my faith hang by a *small tack* and threed, I hope, the *tack* shall not break: and howbeit my Lord get no service of me but broken wishes, yet I trust, these shall be accepted upon Christ's account. I have nothing to comfort me, but that I say, Oh! will the Lord disappoint an hungry on-waiter? The smell of Christ's wine and apples, which surpass the uptaking of du'l sense, bloweth upon my soul, and I get no more for the mean time. I am sure, to let a *famishing* body see meat and give him none of it, is a double pain: Our Lord's love is not so cruel, as to let a poor man see Christ and heaven, and never give him more, for want of money to buy: nay, I rather think Christ such fair *market-wares*, as buyers may have *without money and without price*: And thus I know, it shall not stand upon my want of money; for Christ upon his own charges must buy my wedding garment, and redeem the inheritance, which I have forfeited, and give his word for one the like of me, who am not *law-binding* of my self: Poor folks must either borrow or beg from the rich, and the only thing that commendeth sinners to Christ, is extream necessity and want: Christ's love is ready to make and provide a ransom and money, for a poor body, who hath lost his purse. *Ho, ye that have*

no money come and buy, Isa. 55. 1. That is the poor man's marker. Now, Brother, I see, old crosses would have done nothing at me; and therefore Christ hath taken a new fresh rod to me, that seemeth to talk with my soul, and make me tremble. I have often more ado now with faith, when I lose my compass, and am blown on a rock, then those who are my beholders, standing upon the shore, are aware of: a counsel to a sick man is sooner given than taken: *Lord send the wearied man a borrowed bed from Christ*: I think often it is after supper with me, and I am leavier: O but I would sleep soundly, with Christ's left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me: the devil could not *spil* that bed. When I consider, how tenderly Christ hath cared for me in this prison, I think, he hath handled me as the *bairn*, that is pined and bemoaned. I desire no more till I be in heaven, but such a feast and fill of Christ's love, as I would have: This love would be fair and adorning *passements*, which would beautifie and set forth my black unpleasant cross: I cannot tell, *my dear Brother*, what a great load I would bear, if I had a hearty fill of the love of that lovely one, *Christ Iesus*: Oh if ye would seek and pray for that to me! I would give Christ all his love stiles and titles of honour, if he would give me but this: nay, I would sell my self (if I could) for that love. I have been waiting to see, what friends of place and power would do for us; But when the Lord looseth the pins of his own Tabernacle, he will have himself to be acknowledged as the only builder up thereof; and therefore I would take back again my hope, that I lent and laid in pawn in mens hands, and give it wholly to Christ: it is no time for me now to set up idols of my own: it were a pity to give an ounce weight of hope to any besides Christ: I think him well worthy of all my hope, though it were as weighty as both heaven and earth: Happy were I, if I had any thing that Christ would seek or accept of: But now alas, I see not what service I can do to him, except it be to talk a little and bable, upon a piece of paper, concerning the love of Christ. I am often as if my faith were *wadset*, so that I cannot command it; and then
when

when he hideth himself, I run to the other extream, in making each wing and toe of my case as big, as a mountain of iron: And then misbelief can spin out an hell of heavy and desponding thoughts: then Christ seeks law-borrows of my unbelieving apprehensions, and chargeth me to believe his day-light at midnight: But I make pleas with Christ, though it be ill my common so to do: it were my happiness, when I am in his house of wine, and when I find a feast-day, if I could *bearken and hear, f. & the time to come, Isa. 41. 23.* But I see, we must be off our feet, in wading a deep water; and then Christ's love findeth timeous employment, at such a dead lift as that: And besides, after *broken brows, bairns* learn to walk more circumspectly: if I come to heaven any way, howbeit like a tired traveller upon my guide's shoulder, it's good enough for those, who have no legs of their own for such a journey: I never thought there had been need of so much wrestling, to win to the top of that steep mountain, as now I find. Woe's me for this broken and backsliding Church, it is like an old bowing wall, leaning to the one side, and there is none of all her sons who will *set a prop* under her: I know, I need not bemoan Christ, for he careth for his own honour, more then I can do; but who can blame me to be woe, [if I had grace so to do] to see my welbeloved's fair face spitted upon, and his crown plucked off his head, and the ark of God taken, and carryed in the *Phitistins* cart, and the kine put to carry it, who will let it fall to the ground? *The Lord put to his own helping hand.* I would desire you, to prepare your self for a fight with beasts: ye will not get leave to steal quietly to heaven, in Christ's company, without a conflict and a cross. Remember my bonds, and praise my second and fellow prisoner, *Christ.* Grace be with you,

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in Christ Iesus his
Lord, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Dear Brother;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: Your case is unknown to me, whether ye be yet our Lord's prisoner at *Wigton*, or not: However it be, I know, our Lord Jesus hath been enquiring for you; and that he hath honoured you to bear his chains, which is the golden end of his cross; and so hath wailed out a chosen and honourable cross for you: I wish you much joy and comfort of it; for I have nothing to say of Christ's cross but much good: I hope, my ill word shall never meet either Christ, or his sweet and easie cross. I know, he seeketh of us an *out-cast* with this house of clay, this *mother-prison*, this earth, that we love full well: and verily, when Christ *snuffeth* my candle, and causeth my light to shine upward, it is one of my greatest wonders, that dirt and clay hath so much court with a soul not made of clay, and that our soul goeth out of kind so far, as to make an idol of this earth, such a deformed harlot, as that it should wrong Christ of our love. How fast, how fast doeth our ship sail! And how fair a wind hath Time, to blow us off these coasts, and this land of dying and perishing things! And alas! our ship saileth one way, and fleeth many miles in one hour, to hasten us upon eternity, and our love and hearts are sailing close *back over*, and swimming towards ease, lawless pleasure, vain honour, perishing riches, and to build a fools nest, I know not where, and to lay our eggs within the *seamark*, and fasten our bits of broken anchors upon the worst ground in the world, this *fleeting* and perishing life; and the mean while, time and tide carry us upon another life, and there is daily less and less oil in our lamp, and less and less sand in our watch-glass. O what a wise course were it for us, to look away from the false beauty of our borrowed prison, and to mind and eye and lust for our country! *Lord, Lord, take us home.* And for my self, I think, if a poor, weak, dying sheep seek for an old *dike*, and the lee side of a hill, in a storm, I have
cause

cause to long for a covert from this storm in heaven: I know none will take my room over my head there: But certainly, sleepy bodies would be at rest and a well made bed, and an old crazed bark at a shore, and a wearied traveller at home, and a breathless horse at the *rink's* end. I see nothing in this life but sin, and the sower fruits of sin: and O what a burden is sin? and what a slavery and miserable bondage is it, to be at the nod and yea's and nay's of such a lord-master as a body of sin! Truly when I think of it, it is a wonder that Christ maketh not fire and ashes of such a dry branch, as I am. I would often lie down under Christ's feet, and bid him trample upon me, when I consider my guiltiness: But seeing he hath sworn, that sin shall not loose his unchangeable covenant, I keep house-room, amongst the rest of the ill learned bairns, and must cumber the Lord of the house, with the rest, till my Lord take the fetters off legs and arms, and destroy this body of sin, and make a hole or a breach in this cage of earth, that the bird may flee out, and the imprisoned soul be at liberty. In the mean time, the least intimation of Christ's love is sweet, and the hope of marriage with the Bridegroom holds me in some joyful on-waiting, that when Christ's summer-birds shall sing, upon the branches of the tree of life, I shall be *tuned* by God himself, to help them to sing the home-coming of our welbeloved and his Bride to their house together. When I think of this, I think winters, and summers, and years, and dayes, and time do me a pleasure, that they shorten this *untwisted* and weak thread of my life, and that they put sin and misery by hand, & that they shall carry me to my Bridegroom *within a clap*. Dear Brother, pray for me, that it would please the Lord of the vineyard, to give me house-room, to preach his righteousness again to the great congregation. Grace, grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord)
Jesus, S.R.

To

To the Lady CULROSS.

Rev. 7. 14. *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

M A D A M;

G Race, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I greatly long to be refreshed with your letter: I am now [all honour and glory to the King eternal, immortal and invisible] in better terms with Christ, then I was. I, like a fool, summoned my husband and Lord, and libelled unkindness against him; but now, I pass from that foolish pursuit; I give over the plea; he is God, and I am man: I was looking a fast done, and digging at the ground stone [the love of my Lord] to shake and unsettle it; but God be thanked, it is fast, all is sure: in my prison, he hath shown me day-light; he doubt not hide his love any longer: Christ was disguised and masked, and I apprehended it was not he; & he hath said, *It is I, be not afraid*: and now his love is better then wine. Oh that all the virgins had part of the Bridegroom's love, wherenpon he maketh me to feed! Help me to praise: I charge you, *Madam*, help me to pay praises, and tell others, the daughters of *Jerusalem*. how kind Christ is to a poor prisoner: he hath payed me my hundred fold, it is well told me, and one to the hundred: I am nothing behind with Christ: Let not fools, because of their lazie soft flesh, raise a slander and an ill report, upon the cross of Christ: it is sweeter then fair: I see, peace groweth best in winter: This poor, persecuted *Kirk*, this lillie amongst the thorns, shall blossom, and laugh upon the gardiner; the husband-man's blessing shall light upon it. Oh if I could be free of jealousies of Christ, after this; and believe, and keep good quarters with my dearest husband! for he hath been kind to the stranger: and yet in all this fair hot summer weather, I am keeped from saying, *it is good to be here*, with my silence, and grief, to see my mother wounded, and her vail taken from her, and the fair Temple casten down: and

and my belly is pained, my soul is heavy for the captivity of the daughter of my people, and because of the fury of the Lord, and his fierce indignation against Apostate Scotland. I pray you, Madam, let me have that which is my prayer here, that my sufferings may preach to the four quarter of this land; and therefore tell others, how open-handed Christ hath been to the prisoner, and oppressed stranger: Why should I conceal it, I know no other way how to glorifie Christ, but to make an open proclamation of his love, and of his soft and sweet kisses to me in the furnace, and of his fidelity to such as suffer for him. Give it me under your hand, that ye will help me to pray and praise, but rather to praise and rejoyce in the salvation of God. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Dec. 30.

Yours in his dearest, and only, only
Lord Iesus, S. R.

To the Lady CARDONNESS.

My dearly beloved and longed for in the Lord,

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth, & how the Kingdom of Christ thriveth in you. I exhort you and beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, faint not, weary not: There is a great necessity of heaven; ye must needs have it: All other things, as houses, lands, children, husband friends, country, credit, health, wealth, honour, may be wanted; but Heaven is your *one thing necessary*, the good part that shall not be taken from you: See that ye buy the field where the pearl is: sell all, and make a purchase of salvation: think it not easie, for it is a steep ascent to eternal glory: Many are lying dead by the way, that are slain with security, I have now been led by my Lord Iesus to such a nick in Christianity, as I think little of former things. Oh what I want! I want so many things, that I am almost asking, if I had any thing at all: Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace, till he take out his purse, and tell his money, and then he findeth his pack but poor and light,

in the day of a heavy trial. I found, I had not to bear my expences, and should have fainted, if want and pennyry had not chased me to the store-house of all. I beseech you, make conscience of your ways: deal kindly and with conscience with your Tenants: to fill a breach or an hole, make not a greater breach in the conscience: I with plenty of love to your soul: let the world be the portion of bastards, make it not yours: after the last trumpet is blown, the world and all its glory will be like an old house, that is burnt to ashes, and like an *old fallen castle without a roof*. *Ey, sy upon us, fools,* who think our selves debtors to the world. My Lord hath brought me to this, that I would not give a drink of cold water for this world's kindness: I wonder that men long after, love, or care for these feathers: it is almost an uncouth world to me, to think, that men are so mad as to block with dead earth: to give our conscience and to get in clay again, is a strange bargain. I have written my mind at length to your husband: write to me again his case, I cannot forget him in my prayers, I am looking, Christ hath some claim to him: My counsel is, that ye bear with him, when passion overtaketh him; *A soft answer putteth away wrath*; answer him in what he speaketh, and apply your self in the fear of God to him, and then ye will remove a pound weight of your heavy cross, that way, and so it shall become light. When Christ hideth himself, wait on, and make *distill* he return; it is not time then to be carelessly patient; I love it, to be grieved when he hideth his smiles: yet believe his love in a patient on-waiting and believing, in the dark: Ye must learn to swim and hold up your head above the water, even when the sense of his presence is not with you, to hold up your chin: I trust in God, he shall bring your ship safe to land. I counsel you, study sanctification, and to be dead to this world: urge kindness on *Knockbrex*: labour to benefit by his company, the man is acquaint with Christ. I beg the help of your prayers, for I forget not you: counsel your husband, to fulfil my joy, and to seek the Lord's face: shew him from me, that my joy and desire is to hear he is in the Lord;

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LETTER B. 2 M

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Lord; God casteth him often in my mind, I cannot forget him: I hope, Christ and he have something to do together: Blessings from me, I write blessings to him, & to your husband & the rest of your children. Let it not be said, I am not in your house, through neglect of the Sabbath-exercise.

Aberd. Febr. 10.

Your lawful and loving Pastor

1637.

his only, only Lord, S. R.

TO JONET McCULLOCH

Dear Sister,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I am as well as a prisoner of Christ can be, feasted and made fat with the comforts of God: Christ's kisses are made sweeter to my soul, than ever they were. I would not change my Master with all the Kings of clay upon the earth. O, my welbelov'd is altogether lovely and loving. I care not what flesh can do. I perswade my soul, I delivered the truth of Christ to you, slip not from it, for no boasts or fear of men: if ye go against the truth of Christ, that I now suffer for, I shall bear witness against you, in the day of Christ. Sister, fasten your grips fast on Christ; follow not the guises of this sinful world: Let not this clay-portion of earth take up your soul, it is the portion of bastards; and ye are a child of God; therefore seek your father's heritage: send up your heart to see the dwelling-house and fair rooms, in the new City: Fy, fy upon these, who cry, up with the world, and down with Conscience and Heaven: We have bairns wits, and therefore we cannot prize Christ aright. Counsel your husband and mother, to make them for eternity: that day is drawing nigh. Pray for me the prisoner of Christ; I cannot forget you.

Aberd. Febr. 10.

Your lawful Pastor and

1637.

Brother, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord;

I Received Mr. L's letter with your Lo: & his learned thoughts, in the matter of Ceremonies: I owe respect to the man's learning, for that I hear him opposit to *Arminian Heresies*: but (with reverence of that worthy man) I wonder to hear such popish-like expressions, as he hath in his letter, as, *Your L: may spare doubtings, when the King and Church have agreed in the settling of such orders and the Church's direction in things indifferent and circumstantial (as if Indifferent and Circumstantial were all one) should be the rule of every private Christian.* I only viewed the papers two hours space, the bearer halting me to write. I find the worthy man not so keen in this controversy, as some turbulent men of our countrey, as he calleth *refusers of conformity*: & let me say it, I am more confirmed in *non-conformity*, when I see such a great wit play the agent so slenderly; but I will lay the blame on the weakness of the cause, not on the meanness of Mr. L's learning. I have ever been and still am confident, that *Brittain* cannot answer one argument à scandale! & I longed much to hear Mr. L. speak to the cause; & I would say, if some ordinary Divine had answered as Mr. L. does, that he understood not the nature of *Scandal*: but I dare not villifie that worthy man so. I am now upon the heat of some other employment, I shall, God willing, answer this, to the satisfiing of any not prejudged. I will not say, that every one is acquaint with the reason, in my letter, from God's presence & bright shining face, in suffering for this cause: *Aristotle* never knew the medium of the conclusion; & *Christ* saith, *few know it.* See *Rev.* 2. 17. I am sure, a conscience, standing in aw of the Almighty, & fearing to make a little hole in the bottom for fear of under-water, is a strong medium, to hold off an erroneous conclusion, in the least wing or lish of sweet, sweet Truth, that concerneth the royal Prerogative of our Kingly & highest Lord *Jesus*: And my witness is in heaven, I saw neither pleasure nor profit nor honour, to

book

hook me, or catch me, in entring in prison for Christ, but the wind on my face for the present: And if I had loved to sleep in a whole skin, with the ease & present delight, that I saw on this side of sun & moon, I should have lived at ease in good hopes, to far as well as others. The Lord knoweth, I preferred preaching of Christ, & still do, to any thing next to Christ himself: & their new Canon took my one, my one joy from me, which was to me, as the poor man's one eye that had no more; & alas! there is little lodging in their heart for pity or mercy, to pluck out a poor man's one eye, for a thing indifferent, i. e. for knots of straws, and things (as they mean) off the way to heaven. I desire not, that my name take journey, and go a pilgrim to Cambridge, for fear I come in the ears of Authority. I am sufficiently burnt already. In the meantime, be pleased to try, if the Bishop of *S. Andrews*, & *Glasgow*, *Galloway's* Ordinary, will be pleased to abate from the heat of their wrath, and let me go to my charge. Few know the heart of a prisoner, yet I hope the Lord shall show his own glory, out of as knorrey timber, as I am. Keep Christ, my dear and worthy Lord: pretended paper-arguments from angeting the mother-Church, that can reel and nod & stagger, are not of such weight, as peace with the father and husband; let the wife grieve, I care not, if the husband laugh. Remember my service to my Lord your Father, & mother, & your Lady. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 24.

Yours at all obedience to
Christ, S. R.

1637.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother

Mr. ROBERT BLAIR.

Reverend & dear Brother,

THe reason ye gave for your not writing to me, affecteth me much, & giveth me a dash, when such an one as ye conceive an opinion of me, or any thing in me. The truth is, when I come home to my self, O what poverty do I find, and how feckless is my supposed stock.

and how little have I! He, to whom I am as crystal, and who seeth through me, & perceiveth the least mote that is in me, knows that I speak, what I think & am convinced of: But men cast me through a gross & wide sieve: my very dear Brother, the room of the least of all saints is too great for the like of me: But lest this should seem art, to fetch home reputation, I speak no more of it: it is my worth, to be Christ's ransomed sinner and sick one: His relation to me, is, that I am sick, and He is the physician, of whom I stand in need: Alas! how often play I fast and loose with Christ! He bindeth, I loose, he buildeth, I cast down, he trimmeth up a salvation for me, and I mar it, I cast out with Christ, and he agreeth with me again, twenty times a day, I forsook my Kingdom and heritage, I lose what I had, but Christ is at my back, and following on, to stoop and take up what falleth from me; Were I in heaven, & had the crown on my head, if Friends were my tutors, I should lose heaven, seeing I lose my self: what wonder I should let go & lose Jesus my Lord. O well to me for evermore, that I have reached my credit with Christ, and cannot by law at all borrow from him, upon my feckless and worthless bond and faith: for my faith & reputation with Christ, is, that I am a creature that God will not put any trust into: I was, & am bewildered with temptations, & wanted a guide to heaven. O what have I to say of that excellent, surpassing & super-eminent thing, they call *The grace of God*, the way of free redemption in Christ! And when poor, poor I, dead in law, was sold, dethroned and imprisoned in Justice's closest ward, which is hell and damnation; when I, a wretched one, lighted upon noble Jesus, eternally kind Jesus, tender-hearted Jesus: nay, when he lighted upon me first, and knew me, I found that he scorned to take a price or any thing, like hire, of Angels, or Seraphims, or any of his creatures; and therefore, I would praise him for this, that the whole army of the redeemed ones sit, *very free* in heaven: Our holding is better then Alms: We are all *Freeholders*; and seeing our eternal *freedom* is but thanks, Oh woeful me! that I have but *spilt* thanks, and broken, lame and miscaltered praises to give him, and so my silver

is not good and current with Christ, were it not that fire
 merits have stamped it, & washen it & me both! And for
 my silence, I see somewhat better through it now: if my
 high and lofty one, my princely and Royal Master say,
Hold; hold thy peace, I lay bonds on thee thou speak none. I
 would fain be content, and let my fire be smothered un-
 der ashes, without light or flame: I cannot help it. I
 take laws from my Lord, but I give none. As for your
 journey to F. ye do well to follow it. The camp is Christ's
 ordinary bed: A carried bed is kindly to the Beloved,
 down in this lower house: it may be, and who knoweth
 but our Lord hath some *Centurions*, ye are sent to: Seeing
 your angry mother denieth you lodging & house-room
 with her, Christ's call to unknown faces must be your
second wind, seeing ye cannot have a *first*. O that our
 Lord would water again, with a new visit, this piece
 withered and dry hill of our widow-mount *Zion*! My
 Dear Brother, I will think it comfort, if ye speak my
 name to our wel beloved: wherever ye are. I am mind-
 ful of you. O that the Lord would yet make the light of
 the moon in Scotland like the light of the sun, and the
 light of the sun seven fold brighter. For my self, as yet
 I have received no answer whither to go: I wait on. O
 that Jesus had my love! Let matters frame as they list, I
 have some more to do with Christ; yet I would fain we
 were nearer. Now, the great shepherd of the sheep,
 the very God of peace, establish and confirm you, till the
 day of his coming.

Aberd. Sept. 9.

1637.

Yours in his lovely and sweet

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady

G A R L E T O N.

MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: My soul longeth
 once again be amongst you, and to behold that
 beauty of the Lord, that I would see in his house: But I
 know not if, he in whose hands are all our wayes, seeth it
 expedient for his glory: I owe my Lord (I know)

submission of spirit, suppose he should turn me into a stone or pillar of salt. Oh that I were he, in whom my Lord could be glorified, suppose my little heaven were forfeited, to buy glory to him before men and Angels, suppose my want of his presence, and separation from Christ were a pillar, as high as ten heavens, for Christ's glory to stand upon, above all the world! What am I to him? How little am I (though my feathers stood out, as broad as the morning light) to such a high, to such a lofty, to such a (never-enough admired and glorious Lord! My trials are heavy, because of my *sad sabbaths*; but I know, they are less than my high provocations: I seek no more, but that Christ may be the gainer, and I the loser; that he may be raised and heightened, and I cryed down, and my worth made dust before his glory. Oh that Scotland, all with one shout, would cry up Christ, and that his name were high in this land! I find the very utmost borders of Christ's high excellency and deep sweetness, heaven and earth's wonder. O what is He, if I could win in to see his *inner-side*! Oh I am run dry of loving, and wondering, and adoring of that greatest and most admirable one! Woe, woe is me, I have not half-love for him! Alas what can my drop do to his great sea! What gain is it to Christ, that I have casten my little sparkle in his great fire? What can I give to him? Oh that I had love to fill a thousand worlds, that I might emptie my soul of it all upon Christ? I think I have now just reason to quite my part of any hope or love that I have to this scum, & the refuse of the dross of God's workmanship, this vain earth: I owe to this stormy world [whose kindness & heart to me hath been made of iron, or of a piece of a *wilde sea-Island*, that never a creature of God yet lodg'd in] not a look: I owe it no love, no hope; & therefore, Oh if my love were dead to it, & my soul dead to it! What am I obliged to this house of my pilgrimage? A straw for all that God hath made, to my soul's liking, except God, & that lovely one *Iesue Christ*: Seeing I am not this world's debtor, I desire, I may be stripped of all confidence in anything, but my Lord, that he may be for me, and I

for

for my only, only, only Lord; that he may be the morning and evening-tide, the top and the root of my joyes, and the heart & flower & yolk of all my soul's delights. O let me never lodge any creature in my heart and confidence! Let the house be for him: I rejoyce, that sad dayes cut off a piece of the lease of my short life; & that my shadow [even while I suffer] weareth long, & my evening hasteneth on. I have cause to love home with all my heart, & to take the opportunity of the day, to hasten to the end of my journey, before the night come on, wherein a man cannot see to walk or work; that once after my falls, I may at night fall-in, weary & tired as I am, in Christ's bosom, and betwixt his breasts: Our prison cannot be our best countrey: This world looketh not like heaven and the happiness, that our tired souls would be at; & therefore it were good to seek about for the wind, & hoise up our sailes towards our new Jerusalem, for that is our best. Remember a prisoner to Christ, Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his only Lord and

Master, S. R.

To my Lord

C R A I G H A L L.

My Lord;

I Received one letter of your Lo: from C. & another of late from A. B. wherein I find your Lo: in perplexity what to do: But let me entreat your Lo: not to cause your self mistake Truth and Christ, because they seem to encounter with your peace & ease: *My Lord*, remember that a prisoner hath written it to you, *As the Lord liveth, if ye put to your hand with other Apostates in this land, to pull down the sometime beautiful tabernacle of Christ in this land, and joyn hands with them in one hair-breath, to welcome Antichrist to Scotland, there is wrath gone out from the Lord against you and your house.* If the terror of a King hath overtaken you, and your Lo: looketh to sleep in your nest in peace, and to take the nearest shore, these are many wayes, too too many wayes, how to shife

P 3

Christ

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 Christ with some ill-wishes and foul distinctions, but assure your self, suppose a King should assure you, he would be your God [as he shall never be, for that piece of service] your day-god shall die, & your carnal counsellors, when your conscience shall storm against you, & ye complain to them, they will say, *What is that to us?* Believe not, that Christ is weak, or that he is not able to save: Of two fires that ye cannot pass, take the least: Some few years will bring us all out in our black's and white's before our Judge; Eternity is nearer to you, then ye are aware of: To go on in a course of delection, when an enlightened conscience is stirring, and looking you in the face, and crying within you, *That ye are going in an evil way*, is, a step to the sin against the holy Ghost: Either many of this land are near that sin, or else I know not what it is: And if this, for which I now suffer, be not the way of peace, and the King's high-way to salvation, I believe there is not a way at all; There is not such breadth and elbow-room in the way to heaven, as men believe. Howbeit this day be not Christ's, the morrow shall be his: I believe assuredly, our Lord shall repair the old waste places and his ruined house, in Scotland; and this wilderness shall yet blossom as the rose. *My very worthy and dear Lord*, Wait upon him, who hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and look for him: wait patiently a little upon the bridegroom's return again, that your soul may live, and ye may rejoyce with the Lord's inheritance: I dare pawn my life and soul for it, if ye take this storm with born-down Christ, your skie shall quickly clear, and your fair morning dawn. Think (as the truth is) that Christ is just now saying, *And will ye also leave me?* Ye have a fair occasion to glorifie Christ now, if ye will stay with him, and want the night's sleep with your suffering Saviour, one hour, now when Scotland hath fallen asleep, and leaveth Christ to fend for himself. I profess my self but a weak feeble man: when I came first to Christ's camp, I had nothing to maintain this war, or to bear me out in this encounter, and I am little better yet; but since, I find furniture, armour and strength from the consecrated Cap-

Captain, the Prince of our salvation, who was perfected through suffering: I esteem suffering for Christ a *King's life*. I find, that our wants qualify us for Christ; and howbeit your *Lo: write*, ye despair to attain to such a communion and fellowship, (which I would not have you to think) yet would ye nobly and courageously venture, to make over to Christ, for his honour now lying at the stake, your estate, place and honour; He would lovingly and largely requite you, and give you a King's word for a recompense: Venture upon Christ's *come*, and I dare swear, ye shall say, as it is *Psal. 118. 7.* *I bless the Lord who gave me counsel.* My very worthy Lord, many eyes, in both the kingdoms, are upon you now, and the eye of our Lord is upon you: acquit your self manfully for Christ: *Spill not this good play*: Subscribe a blank submission, and put it in Christ's hands: Win, win the blessings and prayers of your fighting and sorrowful mother-church, seeking your help: Win Christ's bond [who is a King of his word] for a hundred fold more even in this life. If a weak man hath past a promise to a King, to make a *slip* to Christ, (if we look to flesh and blood, I wonder not of it, possibly I might have done worse my self, but) add not further guiltiness, to go on in such a scandalous and foul way: Remember that there is, a *woe*, *woe to him by whom offences come*: This *woe* came out of Christ's mouth, and it is heavier then the *woe* of the Law: it is the Mediator's vengeance; and that is two vengeancees to those who are enlightened: Free your self from unlawful anguish, about advising and resolving: When the truth is come to your hand, hold it fast, go not again to make a new search and enquiry for truth: it is easie to cause conscience believe, as ye will, not as ye know: it is easie for you, to cast your light into prison, and detain God's truth in unrighteousness; but that prisoner will break ward, to your incomparable torture: Fear your light, and stand in awe of it, for it is from God: Think what honour it is, in this life also, to be enrolled to the succeeding ages, amongst Christ's witnesses, standing against the re-entry

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of *Antichrist*: I know certainly; your light looking to
two wayes, and to the two sides, cryeth shame upon the
course, that they would counsel you to follow: The way,
that is halfe & compartner with the smoke of this fair
world, & with ease, smelleth strong of a foul & false way.
The Prince of peace, he who brought again from the
dead, the great shepherd of his sheep, by the blood of the
eternal covenant, establish you, & give you sound light,
& counsel you to follow Christ. Remember my obliged
service to my Lord your Father, & Mother, & your Lady.
Grace be with you.

Aberd. August 10. Your Lo: at all obliged obedience in
1637. his sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.

TO JEAN GORDON.

My very dear and loving Sister;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I long to hear
from you: I exhort you to *set up the brae* to the
King's city, that must be taken with violence. Your
afternoon's sun is wearing low: Time will eat up your
frail life, like a worm gnawing at the root of a May-
flower: Lend Christ your heart: Set him as a seal there:
Take him in within, and let the world & children stand
at the door, they are not yours: make you and them for
your proper owner, Christ. It is good. He is your hus-
band and their father: What missing can there be of a
dying man, when God filleth his chair? Give hours of the
day to prayer: *Fash* Christ, (if I may speak so) &
importune him, be often at his gate; give his door no
rest, I can tell you, he will be found. O what sweet fellow-
ship is betwixt him & me! I am imprisoned, but he is
not imprisoned: He hath shamed me with kindness: He
hath come to my prison, & run away with my heart &
all my love: Well may he brook it: I with my love get
never an owner but Christ: Fy, fy upon old lovers, that
held us so long asunder! We shall not part now: He &
I shall be heard, before he win out of my grips: I resolve
to wrestle with Christ, ere I quite him: But my love to
him hath casten my soul in a fever, and there is no cooling
of

Epist. 175.

LETTERS.

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of my liver, till I get real possession of Christ: O strong, strong love of Jesus, thou hast wounded my heart with thine arrows! O pain! O pain of love for Christ! Who will help me to praise? Let me have your prayers. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO GRISSAL FULLERTON.

Dear Sister;

I Exhort you in the Lord, to seek your *one thing*, *Mari's* good part, that shall not be taken from you: Set your heart & soul on the Childrens inheritance: This clay-idol, the world, is but for Bastards, & ye are his lawful begotten child: Learn the way, (as your dear mother hath gone before you) to knock at Christ's door: Many an alms of mercy hath Christ given to Her, & hath abundance behind to give to you: Ye are the seed of the faithful, and born within the Covenant, claim your right. I would not exchange Christ Jesus for ten worlds of glory: I know now (blessed be my teacher) how to *shut the lock*, & unbolt my welbeloved's door; & he maketh a poor stranger welcome, when he cometh to his house: I am swelled up, & satisfied with the love of Christ, that is better then wine: it is a fire in my soul; let hell & the world cast water on it, they *will not mend themselves*: I have now gotten the right gate of Christ: I recommend him to you above all things: Come & find the smell of his breath: See if his kisses be not sweet: He desireth no better then to be *much made of*: Be homely with him, & ye shall be the more welcome: Ye know not, how fain Christ would have all your love. Think not this is imaginations & *bairns-play*, *we make din for*: I would not suffer for it, if it were so: I dare pawnd my heaven for it, that it is the way to glory: Think much of truth, & abhor these ways devised by men in God's worship. The Grace of Christ be with you.

Aberd. March 14.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To

To PATRICK CARSEN.

Dear and loving friend,

I Cannot but, upon the opportunity of a bearer, exhort you, to resign the love of your youth to Christ, and in this day, while your sun is high, and your youth serveth you, to seek the Lord and his face; for there is nothing out of heaven so necessary for you, as Christ: And ye cannot be ignorant, but your day will end, & the night of death will call you from the pleasures of this life, & a doom given out in death standeth forever, as long as God liveth. Youth ordinarily is a *Post*, and ready servant for Satan, to run errands; for it is a nest for lust, curling, drunkenness, blaspheming of God, lying, pride & vanitie. O that there were such an heart in you, as to fear the Lord, and to dedicate your soul and body to his service: When the time cometh that your eye-strings shall break, and your face wax pale, and legs and arms tremble, and your breath grow cold, & your poor soul look out at your prison-house of clay, to be set at liberty; then a good conscience, and your Lord's favour, shall be worth all the world's glory: Seek it as your garland and crown. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. March 14.
1636.*

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To JOHN CARSEN.

My welbeloved and dear Friend;

EVERY one seeketh not God; & far fewer find him, because they seek amiss: He is to be sought for above all things, if men would find what they seek: Let feathers & shadows alone to children, and go seek your welbeloved: Your only errand to the world, is, to wooe Christ; therefore put other lovers from about his house, and let Christ have all your love, without *minching* or dividing it: it is little enough, if there were more of it: The seaving of the world and sin hath but a base reward and smoke, instead of pleasures; and but a night dream, for true ease to the soul: Go where ye will, your soul shall not sleep sound

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found but in Christ's bosom: Come into him, and lie down, and rest you on the slain Son of God, and enquire for him: I sought him, and now *asq* for all the worm-eaten pleasures, & moth-eaten glory out of heaven, since I have found him, and *am* him all I can want or wish: He hath made me a King over the world: Princes cannot overcome me: Christ hath given me the marriage kifs, & he hath my marriage-love: We have made up a full bargain, that shall not go back on either side: O if ye, and all in that country, knew what sweet terms of mercy are betwixt him and me! Grace bewith you.

Aberd. March. 11.

Yours in his sweet Lord.

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady

B O Y D.

M A D A M;

I Would have written to your La: ere now, but peoples believing there is in me that which I know there is not, hath put me out of love with writing to any, for it is easie to put religion to a market and publick fair; but alas! it is not so soon made *eye-sweet* for Christ: My Lord seeth me a *tired man* far behind: I have gotten much love from Christ, but I give him little or none again: My white side cometh out in paper to men, but at home and within, I find much black work, and great cause of a low sail, and of little boasting; and yet, howbeit I see challenges to be true, the manner of the Tempter's pressing of them is dishonest, and, in my own thoughts, *knavish-like*: My peace is, that Christ may find *sale & outing* of his wares, in the like of me, I mean, for saving grace: I wish all professors to fall in love with Grace; All our songs should be of his *free Grace*: We are but too lazie and careless, in seeking of it: it is all our riches we have here, and glory in the bud: I wish, I could set out *Free Grace*: I was the *Law's* man, and under the *Law*, and under a curse; but Grace brought me from under that hard Lord, and I rejoyce, that I am *Grace's free-holder*: I pay tribute to none for heaven, seeing my land and heritage

heritage holdeth of Christ, my new King; Infinite wisdom hath devised this excellent way of *Free-holding*, for sinners: It is a better way to heaven, then the old way, thar was in *Adam's* dayes: It hath this fair advantage, that no man's emptiness, and want layeth an inhibition upon Christ, or hindereth his salvation: (& that is far best for me) but our new *Land-Lord* putteth the names of *Dy-yours* and *Adam's* forlorn Heirs, and beggers, and the crooked and blind, in the free charters: Heaven & Angels may wonder, that we have gotten such a gate of sin & hell: Such a *back-entry* out of hell, as Christ made, and brought out the captives by, is more then my poor shallow thoughts can comprehend: I would think sufferings, *glory*, (& I am sometimes not far from it,) if my Lord would give me a new alms of free grace. I hear, that the *Prelats* are intending banishment for me: but for more grace, and no other hire, I would make it welcome: The bits of this clay-house; the earth, & the other side of the sea, are my father's: If my sweet Lord Jesus would bud my sufferings, with a new measure of grace, I were a rich man: But I have not now of a long time found such high spring-tides, as formerly: The sea is out, and the wind of his Spirit calm, & I cannot buy a wind, or by requesting the sea cause it to flow again; only, I wait on, upon the banks and shore-side, till the Lord send a full sea, that with up-sailes I may life up Christ: Yet sorrow for his absence is sweet; and sighs, with *Saw ye him whom my soul loveth*, have their own delights: Oh that I might gather hunger against his long-looked for return! Well were my soul, if Christ were the *element*, mine own element, and that I loved & breathed in him, and if I could not live without him: I allow not laughter upon my self, when He is away; yet He never leaveth the house, but he leaveth *drink-money* behind him, and a *paron* that he will return: Woe woe to me, if he should go away, and take all his *fitting* with him: Even to dream of him is sweet: To build a house of pining wishes for his return, to spin out a web of sorrow & care, & languishing and sighs, either dry or wet, as they may be, because he hath no leisure (if
I may

I may (speak so) to make a visit, or to see a poor friend, sweeteneth and refresheth the thoughts of the heart: A mistie dew will stand for rain, & do some good, & keep some greenness in the herbs, till our Lord's clouds run up on the earth, & send down a watering of rain: Truly, I think Christ's misty dew a welcome message from heaven, till my Lord's rain fall: Woe, woe is me for the Lord's vineyard in Scotland. Howbeit the Father of the house embrace a child, & feed him, & kifs him; yet it is sorrow and sadness to the children, that our poor mother hath gotten her leave, and that our Father hath given up house: It is an unheartsome thing, to see our Father & Mother agree so ill; yet the Bastards, if they be fed, care not: O Lord cast not water on Scotland's (smoking coal). It is a strange gate the Saints go to heaven, our enemies often eat and drink us, & we go to heaven through their bellies & stomachs, & they vomit the church of God undigested among their hands, and even while we are shut up in prisons by them, we advance in our journey. Remember my service to my Lord, your kind Son, who was kind to me in my bonds, and was not ashamed to own me: I would be glad, that Christ got the morning service of his life, now in his young years: It would sute him well, to give Christ his young and green love: Christ's stamp and seal would go far down in a young soul, if he would receive the thrust of Christ's stamp: I would desire him, to make search for Christ: for Nobles now are but dry friends to Christ. The Grace of God our Father, and the good will of him, who dwelt in the bush, be with your La.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady

CARDONNESS Elder.

Worthy & welbeloved in the Lord;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I long to hear from you in paper, that I may know, how your soul prospers: My desire & longing, is to hear that ye walk in

in the truth, and that ye are content to follow the despised, but most lovely, son of God: I cannot but recommend him unto you, as your husband, your welbeloved, your portion, your comfort & your joy: I speak this of that lovely one, because I praise and commend the food (as we use to speak) as I find it: He hath watered with his sweet comforts an oppressed prisoner: He was always kind to my soul, but never so kind as now, in my greatest extremities: I dine and sup with Christ. He visiteth my soul with the visitations of love, in the night-watches. I persuade my soul, that this is the way to heaven, and his own Truth, know suffer for. I exhort you, in the name of Christ, to continue in the truth, which I delivered to you. Make Christ sure to your soul; for your day draweth nigh to an end: Many slide back now, who seemed to be Christ's friends, and prove dishonest to him: But be ye faithful to the death, and ye shall have the crown of life: This span-length of your days, whereof the Spirit of God speaketh *Psal. 39.* will within a short time, come to a finger-breadth, and at length to nothing; O how sweet and comfortable shall the feast of a good conscience be to you, when your eye-springs shall break, your face wax pale, and the breath turn cold, and your poor soul come sighing to the windows of the house of clay of your dying body, and shall long to be out, and to have the jaylors to open the door, that the prisoner may be set at liberty: Ye draw nigh the water-side: look your accounts: Ask for your guide to take you to the other side: Let not the world be your portion: What have ye to do with dead clay? Ye are not a bastard but a lawful begotten child; therefore set your heart on the inheritance; Go up before hand and see your lodging: Look through all your father's rooms in heaven, in your father's house are many dwelling-places: Men take a sight of lands ere they buy them: I know Christ hath made the bargain already: But be kind to the house ye are going to, and see it often: Set your heart on things that are above, where Christ is, at the right hand of God: Stir up your husband, to mind his own countrey at home: Counsel him to deal mercifully with the poor pro-

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people of God under him: They are Christ's and not his, therefore desire him to shew them merciful dealing and kindness, and to be good to their souls. I desire you to write to me. It may be, that my *Parish* forget me; but my witness is in heaven, I do not, I do not forget them: They are my sighs in the night, and my tears in the day: I think my self like an husband plucked from the wife of his youth: O Lord be my Judge, what joy it would be to my soul to hear, that my ministry hath left the Son of God among them, and that they are walking in Christ! Remember my love to your Son and Daughter: Desire them from me to seek the Lord in their youth, and to give him the morning of their dayes: Acquaint them with the word of God and prayer. Grace be with you. Pray for the prisoner of Christ: In my heart I forget you not.

Aberd. March, 6. Your lawfull & loving Pastor, in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.
1637.

TO MR. JAMES HAMILTON.

Reverend and Dearly beloved in our Lord;

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: Our acquaintance is neither in bodily presence, nor in paper, but as sons of the same father, and sufferers for the same truth, Let no man doubt, but the state of our question, we are now forced to stand to by suffering exile & imprisonment, is, *If Iesus should reign over his Kirk or not.* O if my sinful arm could hold the crown on his head, howbeit it should be stricken off from the shoulder-blade. For your ensuing & feared trial, my very dearest in our Lord Iesus, Alas! what am I to speak, to comfort a souldier of Christ, who hath done an hundred times more for that worthy and honourable cause, then I can do! But I know, those whom the world was not worthy of, wandered up & down, in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth; & that while there is one member of mystical Christ out of heaven, that member must suffer strokes, till our Lord Iesus draw in that member within the gates of the new *Ierusalem*, which he will not fail to do at last,

last; for not one toe or finger of that body but it shall be taken in within the city. What can be our part, in this pitched battell betwixt the Lamb and the Dragon, but to receive the darts in patience, that rebound off us on upon our sweet Master, or rather light first upon him, & then rebound off him upon his servants? I think it a sweet North-wind, that bloweth first upon the fair face of the chief among ten thousand: & then lighteth upon our sinful & black faces: When once the wind bloweth off him upon me, I think it hath a sweet smell of Christ; and so must be some more then a single cross. I know, ye have a guard about you, & your attendance & train for your safety, is far beyond your pursuers force or stand: it is good under *shut* to be near our *war-house* and strong hold: We can do but little to resist them, who persecute us and oppose him, but keep our blood and our wounds to the next Court day, when our complaints will be read; if this day be not Christ's, I am sure the morrow shall be his. As for any thing I do in my bonds, when now and then a word falleth from me, alas is is very little! I am exceedingly grieved that any should conceive any thing to be in such a broken, and emptie reed; let no man impute it to me, that the free and unbought wind (for I gave nothing for it) blows upon an empty reed; I am his *overburdened debtor*. I cry, down with me, down, down with all the excellency of the world, and up, up with Christ: Long, long may that fair One, that holy One be on high: My curse be upon them that love him not. O how glad would I be, if his glory would grow out, and spring up out of my bonds & sufferings! Certainly since I became his prisoner, he hath won the yolk & heart of my soul; Christ is even become a new Christ to me, & his love greener then it was; & now I strive no more with him, his love shall carry it away: I lay down my self under his love, I desire to sing, and to cry, and to proclaim my self, even under the water, in his common, and eternally indebted to his kindness: I will not offer to *quite commons* with him: (as we use to say) for that will not be: All, all for evermore be Christ's. What further trials are before me, I know not; but I know, Christ will have a saved

ved soul of me, over on the other side of the water, in the yonder side of crosses, and beyond mens wrongs. I had but one eye, & that they have put out: My one joy, next to the flower of my joyes, *Christ*, was to preach my sweetest, sweetest *Master*, and the glory of his Kingdom, and it seemed no cruelty to them, to put out the poor man's one eye. And now I am seeking about, to see, if *suffering* will speak my fair One's praises: and I am trying if a dumb man's tongue can raise one note, or one of *Zion's* springs, to advance my Welbeloved's glory: Oh if he would make some glory to himself out of a dumb prisoner! I go with child of his word, I cannot be delivered: none here will have my *Master*. Alas! What aileth them at him? I bless you for your prayers, add to them praises: As I am able, I pay you home. I commend your diving in *Christ's* Testament, I would, I could set out the dead man's good will to his friends, in his sweet Testament: Speak a prisoner's hearty commendations to *Christ*: fear not, your ten dayes will over: These that are gathered against mount *Zion*, their eyes shall melt away in their eye-holes, and their tongues consume away in their mouthes, & *Christ's* withered garden shall grow green again, in *Scotland*: My Lord *Jesus* hath a word hid in heaven for *Scotland*, not yet brought out! Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 7.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To Mistress S T U A R T.

MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I am sorry that ye take it so hardly, that I have not written to you. I am judged to be that which I am not: I fear if I were put in the fire, I should melt away, and fall down in sheards of painted nature: For truly, I have little stuff at home, that is worth the eye of God's servants: If there be any thing of *Christ's* in me, (as I dare not deny some of his work) it is but a spunk of borrowed fire, that can scarce warm my self, and hath little heat for standers by:

I would

I would fain have that, which ye and others believe I have, but ye are onely witnesses to my outter side, and to some words in paper. Oh that he would give me more *then paper-grace or tongue-grace!* Were it not that want paineth me, I should have *skilled house*, and gone a begging long since; but Christ hath left me with some hunger, that is more hot then wise, and is ready often to lay, *If Christ longed for me as I do for him, we should not be long in meeting; & if he loved my company as well as I do his, even while I am writing this letter to you, we should see in other's arms:* But I know, there is more *wit* then wit, in this languor and pining love for Christ, and no marvel, for Christ's love would have hot harvest, long etc. *mid-summer:* But if I have any love to him, Christ hath both love to me, and wit to guide his love: & I see, the best thing I have, hath as much dross beside it, at might curse me & it both, & if it were for no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the very faults, and diseases and weakness of the new man, and to take away (to say so) our godly sins, or the sins of our sanctification, and the dross and scum of spiritual love; woe, woe is me! O what need is there then of Christ's calling to scour, and cleanse, and wash away *an ugly old body of sin*, the very image of *Satan*! I know nothing surer, then that there is an office for Christ among us: I wish for no other heaven, in this side of the last sea, that I must cross, then this service of Christ, to make my blackness beauty, my deadness life, my guiltiness sanctification: I long much for that day, when I will be holy: O what spots are yet unwashen! O that I could change the skin of the *leopard* and the *Moor*, and *niffer* it with some of Christ's fairness! Were my blackness and Christ's beauty *carded through other* (as we use to speak,) his beauty and holiness would eat up my filthiness: But Oh I have not casten old *Adam's* hew & colour yet! I trow, the best of us hath a smell yet of the old loathsome body of sin and guiltiness: Happy are they forevermore, who can employ Christ, and set his blood & death on work, to make clean work to God, of foul souls: I know, it is our sin, that we would have sanctification on the sunny side of the

the hill; and holiness with nothing but summer, and no
 crosses at all: Sin hath made us as tender, as if we were
 made of paper or glass. I am often thinking: what I
 would think of Christ and burning quick together, of
 Christ and torturing, and hot melted lead poured in
 at mouth and navel: yet I have some weak experience,
 (but very weak indeed) that suppose Christ and hell's
 torments were married together, and if there were no
 finding of Christ at all, except I went to hell's furnace,
 that there, and in no other place, I could meet with
 him; I trow, if I were as I have been since I was his pri-
 soner, I would beg lodging for God's sake in hell's hot-
 test furnace, that I might rub souls with Christ; but God be
 thanked, I shall find him in a better lodging: we get Christ
 better cheap than so, when he is roused to us, we get
 him but with a shower of summer-troubles in this life,
 as sweet and as soft to believers as a May-dew. I would
 have you and my self, helping Christ mystical to weep
 for his wife: and O that we could mourn for Christ
 buried in Scotland, and for his two slain witnesses killed, be-
 cause they prophesied! If we could so importune and
 solicit God, our buried Lord and his two buried witnesses
 should rise again: Earth and clay and stone will not bear
 down Christ and the Gospel, in Scotland. I know not,
 if I will see the second temple and the glory of it; but
 the Lord hath deceived me, if it be not to be reared up
 again: I would wish to give Christ his welcome-home again:
 My blessing, my joy, my glory and love be on the
 home-comer. I find no better use of suffering, than that
 Christ's winnowing putteth chaff and corn in the saints
 to sundry places, and discovereth our dross from his
 gold, so as corruption and grace are so seen, that Christ
 saith in the furnace, *that is mine, and this is yours: The
 furnace and the grounds, thy stomach against the persecutors;
 thy impatience, thy unbelief, thy quarrelling, these are
 thine: And faith, on-waiting, love, joy, courage, are
 mine.* Oh let me die one of Christ's on-waiters, and one
 of his attendants! I know, your heart and Christ are
 married together, it were not good to make a divorce;
 Rue not of that meeting and marriage with such a hus-
 band

354 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 122.
band: Pray for me his prisoner. Grace, grace be with
you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH McKAILL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter: I bless you for it: My dry root would take more dew & summer-rain then it getteth; were it not, Christ will have drieness & deadness in us to work upon: if there were no timber to work upon, art would die & never be seen: I see, grace hath a field to play upon, & to course up and down in our wants, so that I am often thanking God, not for guiltiness, but for guiltiness for Christ, to whet and sharpen his grace upon: I am half content to have boils for my Lord Jesus's plasters: sickness hath this advantage, that it draweth our sweet Physician's hand, and his holy and soft fingers, to touch our withered & leper skin: it is a blessed fever, that fetcheth Christ to the bed-side: I think my Lord's *How dost thou with it, sick body?* is worth all my pained nights: Surely, I have no more for Christ, but emptiness & want; take or leave, he will get me no otherwise, I must sell my self, & my wants to him, but I have no price to give for him: if he would put a fair and a real seal upon his love to me, and bestow upon me a larger share of Christ's love, (which I would fainest be in hands with of any thing, I except not heaven it self) I should go on sighing, and singing under his cross: But the world is many take me for *some-body*, because the wind bloweth upon a withered prisoner: But the truth is, I am both lean and thin, in that, wherein many believe I abound. I would (if bartering were in my power) *suffer* joy with Christ's love and faith, & instead of the hot sunshine, be content to walk under a cloudy shadow, with more grief and sadness, to have more faith, and a fair occasion of setting forth and commending Christ, & to make that lovely One, that fair One, that sweetest & dearest
Lord

Lord Jesus, *market-sweet* for many ears & hearts in *Scotland*: & if it were in my power, to *reap* Christ to the three Kingdoms, & wishal to persuade buyers to come, & to take such sweet wares as Christ, I would think to have many sweet bargains betwixt Christ & the sons of men; I would, I could be humble, & go with a low sale; I would, I had desires with wings, & running upon wheels, swift & active and speedy, in longing for Christ's honour: But I know, my Lord is as wise here, as I *do* be thirsty; & infinitely more zealous of his honour, then I can be hungry for the manifestation of it to men & angels: But Oh that my Lord would take my desires off my hand, and add a thousand fold more unto them, and sow spiritual inclinations upon them, for the coming of Christ's Kingdom to the sons of men, that they might be higher and deeper and longer & broader! For my longest measures are too short for Christ, my depth is ebb, and the breadth of my affections to Christ narrowed & pinched. Oh for an ingine and a wit, to prescribe wayes to men, how Christ might be *all*, in all the world! Wit is here behind affection, and affection behind obligation. Oh how little *do* I give to Christ: and how much hath he given me! Oh that I could sing grace's praises, and love's praises! Seeing I was like a fool, *solisting* the Law, and making moyen to the Law's court for mercy, & found challenges that way: but now I deny that Judge's power; for I am Grace's man; I hold not worth a drink of water of the Law, or of any Lord, but Jesus: And till I *be thought* me of this, I was slain with doubtings, & fears and terrors. I praise the new court, and the new *Land-lord*, & the new salvation, purchased in Jesus his name, and at his instance: Let the old man, if he please, go make his moan to the Law, and seek acquaintance thereaway, because he is condemned in that Court. I hope, the new man, and I, and Christ together shall not be heard: & this is the more soft, & the more easie way for me, & for my cross together: Seeing Christ singeth my *welcome home*, and taketh me in, & maketh short counts, & short work of reckoning betwixt me & my Judge, I must be Christ's man, & his

Tenant, and subject to his Court: I am sure, suffering for Christ could not be born otherwise: But I give my hand and my faith to all, who would suffer for Christ, they shall be well handled, and fare well in the same way, that I have found the cross easie and light. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 8.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO ALEXANDER GORDON Of Garlock.

Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: if Christ were as I am, that time could work upon him to alter him, or that the morrow could be a new day to him, or bring a new mind upon him, as it is to me a new day, I could not keep a house or a covenant with him: But I find Christ to be Christ, and that he is far, far, even infinite heavens height above man: And that is all our happiness. Sinners can do nothing, but make wounds, that Christ may heal them; and make debts, that he may pay them; and make falls, that he may raise them; and make deaths, that he may quicken them; and spin out and dig hells to themselves, that he may ransom them. Now I will bless the Lord, that ever there was such a thing as the free Grace of God, and a free ransom given for sold souls: Only, alas guiltiness maketh me ashamed to apply Christ, and to think it pride in me, to put out my unclean and withered hand to such a Saviour! but it is neither shame nor pride, for a drowning man to swim to a rock, nor for a ship-broken soul, to run himself ashore upon Christ. Suppose once I be guilty, need force I cannot, I drow not go by Christ: We take in good part that pride, that beggars beg from the richer: and who is so poor as we? and who is so rich as he who selleth fine gold, Rev. 3. 18. I see then, it is our best, [let guiltiness plead what it listeth] that we have no mean under the covering of heaven, but to creep in lowly and submissively, with our wants to Christ: I have
also

also cause to give his cross a good name and report. O how worthy is Christ of my feeble and light sufferings, and how hath he deserved it at my hand, that, for his honour and glory, I should lay my back under seven hells-pain in one, if he call me to that: but alas! my soul is like a ship, run on ground through ebbeness of water: I am *landed*, and my love is *sanded*: I find not how to bring it on float again, it is so cold and dead, that I see nor how to bring it to a flame: Fy, fy upon the meeting, that my love hath given Christ: woe, woe is me, I have a lover *Christ*, and yet I want love for him: I have a lovely and desirable Lord, who is love-worthy, and who beggett my love and heart, and I have nothing to give him. Dear Brother, come further in on Christ, and see a new treasure in him: come in, and look down, and see Angels wonder, and heaven and earth's wonder of love, sweetness, majesty and excellency in him. I forget you not: pray for me, that our Lord would be pleased to send me among you again, fraughted & full of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his sweet. Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN BELL Elder.

My very loving Friend,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: I have very often and long expected your letter; but, if ye be well in soul and body, I am the less solicitous: I beseech you in the L. Jesus to mind your country above; & now when old age, the twilight going before the darkness of the grave, and the falling low of your sun before your night, is now come upon you, advise with Christ, ere ye put your foot in the ship, and turn your back on this life: Many are beguiled with this, that they are free of scandalous and crying abominations; but the tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is for the fire: the man that is not born again cannot enter into the kingdom of God: common honesty will not take men to heaven: Alas that men should think they ever met with Christ, who had

never a sick night, through the terrors of God in their soul, or a sore heart for sin. I know, the Lord hath given you light, & the knowledge of his will, but that is not all; neither will that do *your* turn: I wish you an awakened soul, & that ye beguile not your self, in the matter of your salvation. *My dear Brother*, search your self with the candle of God, & try if the life of God & Christ be in you: Salvation is not casten to every man's door: Many are carried over the sea & land, to a far country, in a ship, while as they sleep much of the way: but men are not landed at heaven sleeping: The righteous are scarcely saved: & many run as fast, as either ye or I, who miss the prize & the crown: God *send me* salvation, and *save me* from a disappointment, & I seek no more: Men think it but a *stride*, or a step over to heaven; but when so few are saved, even, of a number like the sand of the sea, but a handful & a remnant, (as God's word saith,) what cause have we, to shake our selves out of our selves, & to ask our poor soul, *whither goest thou? where shalt thou lodge at night? Where are thy charters and writs of thy heavenly inheritance?* I have known a man turn a key in a door, and *lock it by*: Many men leap over, (as they think) & leap in. O see! see that ye give not your salvation a *wrong* cast, and think all is well, & leave your soul loose & uncertain: look to your building, & to your ground-stone, & what signs of Christ are in you, & set this world behind your back: it is time now in the evening, to cease from your ordinary work, & high time to know of your lodging at night: it is your Salvation that is in dependance; & that is a great & weighty business, though many make light of the matter. Now, the Lord enable you by his grace to work it out.

Aberd. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GORDON
Of Roberttown.

Dear Brother;

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: So often as I think on our case, in our soldiers night-watch, & of our fighting-

fighting life in the fields, while we are here, I am forced to say, prisoners in a dungeon, condemned by a judge, to want the light of the sun and moon and candle, till their dying day, are no mote, nay not so much, to be pitied as we are; for they weary of their life, they have their prison: But we fall to, in our prison, where we see little, to drink our selves drunk with the night-pleasures of our weak dreams; and we long for no better life then this: but at the blast of the last trumpet, and the shout of the Archangel, when God shall take down the shepherd's tent of this fading world, we shall not have so much as a drink of water; of all the dreams that we now build on. Alas! that the sharp and bitter blasts on face and sides, which meet us in this life, have not learned us mortification, and made us dead to this world! We buy our own sorrow, & we pay dear for it, when we spend out our love, our joy, our desires, our confidence, upon an handful of snow & ice, that time will melt away to nothing, & go thirstie out of the drunken limes, when all is done: Alas that we enquire not for the clear fountain; but are so foolish, as to drink foul, muddy & rotten waters, even till our bed-time; & then in the resurrection, when we shall be awakened, our yesternight's sower drink & swinish dregs shall rise up upon us; & sick, sick shall many a soul be then: I know no wholesome fountain but one: I know not a thing worth the buying, but heaven: And my own mind is, if comparison were made betwixt Christ and heaven; I would sell heaven with my blessing, and buy Christ. Oh if I could raise the market for Christ, and heighten the market a pound for a penny, and cry up Christ in mens estimation, ten thousand talents more, then men think of him! But they are shaping him, & crying him down, & valuing him at their unworthy half penny; or else exchanging and bartering Christ with the miserable old fallen house of this vain world, or then they lend him out upon interest; & play the usurers with Christ: Because they profess him; & give out before men, that Christ is their treasure & stock, & in the mean time, praise of men, & a name, & ease, and the summer-sun of the Gospel, is the usury they would be at: so when the trial cometh, they

quit the stock for the interest, and lose all: Happy are they, who can keep Christ by himself alone, & keep him clean and whole, till God come & count with them. I know, in your hard & heavy trials long since, ye thought well & highly of Christ, but truly no cross should be old to us: We should not forget them, because years are come betwixt us & them, & cast them by hand, as we do old clothes: We may make a cross old in time, new in use, and as fruitful as in the beginning of it: God is where & what he was, seven years ago, whatever change be in us. I speak not this, as if I thought, ye had forgotten what God did to have your love long since, but that ye may awake your self, in this sleepy age, & remember fruitfully of Christ's first wooing and suiting of your love, both with fire & water; & try if he got his answer, or if ye be yet to give him it: For I find in my self, that water runneth not faster through a sieve, then our warnings slip from us: for I have lost and casten by hands many summons, the Lord sent to me, and therefore the Lord hath given me *double charges*, that I trust in God shall not rive me. I bless his great name, who is no niggard in holding in crosses upon me, but spendeth largely his rods, that he may save me from this perishing world. How plentiful God is in means of this kind, is esteemed by many, one of Gods unkind mercies; but Christ's cross is neither a cruel nor unkind mercy, but the love-token of a father. I am sure, a lover chasing us for our well, and to have our love, should not be run away from, or fled from. God send me no worse mercy, then the sanctified cross of Christ portendeth; and I am sure, I should be happy and blest. Pray for me, that I may find house-room in the Lord's house; to speak in his name. Remember my dearest love in Christ to your wife. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady

B O Y D.

M A D A M;

GRACE, mercy & peace from God our father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied upon you. I have reasoned with your son at large; I rejoyce, to see him set his face in the right airth, now when the Nobles love the sunny-side of the Gospel best, and are afraid that Christ want souldiers, & shall not be able to do for himself. *Madam*, our debts of obligation to Christ are not small: the freedom of grace and salvation is the wonder of man and Angels; but mercy in our Lord scorneth hire: Ye are bound to lift Christ on high, who hath given you eyes to discern the Devil, now coming out in his white's, & the Idolatry and Apostacy of the time, well washen with fair pretences; but the skin is black, and the water foul: it were art, I confess, to wash a black Devil and make him white. I am in strange up's and down's, and severntimes a day I lose ground: I am put often to swimming, and again my feet are set on the rock, that is higher then my self: He hath now let me see. Four things I never saw before. 1. The supper will be great cheer, that is up in the great hall, with the royal King of glory, when the *four-hours*, the *standing drink*, in this dreary wilderness, is so sweet: When he bloweth a kiss afar off to his poor heart-broken mourners in Zion, and sendeth me but his hearty commendations, till we meet, I am confounded with wonder, to think what it shall be, when the fairest among the sons of men shall lay a King's sweet soft cheek to the sinful cheeks of poor sinners. O time, time, go swiftly & hasten that day! Sweet Lord Jesus post, come flying, like a young Hart or a Roe upon the mountains of separation. I think, we should tell the hours carefully, and look often how low the sun is: For love hath no ho, it is pained, pained in it self, till it come in grips with the party beloved. 2. I find Christ's absence, love's sickness and love's death: The wind, that bloweth out of the airth, where my Lord Jesus reigbeth, is sweet-smelled.

smelled, soft, joyful, and heartsome to a soul burnt with
 absence. It is a painful barrel, for a soul sick of love, to
 fight with absence and delays: Christ's *not yet*, is a
stounding of all the joys and licks of the soul: a nod of
 his head, when he is under a mask, would be half a pawn:
 to say, *feel, what aileth thee?* *He is coming*, would be
 life to a dead man. I am often in my dumb sabbaths,
 seeking a new plea with my Lord Jesus, God *forgive me*: &
 I care not, if there be not two or three ounce weight of
 black wrath in my cup. For the 3. Thing, I have seen
 my abominable vileness; if I were well known, there
 would none in this Kingdom ask how I do. Men take
 my ten to be an hundred, but I am a deeper hypocrite &
 shallower professour, then every one believeth; God
 knoweth I feign not: But I think, my reckonings on the
 one page written in great letters, and his mercy to such a
 forlorn and wretched Dyvour on the other, more then a
 miracle. If I could get my finger ends upon a full assu-
 rance, I trow, I should grip fast: But my cup wanteth
 not gall: & upon my part despair might be almost excu-
 sed, if every one in this land saw my inner side: But I
 know, I am one of them, who have made great sale & a
 free market to free grace: If I could be saved, as I would
 fain believe, sure I am, I have given Christ's blood, his
 free grace and the bowels of his mercy, a large field to
 work upon, and Christ hath manifested his art (I dare
 not say, to the uttermost; for he can, if he would, for-
 give all the Devils & damned reprobates, in respect of the
 wideness of his mercy, but I say) to an admirable degree.
 4. I am stricken with fear of unthankfulness: This Apo-
 stare Kirk hath played the harlot with many lovers, they
 are spitting in the face of my lovely King, & mocking
 him, & *I do* not mend it, & they are running away from
 Christ in troops, & *I do* not mourn & be grieved for it.
 I think Christ lieth, like an old forecasten castle, forsaken
 of the inhabitants: all men run away now from him:
 Truth, innocent Truth goeth mourning and wringing
 her hands in sackcloth and ashes. Woe, Woe, woe is me,
 for the virgin daughter of Scotland: Woe, woe to the
 inhabitants of this land, for they are gone back with a
 perpe-

perpetual backsliding: These things take me so up, that a borrowed bed, another man's fire-side, the wind upon my face, (I being driven from my lovers, and dear acquaintance, & my poor flock,) find no room in my sorrow: I have no spare or odd sorrow for these: Only I think, the sparrows and swallows, that build their nests in the Kirk of *Arundel* blessed birds: Nothing hath given my faith a harder back-set, till it crack again, then my closed mouth: But let me be miserable my self alone, God keep my dear brethren from it: But still I keep breath: and when my royal, and never, never-enough praised King returneth to his sinful prisoner, I ride upon the high places of *Jacob*, I divide *Shechem*, I triumph in his strength. If this Kingdom would glorifie the Lord, in my behalf, I desire to be weighed in God's even ballance in this point, if I think not my wages payed to the full, I shall crave no more hire of Christ. *Madam*, pity me in this, and help me to praise him: For what ever I be, the chief of sinness, a devil and a most guilty devil; yet it is the apple of Christ's eye, his honour and glory, as the head of the church, that I suffer for now, and that I will go to eternity with. I am greatly in love with Mr. *M. M.* I see him stamped with the image of God. I hope well of your son, *my Lord Boyd*. Your La: and your children have a prisoner's prayers. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 1.
1637.

Your La: at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: Trejoyce, that ye cannot be quit of Christ, (if I may speak so) but he must, he will have you: Betake your self to Christ, my dear Brother. It is a great business to make quit of superfluities, and of those things, which Christ cannot dwell with. I am content with my own cross, that Christ hath made mine by an eternal lot, because it is Christ's and mine together. I marvel not, that winter is with-

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our

our heaven; for there is no winter within it: All the saints therefore have their own measure of winter, before their eternal summer. Oh for the long day, & the high sun, & the fair garden, & the King's great citie up above these visible heavens! What God layeth on, let me suffer: For some have one cross, some seven, some ten, some half a cross, yet all the saints have whole & full joy, and seven crosses have seven joyes. Christ is cumbered with me (to speak so) and my cross, but he *falleth not off me*, we are not at variance. I find the very gloomis of Christ's wooing a soul, sweet and lovely: I had rather have Christ's buffet and love-stroke, then another King's kiss: Speak evil of Christ who will, I hope to die with love-thoughts of him. Oh that there are so few tongues in heaven and earth to extol him! I wish his praises go not down amongst us: Let not Christ be low and lightly esteemed, in the midst of us; but let all hearts and all tongues cast in their portion, and contribute something, to make him great in mount Zion. Thus recommending you to his grace, & remembering my love to your wife & mother, and your kind brother R. B. & entreating you to remember my bonds, I rest,

Aberd. Sept. 8.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Love
Iesus, S. R.*

To the Laird of
M O N C R I E F E.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: Although not acquaint, yet at the desire of your worthy sister, the Lady Ley's, and upon the report of your kindness to Christ, and his oppressed truth, I am bold to write to you, earnestly desiring you, to joyn with us, (so many as in these bounds profess Christ) to wrestle with God, one day of the week, especially the *Wednesday*, for mercy to this fallen and decayed Kirk, and to such as suffer for Christ's name, & for your own necessities & the necessities of others, who are by covenant engaged in that business: For we have no other armour in these evil times but

prayers,

prayers, now when wrath from the Lord is gone out against this backsliding land: for ye know, we can have no true publick fasts, neither are the true causes of our humiliation ever laid before the people. Now, *very worthy Sir*, I am glad in the Lord, that the Lord reserveth any of your place, or of note, in this time of common Apostacy, to come forth in publick, to bear Christ's name before men, when the great men think Christ a cumbersome neighbour, and that religion carrieth hazards, trials & persecutions with it. I perswade my self, it is your glory and your garland, and shall be your joy in the day of Christ, and the standing of your house and seed, to inherit the earth, that ye truly & sincerely profess Christ: Neither is our King, whom the father hath crowned in mount Zion, so weak, that he cannot do for himself and his own cause. I verily believe, they are blessed, who can hold the crown upon his head, & carry up the train of his robe royal, & that he shall yet be victorious & triumph in this land. It is our part to back our royal King, howbeit there were not six in all the land to follow him. It is wisdom now to take up, and discern the devil, & the *Antichrist*, coming out in their whites, & the Apostacy and Idolatry of this land, washen with foul water: I confess it is art to wash the Devil, till his skin be white. For my self, *Sir*, I have bought a plea against Christ, since I came hither, in judging my princely Master angry at me, because I was cast out of the vineyard, as a withered tree, my dumb sabbaths working me such sorrow: But I see now, sorrow hath not eyes to read love, written upon the cross of Christ, and therefore I pass from my rash plea: Woe is me, that I should have received a slander of Christ's love to my soul: and for all this, my Lord Jesus hath forgiven all, as not willing to be heard with such a fool, & is content to be, as it were, confined with me, & to bear me company, & to feast a poor oppressed prisoner. And now I write it under my hand. *Worthy Sir*, that I think well & honourably of this cross of Christ: I wonder, that he will take any glory from the like of me: I find that when he but sendeth his hearty commendations

to me, & but bloweth a *kiss* afar off, I am confounded with wondering, what the supper of the Lamb will be, up in our father's dincing palace of glory, since the four-hours in his dismal wilderness, and when in prisons, and in our sad dayes, a *kiss* of Christ is so comfortable. O how sweet & glorious shall our case be, when that fairest among the sons of men shall lay his fair face to our now sinful faces, & wipe away all tears from our eyes! O Time, Time, run swiftly and hasten this day! O *sweet Lord Iesus, come flying like a roe or a young hart!* Alas! that we, blind fools, are fallen in love with moon-shine & shadows. How sweet is the wind, that bloweth out of the airth, where Christ is! Every day we may see some new thing in Christ, his love hath neither brim nor bottom. Oh if I had help to praise him? He knoweth, if my sufferings glorifie his name, & encourage others to stand fast for the honour of our supream Law-giver Christ, my wages then are payed to the full. *Sir*, help me to love that never-enough praised Lord: I find now, that the faith of the saints, under suffering for Christ, is fair before the wind, and with full sails carried upon Christ: & I hope to lose nothing in this furnace but dross; for Christ can triumph in a weaker man then I am, if there be any such: And when all is done, his love paineth me, & leaveth me under such debt to Christ, as I can neither pay principal nor interest. Oh if he would *comprize* my self, & if I were sold to him as a bondman, & that he would take me home to his house & fire-side; for I have nothing to render to him! Then, after me, let no man think hard of Christ's sweet cross; for I would not change my sighs, with the painted laughter of all my adversaries. I desire grace in patience to wait on, and to lie upon the brink, till the water fill & flow. I know he is fast coming. *Sir*, ye will excuse my boldness, & till it please God I see you, ye have the prayers of a prisoner of Christ, to whom I recommend you, & in whom I rest.

Aberd. May 14.
1637.

Yours at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.

To

TO JOHN CLARK.

Loving Brother,

Hold fast Christ without wavering, & contend for the faith, because Christ is not easily gotten nor kept: The lazy professour hath put heaven (as it were) at the very next door, and thinks to fly up to heaven in his bed and in a night-dream; but truly, that is not so easie a thing, as most men believe: Christ himself did sweat, ere he won this city, howbeit he was the free born Heir. It is Christianity, *My heart*, to be sincere, unfeigned, honest and upright-hearted before God; and to live and serve God, suppose there were not one man or woman, in all the world dwelling beside you, to eye you: Any little grace that ye have, see that it be sound and true: Ye may put a difference betwixt you & reprobats, if ye have these marks. 1. If ye prize Christ & his truth so, as ye will sell all & buy him, & suffer for it. 2. If the love of Christ keepeth you back from sinning, more then the Law or fear of hell. 3. If ye be humble, & deny your own will, wit, credit, ease, honour, the world & the vanity & glory of it. 4. Your profession must not be barren, & void of good works. 5. Ye must in all things aim at God's honour; ye must eat, drink, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the word with a heart-purpose that God may be honoured. 6. Ye must shew your self an enemy to sin, and reprove the works of darkness, such as drunkenness, swearing & lying, albeit the company should hate you for so doing. 7. Keep in mind the truth of God, that ye heard me teach, & have nothing to do with the corruptions, and new guises entered into the house of God. 8. Make conscience of your calling, in covenants, in buying & selling. 9. Acquaint your self with daily praying, commit all your wayes and actions to God by prayer, supplication & thanksgiving, & count not much of being mocked, for Christ Jesus was mocked before you. Perswade your self, that this is the way of peace & comfort, I now suffer for: I dare go to death & in to eternity with it, though men may possibly seek another way. Remember

968 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 190.
me in your prayers, & the state of this oppressed Church.
Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637

Your soul's Well-wish-
er, S. R.

TO CARDONNESS Elder

Much honoured Sir;

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth: I wonder, that
ye write not to me; for the holy Ghost beareth me
witness, I cannot, I dare not, I drow not forget you,
nor the souls of those with you, who are redeemed
by the blood of the great Shepherd: Ye are in my heart
in the night watches, ye are my joy and crown in the day
of Christ: O Lord bear witness, if my soul thirsteth for
any thing out of heaven, more then for your salvation:
Let God lay me in an even ballance, and try me in this,
Love heaven, let your heart be on it: Up, up and visit
the new land, and view the fair city, & the white throne
& the Lamb, the bride's husband, in his bridegroom's
clothes sitting on it: it were time, your soul should cast it
self and all your burdens upon Christ. I beseech you by
the wounds of your Redeemer, and by your compearance
before him, and by the salvation of your soul, lose
no more time, run fast for it is late: God hath sworn by
himself who made the world and time, that time shall
be no more Rev. 10. Ye are now upon the very border
of the other life; your Lord cannot be blamed for not
giving you warning: I have taught the truth of Christ
to you, and delivered unto you the whole counsel of God,
and I have stood before the Lord for you, and I shall yet
still stand: awake, awake to do righteously: Think not
to be eased of the burthens and debts that are on your
house, by oppressing any, or being rigorous to those that
are under you: remember how I endeavoured to walk
before you in this matter as an example: behold here am
I, witness against me, before the Lord and his Anointed,
whose ox or whose ass have I taken? Whom have I de-
frauded?

frauded? Whom have I oppressed? Who knoweth how my soul feedeth upon a good conscience, when I remember how I spent this body in feeding the lambs of Christ? At my first entry hither, I grant, I took a stomach against my Lord, because he had casten me over the dike of the vineyard as a dry tree, and would have no more of my service: My dumb sabbaths broke my heart, and I would not be comforted: but now he whom my soul loveth is come again, and it pleaseth him to feast me with the kisses of his love: A King dineth with me and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell: The Lord my witness is above, that I write my heart to you, I never knew by my nine years preaching, so much of Christ's love, as he hath taught me in *Aberdeen* by six moneths imprisonment. I charge you in Christ's name help me to praise and shew that people & country, the loving-kindness of the Lord to my soul, that so my sufferings may some way preach to them when I am silent: He hath made me know now better then before, what it is to be crucified to the world: I would not now give a drink of cold water for all the world's kindness: I ow no service to it: I am not the flesh's debtor: My Lord Jesus hath dated his prisoner, and hath thoughts of love concerning me: I would not exchange my sighs with the laughing of my adversaries. *Sir*, I write this to inform you, that ye may know it is the truth of Christ I now suffer for, and he hath sealed my sufferings with the comforts of his spirit on my soul, and I know he putteth not his seal upon blank paper. Now, *Sir*, I have no comfort earthly, but to know that I have espoused, and shall present a bride to Christ in that congregation. The Lord hath given you much, and therefore he will require much of you again: Number your talents, and see what ye have to render back again; ye cannot be enough persuaded of the shortness of your time: I charge you to write to me, and in the fear of God be plain with me, whether or no ye have made your salvation sure; I am confident and hope the best, but I know your reckonings with your Judge are many and deep. *Sir*, be not beguiled, neglect not your one thing [*Philp.* 3. 13.] your one
neces-

necessary thing [Luke 10, 41] the good part that shall not be taken from you. Look beyond time: things here are but moon-shine, they have but Childrens wit who are delighted with shadows, and deluded with feathers flying in the air. Desire your children in the morning of their life to begin & seek the Lord, and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth [Eccles. 12, 1.] to cleanse their way by taking heed thereto according to God's word [Ps. 119, 9.] youth is a glassy age: Satan finds a swept chamber [for the most part] in youth-hood, & a garnished lodging for himself & his train: Let the Lord have the flower of their age: the best sacrifice is due to him: instruct them in this, that they have a soul, & that this life is nothing in comparison of eternity: They will have much need of God's conduct in this world, to guide them by these rocks upon which most men spilt, but far more need when it cometh to the hour of death and their compareance before Christ. O that there were such a heart in them to fear the name of the great & dreadful God, who hath laid up great things for these that love & fear him! I pray that God may be their portion. Show others of my parishoners, that I write to them my best wishes & the blessings of their lawful Pastor: Say to them from me, that I beseech them by the bowels of Christ, to keep in mind the Doctrine of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ, which I taught them, that so they may lay hold on eternal life, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, and making sure salvation to themselves: Walk in love, and do righteousness, seek peace, love one another, wait for the coming of our Master & Judge: Receive no doctrine contrary to that which I delivered to you: if ye fall away & forget it & that Catechism which I taught you, & so forsake your own mercy, the Lord be judge betwixt you and me, I take heaven & earth to witness, that such shall eternally perish; but if they serve the Lord, great will their reward be, when they & I shall stand before our Judge. Set forward up the mountain to meet with God: climb up, for your Saviour calleth on you. It may be, God call you to your rest when I am far from you, but ye have my love and

& the desires of my heart for your souls welfare. He that is holy, keep you from falling, & establish you, till his own glorious appearance.

Aberd. 1637.

Your affectionate and lawfull
Pastor, S. R.

To CARDONNESS Younger.

Much honoured Sir,

I Long to hear whether or not your soul be hand-fast
with Christ: Lose your time no longer: Flee the
follies of youth: Gird up the loins of your mind; & make
you ready for meeting the Lord. I have often summond
you, & now I summond you again, to compear before
your Judge, to make a reckoning of your life: while
ye have time, look upon your papers & consider your
wayes: O that there were such an heart in you, as to
think what an ill conscience will be to you, when ye
are upon the border of eternity, & your one foot out of
time! O then, ten thousand thousand floods of tears
cannot extinguish these flames, or purchase to you
one hour's release from that pain! O how sweet a day
have ye had! but this is a fair day that runneth fast
away, see how ye have spent it, & consider the necessity
of salvation: & tell me [in the fear of God] if ye have
made it sure: I am perswaded ye have a conscience that
will be speaking somewhat to you: Why will ye die &
destroy your self? I charge you in Christ's name to rouse
up your conscience, & begin to indent & contract
with Christ in time while salvation is in your offer:
This is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation:
play the marchant, for ye cannot expect another mar-
ket-day when this is done; therefore let me again be-
seech you to consider in this your day, the things that
belong to your peace, before they be hid from your
eyes. Dear Brother, fulfil my joy, & begin to seek
the Lord while he may be found: Forsake the follies
of deceiving & vain youth: Lay hold upon eternal
life: whoring, night-drinking, & mispending of the
sabbath, & neglecting of prayer in your house, & re-
fusing of an offered salvation, will burn up your soul
with

with the terrors of the Almighty, when your awakened conscience shall see in your face. Be kind and loving to your wife, make conscience of cherishing her, and not being rigidly austere. Sir, I have not a tongue to express the glory that is laid up for you in your father's house, if ye reform your doings and frame your heart to return to the Lord. Ye know this world is but a shadow, a short living creature, under the law of time; within less then fifty years, when ye look back to it, ye shall laugh at the evanishing vanities thereof, as feathers flying in the air, and as the houses of sand within the sea-mark, which the children of men are building: Give up with courting of this vain world: Seek not the baird's moveables, but the Son's heritage in heaven. Take a trial of Christ, look unto him and his love shall so change you, that ye shall be taken with him & never chuse to go from him: I have experience of his sweetness in this house of my pilgrimage here: My witness who is above, knoweth, I would not exchange my sighs and tears with the laughing of the fourteen Prelats: There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ, *come and see* will speak best to your soul: I would fain hope good of you: be not discouraged at broken & spilt resolutions, but to it, and to it again: Wooe about Christ, till ye get your soul espoused as a chaste virgin to him: Use the means of profiting with your conscience: Pray in your family, and read the word: Remember how our Lord's day was spent when I was among you: it will be a great challenge to you before God, if ye forget the good that was done within the walls of your house on the Lord's dayes, and if ye turn aside after the fashions of this world, and if ye go not in time to the kirk to wait on the publick worship of God, and if ye tarry not at it, till all the exercises of religion be ended: Give God some of your time both morning and evening and afternoon, and in so doing, rejoyce the heart of a poor oppressed prisoner. Rie upon your own soul, and from your heart fear the Lord. Now he that brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of his sheep,

Epist. 192.

LETTERS.

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sheep, by the blood of the eternal Covenant, establish your heart with his grace, and present you before his presence with joy.

Aberd. 1637.

Your affectionate and loving
Pastor, S. R.

TO CARLETON.

Much honoured Sir;

I will not impute your not writing to me, to forgetfulness: however, I have one above who forgetteth me not, nay, he groweth in his kindness: It hath pleased his holy Majesty to take me from the pulpit, and teach me many things in my exile and prison that were mysteries to me before: As, 1. I see his bottomless and boundless love and kindness, and my jealousies and ravings, which at my first entry into this furnace were so foolish & bold, as to say to Christ, who is truth it self, in his face thou liest. I had well nigh lost my grips: I wondered if it was Christ or not, for the mist & smoke of my perturbed heart, made me mistake my Master Jesus: My faith was dim, & hope frozen & cold, & my love which caused jealousies, it had some warmth and heat and smoke, but no flame at all: yet I was looking for some good of Christ's old claim, to me: I thought I had forfeited all my rights, but the tempter was too much upon my counsels, and was still blowing the coal: Alas I knew not well before how good skill my Intercessor and advocate, Christ, hath of pleading, and pardoning me such follies: Now he is returned to my soul with healing under his wings, and I am nothing behind with Christ now, for he hath overpaid me by his presence, the pain I was put to by on-waiting, and any little loss I sustained by my witnessing against the wrongs done to him, I know it was a pain to my Lord to hide himself any longer: in a manner he was challenging his unkindness, and repented him of his glooms, and now what want I on earth that Christ can give to a poor prisoner? O how sweet and lovely is he now! Alas that I can get none to help me to lift up my Lord Jesus upon his throne above all the earth! 2. I am now brought to some measure of submission, and I resolve

solve to wait till I see what my Lord Jesus will do with me: I dare not now nick-name or speak one word against the all-seeing and over-watching providence of my Lord: I see providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I like a fool carved a providence for mine own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still till my gray hairs, and to lie on the sunny side of the mountain in my ministry at *Arwath*: But now I have nothing to say against a borrowed fire-side and another man's house, nor Kedars tents where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers and my friends: I see God hath the world on his wheels, and casteth it as a potter doth a vessel on the wheel: I dare not say that there is any inordinat or irregular motion in Providence; The Lord hath done it. I will not go to law with Christ, for I would gain nothing of that. 3. I have learned some greater mortification, and not to mourn after or seek to suck the world's dry breasts: Nay, my Lord hath filled me with such dainties, that I am like to a full banquetter who is not for common cheer. What have I to do to fall down upon my knees and worship mankind's great idol, *The World*? I have a better God than any clay-god; Nay, at present as I am now disposed, I care not much to give this world a discharge of my life-rent of it, for bread & water: I know it is not my home, nor my fathers house; it is but his foot-stool, the outer cloister of his house, his out-field & moor-ground: Let bastards take it; I hope never to think my self in it's communion for honour or riches; nay now, I say to laughter, *Thou art madness*. 4. I find it most true, that the greatest temptation out of hell, is, to live without temptation; if my waters should stand, they would rot: Faith is the better of the free air, & of the sharp winter-storm in *his* face: Grace withereth without adversity. The Devil is but God's Master-fencer to teach us to handle our weapons. 5. I never knew how weak I was till now, when he hideth himself, & when I have him to seek seven times a day, I am a dry and withered branch, and a piece of a dead carcass; dry bones are not able to step over a straw: The thoughts of my old sins are as the summons of death to

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to me; And of late my Brother's case hath stricken me to the heart; when my wounds are closing, a little rise causeth them to bleed afresh: So thin-skin'd is my soul, that I think it is like a tender man's skin, that may touch nothing: ye see how short I would shoot of the prize, if his grace were not sufficient for me. Woe's me for the day of Scotland; Woe, woe is me for my harlot-mother; for the decree is gone forth: women of this land shall call the childless and miscarrying wombs blessed: The anger of the Lord is gone forth, & shall not return till he perform the purpose of his heart against Scotland: Yet he shall make Scotland a new sharp instrument having teeth to thresh the mountain, & fan the hills as chaff. The prisoners blessing be upon you.

Aberd. March 14.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS;

I Know ye are thinking sometimes what Christ is doing in Zion, & that the haters of Zion may get the bottom of our cup and the burning coals of our furnace, that we have been tryed in these many years by-gone. O that this Nation would be awakened to cry mightily unto God, for the setting up of a new tabernacle to Christ in Scotland. O if this Kingdom knew how worthy Christ were of his room! His worth was ever above man's estimation of him: And for my self I am pained at the heart, that I cannot find my self disposed to leave my self and go wholly in to Christ: Alas that there should be one bit of me out of him; and that we have too much liberty and latitude for our selves, and our own ease, and credit, and pleasures; and so little room for All love-worthy Christ! O what pains and charges it costeth Christ ere he get us, & when all is done we are not worth the having: it is a wonder that he should seek the like of us, but love overlooketh blackness and seckleness; for if it had not been so, Christ

Christ would never have made so fair and blessed a bargain with us, as the covenant of Grace is. I find that in all our sufferings, Christ is but riding matches; that every one of us may say, *Mine & Thine*, and that men may know by their crosses, how weak a bottom nature is to stand under a trial; that the end, which our Lord intendeth in all our sufferings, is, to bring Grace in court and request amongst us: I would succumb and come short of heaven, if I had no more but my own strength to support me, and if Christ should say to me, *Either do or die*, it were easie to determin what should become of me, the choice were easie, for I behooved to die, if Christ should pass by with strained bowels: and who then would take us up in our straits? I know we way say that Christ is kindest in his love, when we are our weakest, and that if Christ had not been to the fore in our sad dayes, the waters had gone over our soul: His mercy hath a set period and appointed place, how far & no further the sea of affliction shall flow, and where the wayes thereof shall be stayed: he prescribeth how much pain and sorrow both for weight and measure, we must have: Ye have then good cause to recal your love from all lovers and give it to Christ: He who is afflicted in all your afflictions, looketh not on you in your sad hours with an insensible heart or dry eyes: All the Lords saints may see, that it is lost love which is bestowed upon this perishing world: death & judgement will make men lament that ever their miscarrying hearts carryed them to lay and lavish out their love upon false appearances and night-dreams. Alas that Christ should fare the worse, because of his own goodness, in making peace and the Gospel to ride together, & that we have never yet weighed the worth of Christ in his ordinances, and that now we are like to be deprived of the well, ere we have tasted the sweetness of the water: it may be with watery eyes & a wet face & wearied feet, we seek Christ & shall not find him. Oh that this land were humbled in time, & by prayers, cries & humiliation, would bring Christ in at the church door again, now, when his back is turned toward us, and he is gone to the threshold, & his

one foot [as it were] is out of the door: I am sure his departure is our deserving, we have bought it with our iniquities; for even the Lord's own children are fallen asleep. And alas professors are made all of shews & fashions, & are not at pains to recover themselves again: Every one hath his set measure of faith & holiness, and contenteth himself with a stinted measure of godliness, as if that were enough to bring them to heaven: We forget, that as our gifts and light grow, so God's gain and the interest of his talents should grow also, and that we cannot pay God with the old use and wont [as we use to speak] which we gave him seven years ago; for this were to mock the Lord, and to make price with him as we list. O what difficulty is there in our christian journey, and how often come we short of many thousand things that are Christ's due, and we consider not how far our dear Lord is behind with us! *Mistress*, I cannot render you thanks as I would for your kindness to my Brother, an oppressed stranger; but I remember you unto the Lord as I am able: I entreat you think upon me his prisoner, & pray that the Lord would be pleased to give me room to speak to his people in his name. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
and Master, S. R.

To FULWOOD Younger.

Much honoured Sir;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: Upon the report of this worthy bearer concerning you, I thought good to speak a word to you: it is enough for acquaintance that we are one in Christ: My earnest desire to you is, that ye would in the fear of God, compare your inch and hand-breadth of time with vast Eternity, and your thoughts of this now fair blooming and green world, with the thoughts ye shall have of it, when corruption and worms shall make their houses in your eyeholes: & shall eat your flesh, and make that body dry bones: if ye do so, I know then, that your light of this world's
vanity

178 shall be more clear then now it is: And I am per-
 vanced ye shall then think, that mens labours for this
 idol are to be laughed at: Therefore come near and
 take a view of that transparent beauty that is in Christ,
 which would buse the love of ten thousand millions of
 world's and Angels; and hold them all at work: Sure-
 ly I am grieved that men will not spend their whole love
 upon that royal and princely Wellbeloved, that High &
 lusty One: For it is cursed love that runneth another way
 then upon him: And for my self, if I had ten loves & ten
 souls, O how glad would I be if he would break in
 upon me and take possession of them all! Woe, woe is
 me, that He and I are so far asunder! I hope we shall be
 in one countrey and one house together: truly pain of
 love-sickness for Jesus, makes me to think it long, long,
 long to the dawning of that day. Oh that he would cut
 short years and months and hours, and over-leap Time,
 that we might meet! And for this truth, Sir, that ye
 profess, I avow before the world of men and Angels,
 that it is the way and only way to our countrey; the
 rest are by-ways; and that what I suffer for, is the
 apple of Christ's eye; even his honour as Law-giver and
 King of his Church. I think death too little ere I for-
 sook it. Do not, Sir, I beseech you in the Lord, make
 Christ's court thinner by drawing back from him, it is
 too thin already; for I dare pledge my heaven upon it,
 he shall win this plea, and the fools that plea against him
 shall lose the wager, which is their part of salvation, ex-
 cept they take better heed to their ways. Sir, free grace
 that we give not hire for, is a jewel our Lord giveth to
 few: Stand fast in the hope ye are called unto: Our Mas-
 ter will rend the clouds and will be upon us quickly, and
 clear our cause, and bring us all out in our black's and
 white's: Clean, clean garments in the Bridegroom's eye,
 are of great worth: Step over this hand-breadth of
 world's glory, in to our Lord's new world of grace, and
 ye will laugh at the feathers that children are chasing
 in the air. I verily judge that this Inne, men are building
 their nest in, is not worth a drink of cold water. It is a
 rainy and smoky house, best we come out of it, lest we
 be

be choked with the smoke thereof. O that my adversaries knew how sweet my sighs for Christ are, & what it were for a sinner to lay his head between Christ's breasts, and to be over head and ears in Christ's love! Alas, I cannot cause paper speak the height and breadth & depth of it! I have not a ballance to weigh my Lord Jesus's worth; heaven, ten heavens would not be the beam of a ballance, to weigh him in. I must give over praising of him: Angels see but little of him: O if that fair one, would take off the mask off his fair face, that I might see him! a kiss of him through his mask is half a heaven. O day, dawn! O time, run fast! O Bridegroom, post, post fast, that we may meet! O heavens, cleave in two, that, that bright face & head may set it self through the clouds! O that the corn were ripe, and this world prepared for his hook! Sir, be pleased to remember a prisoner's bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 10.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

1637.

To Mr. HUGH MCKAILL.

My very dear Brother;

Y^E know, that men may take their sweet fill of the sowre Law in Grace's ground & betwixt the Mediator's breasts, and this is sinners safest way; for there is a bed for wearied sinners to rest them in, in the new Covenant, though no bed of Christ's making to sleep in: The Law shall never be my *doomster* by Christ's grace, if I get no more good of it: I shall find a sore enough doom in the Gospel to humble and to cast me down: It is [I grant] a good rough friend to follow a traitour to the bar, and to back him till he come to Christ: We may blame our selves who cause the Law to crave well paid debt, to scar us away from Jesus, and dispute about a righteousness of our own, a world in the moon, a *chimera*, and a night-dream, that pride is Father & mother to: There cannot be a more humble soul then a believer; it is no pride for a drowing man to catch hold of a rock. I rejoyce that the wheels of this confused world,

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are rolled & cogg'd & driven according as our Lord will: Out of whatever airth the wind blow, it will blow us on our Lord: No wind can blow our sailes over-board; because Christ's skill, and the honour of his wisdom are empawnd and laid down at the stake for the sea-passengers, that he shall put them safe off his hand on the shore, in his father's known bounds, our native home-ground. *My dear Brother*, fear not at the cross of Christ: it is not seen yet, what Christ will do for you, when it cometh to the worst: He will keep his grace till ye be at a strait, and then bring forth the decreed birth for your salvation: Ye are an arrow of his own making, let him shoot you against a wall of brass, your point shall keep whole. I cannot for multitude of letters and distractions of friends prepare what I would for the times: I have not one hour of spare time, suppose the day were fortie hours long. Remember me in prayer: Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 5.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother

MR. DAVID DICKSON.

My Reverend & dear Brother;

I Fear ye have never known me well: if ye saw my inner-side, it is possible ye would pitié me, but ye would hardly give me either love or respect: Men mistake me the whole length of the heaven's: My sins prevail over me, and the terrors of their guiltiness: I am put often to ask, if Christ and I did ever shake hands together in earnest, I mean not that my feast-dayes are quite gone; but I am made of extremities: I pray God ye never have the woeful and driery experience of a closed mouth; for then ye shall judge the sparrowes that may sing in the Church of *Irwin*, blessed birds: But my soul hath been refreshed and watered, when I hear of your courage and zeal for your never-enough-praised, praised Master, in that ye put the men of God, chased

out

out of Ireland, to work: O if I could confirm you! I dare say in God's presence, *That this shall never hasten your suffering; but shall be David Dickson's feast and speaking joy, that while he had time and leisure, he put many to work, to lift up Jesus, his sweet master, high in the skies.* O man of God, go on, go on, be valient for that plant of renown, for that chief among ten thousands, for that Prince of the Kings of earth: it is but little that I know of God, yet this I dare write, *Christ shall be glorified in David Dickson, howbeit Scotland be not gathered*: I am pained, pained, that I have not more to give my sweet bridegrooms: His comforts to me are not dealt with a niggard's hand, but I would fain learn not to idolize comfort, sense, joy, and sweet felt-presence: All these are but creatures, & nothing but the kingly robe, the Gold-ring and the Bracelets of the Bridegroom: The Bridegroom himself is better than all the ornaments that are about him. Now, I would not so much have these, as God himself, and to be swallowed up of love to Christ: I see in delighting in a communion with Christ, we may make more Gods than one, but however, all was but bairns-play between Christ and me till now: if one would have sworn unto me, I would not have believed, what may be found in Christ: I hope ye pitie my pain that much in my prison, as to help me your self, and to cause others help me a Dyvour, a sinful wretched Dyvour to pay some of my debts of praise to my great King: Let my God be judge and witness, if my soul would not have sweet ease and comfort, to have many hearts confirmed in Christ, & enlarged with his love, & many tongues set on work to set on high my Royal and princely welbeloved. O that my sufferings could pay tribute to such a King! I have given over wondering at his love: for Christ hath manifested a piece of art upon me, that I never revealed to any living: He hath gotten fair and rich employment, and sweet sale, and a goodly market for his honourable calling of *showing mercy*, on me the chief of sinners: Every one knoweth not so well as I do, my woefully often-broken covenants: My sins against light working in the

332 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 197.
very act of sinning, has been met with admirable mercy :
But Alas ! He will get nothing back again but wretched
unthankfulness ! I am sure , if Christ pitie any thing in
me, next to my sin, it is pain of love for an armful & soul-
ful of himself , in faith , love and begun fruition : My
sorrow is , that I cannot get Christ lifted off the dust in
Scotland, and set on high above all the skies and heaven of
heavens.

Aberd. May 1.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus , S. R.

To his reverend and dear Brother,
Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

My Reverend and dear Brother ;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you : I long to hear
from you, and to be refreshed with the comforts of
the bride of our Lord Jesus in *Ireland* : I suffer with you
in grief , for the dash that your desires to be at *N. E.* have
received of late : But if our Lord , who hath skill to
bring up his children, had not seen it your best, it should
not have befallen you : Hold your peace, and stay your
self upon the holy one of Israel : hearken what he saith
in crossing of your desires, he will speak peace to his peo-
ple. I am here removed from my flock , & silenced and
confined in *Aberdeen* , for the testimony of Jesus : And I
have been confined in spirit also with desertions & chal-
lenges : I gave in a bill of quarrels & complaints of un-
kindness against Christ , who seemed to cast me over the
dike of the vineyard as a dry tree , & separated me from
the Lord's inheritance : But high , high and loud praises
be to our royal crowned King in *Zion* , that he hath not
burnt the dry branch : I shall yet live and see his glory.
Your mother-church for her whoredom is like to be cast
off : The bairns may break their heart to see such chiding
betwixt the husband and the wife. Our Clergie is upon a
Reconciliation with the Lutherians, & the Doctors are wri-
ting books , and drawing up a *Common Confession* at the
Council's command : Our *Service-book* is proclaimed
with sound of trumpet : The night is fallen down upon
the

Epist. 198.

LETTERS.

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the Prophets; *Scotland's* day of visitation is come. It is time for the bride to weep, while Christ is a saying, *He will chuse another wife*: But our tike will clear again: The dry branch of cut-down Lebanon will bud again and be glorious, and they shall yet plant vines upon our mountains. Now, *My dear Brother*, I write to you for this end, that ye may help me to praise, & seek help of others with you, that God may be glorified in my bonds. My Lord Jesus hath taken the withered dry stranger & his broken-in-heart prisoner, into his house of wine: O! O, if ye & all *Scotland*, and all our brethren with you, knew how I am feasted! Christ's honey-combs drop comforts: He dineth with his prisoner, & the King's spikenard casteth a smell: The Devil cannot get it denied, but we suffer for the apple of Christ's eye, his royal prerogatives as King and Law-giver: Let us not fear or faint. He will have his Gospel once again roused in *Scotland*, and have the matter going to voices, to see who will say, let Christ be crowned King in *Scotland*: it is true, *Antichrist* stirreth his tail, but I love a rumbling and raging Devil in the kirk [since the Church militant cannot, or may not want a Devil to trouble her] rather than a subtle or sleeping Devil: Christ never yet got a bride without stroke of sword: it is now nigh the bridegroom's entring into his chamber; let us awake and go in with him: I hear your name to Christ's door: I pray you, *Dear Brother*, forget me not: Let me hear from you by Letter, and I charge you, smother not Christ's bounty towards me: I write what I have found of him in the house of my pilgrimage. Remember my love to all our brethren and sisters there. The keeper of the vineyard watch for his besieged city & for you.

Aberd. Feb. 7.

1637.

Your Brother and fellow-sufferer, S. R.

To Mr. EPHRAIM MELVIN.

Reverend and dear Brother;

I Received your letter and am contented with all my heart that our acquaintance in our Lord continue. I

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am wrestling as I dow, up the mount with Christ's cross: My second is kind and able to help. As for your questions, because of my manifold distractions, and letters to multitudes, I have not time to answer them: What shall be said in common for that, shall be imparted to you; for I am upon these questions; therefore spare me a little, for the *Service-book* would take a great time; but I think, *Sicut deosculatio religiosa imaginis, aut etiam elementorum, est in se idololatria externa, et si intentio deosculandi tota, quanta in actu est, feratur in Deum πικρὸν τὸ πᾶν*; ita geniculatio coram pane, quando, nempe, ex instituto totus homo externus & internus versari, debeat circa elementaria signa, est adoratio relativa, & adoratio ipsius panis. Ratio: Intentio adorandi objectum materiale, non est de essentiâ externe adorationis; ut patet in deoscultatione religiosa. Sic geniculatio coram imagine *Babylonicâ* est externa adoratio imaginis, et si tres pueri mente intendissent adorare Iehovam. Sic qui ex metu solo, aut spe pretij aut inanis glorie, geniculatur coram aureo vitulo Ieroboami, (quod ab ipso rex, qui nullâ religione indutus, sed libidine dominandi tantum, vitulum crexit, factitatum esse, textus satis luculenter clamat) adorat vitulum externâ adoratione; esto quod putaret vitulum esse meram creaturam, & honore nullo dignum: quia geniculatio, sive nos nolumus sive volumus, ex instituto Dei & nature, in actu religioso, est symbolum religioſe adorationis: Ergo, sicut panis significat corpus Christi, et si ab sit actus omnis nostre intentionis, sic religiosa geniculatio, sublatâ omni intentione humanâ, est externa adoratio panis coram quo adoramus, ut coram signo vicario & representativo Dei: Thus recommending you to God's tender mercy, I desire, that ye would remember me to God. Sanctification shall settle you most in the truth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your brother in Christ
Iesus, S. R.

To a Gentle woman, upon the death
of her husband.

MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I cannot but rejoyce, and withal be grieved, at your case: it hath pleased the Lord to remove your husband, (my friend, and this Kirk's faithful professor) soon to his rest; but shall we be sorry, that our loss is his gain, seeing his Lord would want his company no longer: think not much of short summons, for seeing he walked with his Lord in his life, and desired that Christ should be magnified in him at his death, ye ought to be silent & satisfied: When Christ cometh for his own, he runneth fast: mercy, mercy to the saints goeth not at leisure; love, love in our Redeemer is not slow, and withal he is homely with you, who cometh at his own hand to your house, & introneth as a friend, with any thing that is yours. I think, he would fain borrow & lend with you. Now he shall meet with the solacious company, the fair flock, and blessed *bairn-time* of the first-born, banquetting at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. It is a mercy, that the poor wandering sheep get a *dike-side*, in this stormie day, and a leeking ship a safe harbor, & a sea-sick passenger a sound and lost bed alshore. Wrath, wrath, wrath from the Lord is coming upon this land, that he hath left behind him: know therefore, that your Lord Jesus his wounds, are the wounds of a lover, and that he will have compassion upon a sad-hearted servant; and that Christ hath said; he will have the husband's room in your heart: he loved you in your first husband's time; and he is but wooeing you still, give him heart and chair, house and all: he will not be made companion with any other; love is full of jealousies, he will have all your love, and who should get is but He? I know, ye allow it upon him: there are comforts, both sweet and satisfying, laid up for you, wait on; *first* Christ, he is an honest debtor. Now for mine own case, I think some poor body would be glad of a *dated* prisoner's leavings. I have no scarcetie

of Christ's love: he hath wasted mee comforts upon his poor banished servant, then would have refreshed many souls: my burden was once so heaveie, that one ounce weight would have casten the ballance, and broken my back; but Christ said, *hold, hold*, to my sorrow, & hath wiped a *bluthered* face, which was foul with weeping. I may joyfully go my Lord's errands, with wages in my hands; deferred hopes need not to make me *dead swuer* (as we use to say) my cross is both my cross and my reward, Oh that men would sound his high praises! I love Christ's worst reproaches, his glooms, his cross, better then all this world's plastered glory, my heart is not longing to be back again from Christ's country, it's a sweet soil I I am come to. I (if any in the world) have good cause to speak much good of him. O! Hell were a good cheap price to buy him at. Oh if all the three Kingdoms were witnesses to my pained, pained soul, overcome and wounded with Christ's love! I thank you most kindly, *my dear Sister*, for your love to & tender care of my *Brother*; I will think my self obliged to you, if ye continue his friend: he is more to me then a brother now, being engaged to suffer for so honourable a master and cause. Pray for Christ's prisoner, and Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1636.

Iesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother,
Mr. J O H N N E V A Y.

My reverend and dear Brother;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: I have exceeding many I write to, else I would be kinder in paper; I rejoyce that my sweet Master hath any to back him: Thick, thick may my royal Kings Court be. O that his Kingdom might grow! It were my joy, to have his house full of guests. Except that I have some cloudy dayes, for the most part I have a King's life with Christ: he is all perfumed with the powders of the marchant: he hath a King's face & a King's smell, his chariot, wherein he carrieth

rieth his poor prisoner, is of the wood of *Lebanon*, it is paved with love: is not that soft ground to walk or lie on? I think better of Christ then ever I did; my thoughts of his love grow and swell on me: I never write to any of him so much as I have felt. Oh if I could write a book of Christ & of his love! Suppose I were made white ashes, & burnt for this same truth, that men count but as *knots of straws*, it were my gain, if my ashes could proclaim the worth, excellency and love of my Lord Jesus: There is much telling in Christ, I give over the weighing of him; Heaven would not be the beam of a ballance to weigh him in. What eyes be on me, or what wind of tongues be on me, I care not: Let me stand in this stage in the fools coat, and act a fools part to the rest of this nation: if I can set my welbeloved on high, and witness fair for him, a fig for their *Hosanna*: if I can roll my self in a lap of Christ's garment, I will lie there, and laugh at the thoughts of dying bits of clay. Brother, we have cause to weep for our *harlot-mother*, her husband is sending her to *Rome's* brothel-house, which is the gate she liketh well: Yet I perswade you, there shall be a fair after-growth for Christ, in *Scotland*, and this Church shall sing the Bridegroom's *welcom-home* again to his own house: The worms shall eat them first, ere they cause Christ take *good-night* at *Scotland*. I am here assaulted with the *Doctors* gun; but I bless the father of light, they draw not blood of truth. I find no lodging in the heart of natural men, who are cold friends to my Master; I pray you, Remember my love to that Gentleman *A. C.* My heart is knit to him, because he and I have one Master. Remember my bonds, and present my service to my Lord and my Lady: I with Christ may be dearer to them, then to many of their place. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 3.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady

B O Y D.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: Few (I believe) know the pain & torment of Christ's fristed love: fristing of Christ's presence is a matter of torment. I know a poor soul, that would lay all oars in the water, for a banquer or feast of Christ's love. I cannot think, but it must be uptaking & sweet, to see the white & red of Christ's fair face; for he is *white & ruddy and the chiefest among ten thousands.* Cant. 5. 10. I am sure, that must be a well made face of his, heaven must be in his visage; glory, glory for evermore must sit on his countenance. I dare not curse the mask & covering, that is on his face; but O if there were a hole in it! O if God would tear the mask! Ey, fy upon us, we were never shamed till now, that we do not proclaim our pining and languishing for him. I am sure, never tongue spake of Christ, as he is. I am still of that mind, and still will be, that we wrong and undervalue that holy, holy One, in having such short & shallow thoughts of his weight & worth. O if I could have but leave to stand beside, & see the Father weigh Christ the Son, if it were possible! But how every one of them comprehendeth another, we, who have eyes of clay, cannot comprehend; But it is pity for evermore, & more then shame; that such an one as Christ, should sit in heaven his alone for us: To go up thither *one's errand*, & on-purpose to see, were no small glory. O that he would strike out windows, and fair and great lights, in this old house, this fallen-down soul, and then set the soul near hand Christ, that the rays & beams of light, and the soul-delighting glances of the fair, fair God-head, might shine in at the windows and fill the house! A fairer & more near and direct sight of Christ would make room for his love; for we are but pinched and straitned in his love. Alas, it were easy to measure & weigh all the love, that we have for Christ, by inches and ounces! Alas, that we should love by measure and weight, and not rather have floods & fountains of Christ's love! Oh that Christ would

would break down the old narrow vessels, of these narrow & ebb souls; & make fair, deep, wide & broad souls, to hold a sea & a full tide, flowing over all its banks, of Christ's love! Oh that the Almighty would give me my request! That I might see Christ come to his temple again; [as he is *minting*, & 'tis like *minding* to do] and if the land were humbled, the judgments threatned are with this reservation, I know, *if we shall turn and repent*. O what a heaven should we have on earth, to see Scotland's moon, like the light of the Sun, & Scotland's sun-light seven fold, like the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, & healeth the stroke of their wounds! *Isa. 3. 26.* Alas! that we will not pull & draw Christ to his old tents again, to come & feed among the lilies, till the day break & the shadows flee away! O that the Nobles would go on, in the strength & courage of the Lord, to bring our lawful King Jesus home again! I am perswaded, he shall return again in glory to this land; but happy were they, who could help to convoy him to his sanctuary, & set him again up upon the mercy-seat betwixt the Cherubims. O Sun return to darkned Brittain! O fairest among all the sons of men, O most excellent One, come home again, come home, and win the praises and blessings of the mourners in Zion, the prisoners of hope, that wait for thee! I know, he can also triumph in suffering, & weep & reign, & die & triumph, & remain in prison, & yet subdue his enemies: But how happy were I, to see the coronation day of Christ: to see his mother who bare him put the crown upon his head again, & cry with shouting till the earth should ring, *Let Jesus our King live and reign for evermore!* Grace, grace be with your La.

Aberd. 1637.

Your La: at all obedience in

Christ, S. R.

To Mr. ALEXANDER COLVILL.
Of Blair.

Much honoured Sir;

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: I would desire to know, how my Lord took my letter I sent him, &

R. 6.

how

how he is: I desire nothing, but that he be fast & honest to my royal Master and King. I am well every way, all praise to him, in whose books I must stand forever as his debtor: Only my silence paineth me. I had one joy out of heaven, next to Christ my Lord, & that was to preach him to this faithless generation, and they have taken that from me: it was to me as the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye. I know the violence done to me & his poor bereft Bride, is come up before the Lord: and suppose I see not the other side of my cross, or what my Lord will bring out of it; yet I believe the vision shall not tarry, and that Christ is on his journey for my deliverance, he goeth not slowly, but passeth over ten mountains, at one *stride*: in the meantime, I am pained with his love, because I want real possession: when Christ cometh, he stayeth not long; but certainly, the blowing of his breath upon a poor soul is heaven upon earth: & when the wind turneth into the North, & he goeth away, I die, till the wind change in the West, and he visit his prisoner: But he holdeth me not often at his door. I am richly repayed for suffering for him. O if all *Scotland* were as I am, except my bonds! O what pain I have, because I cannot get him praised by my sufferings! O that heaven, within and without, and the earth were paper, & all the rivers, fountains, and seas were ink, and I able to write all the paper within and without, full of his praises and love and excellency, to be read by man and Angel! Nay this is little; I owe my heaven for Christ, and to desire, howbeit I should never enter in at the gates of the new *Jerusalem*, to send my love and my praises over the wall to Christ. Alas that Time and Days lie betwixt him and me, and adjourn our meeting! It is my part to cry, O *when will the night be past and the day dawn, that we shall see one another!* Be pleased to remember my service to my Lord, to whom I wrote, and shew him, that for his affection to me, I cannot but pray for him, and earnestly desire that Christ miss him not out of the roll of those, who are his witnesses, now, when his kingly honour is called in question: it is his honour to hold up Christ's royal train, and to be an instrument to hold the crown

upon

Epist. 103. 204. L E T T E R S. 391
upon Christ's head. Shew him, because I love his true honour and standing, that this is my earnest desire for him. Now I bless you; and the prayers of Christ's prisoner come upon you: and his sweetest presence, whom ye serve in the spirit, accompany you.

Aberd. June 23.
1637.

*Yours at all obliged obedience in
Christ, S. R.*

To Mr. J O H N R O W.

Reverend and dear Brother;

I Received yours: I bless his high and great name, I like my sweet Master still the longer the better: A sight of his cross is more awfom, then the weight of it. I think the worst things of Christ, even his reproaches and his cross, (when I look on these nor with bleared eyes) far rather to be chosen, then the laughter & worm-eaten joys of my adversaries. Oh that they were as I am, except my bonds! My witness is above, my Ministry next to Christ, is dearest to me of any thing; but I lay it down at Christ's feet, for his glory and his honour as supreme Law-giver, which is dearer to me, *My dear Brother*, if ye will receive the testimony of a poor prisoner of Christ, who dare not now dissemble for the world, I believe certainly, & expect thanks from the Prince of the Kings of the earth, for my poor hazards (such as they are) for his honourable cause, whom I can never enough extol, for his running-over love to my sad soul, since I came hither. O that I could get him set on high & praised! I seek no more, as the top & root of my desires, but that Christ may make glory to himself, & edification to the weaker, out of my sufferings. I desire ye would help me both to pray and praise. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 8. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To the Lady C U L R O S S.

M A D A M;

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I am much refreshed with your letter, now at length come to me.

me. I find my Lord Jesus cometh not, in that precise way that I lay wait for him, he hath a *gate* of his own: O how high are his wayes above my wayes! I see but little of him: it is best not to offer to learn him a lesson, but to give him absolutely his own will, in coming, going, ebbing, flowing, and in the manner of his gracious working. I want nothing but a *back burthen* of Christ's love: I would go through hell, and the thick of the damned Devils, to have a hearty feast of Christ's love; for he hath fettered me with his love, and run away, & left me a chained man. Woe is me, that I was so loose, rash, vain and graceless, in my unbelieving thoughts of Christ's love: But what can a soul under a *non-entry* (when my *rights* were *wadset* and lost) do else, but make a false libel against Christ's love? I know your self, *Madam*, and many more, will be witnesses against me, if I repent not of my unbelief; for I have been seeking the *Pope's* wares, some hire for grace within myself. I have not learned, as I should do, to put my stock and all my treasure, in Christ's hand; but I would have a stock of mine own: and ere I was aware, I was taking hire to be the Law's advocate, to seek Justification by works. I forgot, that grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven, upon the heads of the glorified. And now I half-rejoyce, that I have sickness for Christ to work upon: since I must have wounds, well's my soul, I have a day's work for my Physician Christ: I hope to give Christ his own calling, it setteth him full well to cure diseases. My ebbings are very low, and the tide is far out, when my Beloved goeth away; and then I cry, Oh cruelty! to put out the poor man's one eye, and that, that was my joy, next to Christ, to preach my welbeloved; then I make a noise about Christ's house, looking uncouth-like in at his window, and casting my love and my desires over the wall, till God send better. I am often content, my bill lie in heaven, till the day of my departure, providing I had assurance, that mercy shall be written on the back of it: I would not care for outwaiting; but when I draw in a *tired* arm & an empty hand withal, it is much to me, to keep my thoughts in order; but I will.

will not get *a gate* for Christ's love, when I have done all I can. I would fain yield to his stream, & row with Christ, and not against him. But while I live, I see, that Christ's Kingdom in me will not be peaceable, so many thoughts in me rise up against his honour and kingly power. Surely, I have not expressed all his sweet kindness to me: I spare to do it, lest I be deemed to seek myself; but his breath hath smelled of the powder of the merchants, and of the King's spikenard; I think, I conceive new thoughts of heaven, because the *Card* & the *Map* of Heaven, that he letteth me now see, is so fair, and so sweet. I am sure, we are niggards and sparing bodies in seeking. I verily judge, we know not how much may be had in this life, there is yet something beyond all we see, that seeking would light upon. O that my love-sickness would put me to a business, when all the world are found sleeping, to cry & knock! But the truth is, since I came hither, I have been wondering, that after my importunity to have my fill of Christ's love, I have not gotten a real sign, but have come from him crying, *hunger, hunger*. I think, Christ letteth me see meat, in my extremity of hunger, and giveth me none of it: When I am near the apple, he draweth back his hand, & goeth away, to cause me follow: And again, when I am within an arm length to the apple, he maketh a new *break to the gate*, and I have him to seek of new: He seemeth not to pity my dwining and my swooning, for his love. I dare sometimes put my hunger over to him to be judged, if I would not buy him, with a thousand years in the hottest furnace in hell, so being I might enjoy him: But my hunger is fed with want and absence: I hunger and I have not, but my comfort is to lie and wait on, and to put my poor soul and my sufferings in Christ's hand: Let him make any thing out of me, so being he be glorified in my salvation; for I know, I am made for him: O that my Lord may win his own gracious end in me! I will not be at ease, while I but stand so far aback: O if I were near him and with him, that this poor soul might be satisfied with himself! Your son in law W. G. is now truly honoured for his Lord and Master's

Master's cause: when the Lord is fanning *Zion*, it is a good token, that he is a true branch of the vine, that the Lord beginneth first to dress him: He is strong in his Lord, as he hath written to me, and his wife is his encourager, which should make you rejoyce. For your son, who is your grief, your Lord waited on you and me, till we were ripe, and brought us in. It is your part to pray, and wait upon him: When he is ripe, he will be spoken for: who can command our Lord's wind to blow? I know it shall be your good in the latter end: That is one of your waters to heaven, ye could not go about it; there are the fewer behind. I remember you, and him, and yours, as I am able: But alas, I am believed to be something, & I am nothing but an empirie reed: Wants are my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ. Remember my dearest love to your Brother: I know, he pleads with his *barlotmother* for her Apostasie. I know also, ye are kind to my worthy Lady *Kennure*, a woman beloved of the Lord, who hath been very mindful of my bonds: The Lord give her and her child, to find mercy in the day of Christ. Great men are dry and cold in doing for me: the tinckling of chains for Christ affrighteth them; but let my Lord break all my idols, I will yet bless him. I am obliged to my Lord *Lorn*: I wish him mercy. Remember my bonds with praises, and pray for me, that my Lord may leaven the North, by my bonds and sufferings. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 9.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON Of Knockgray.

Dear Brother;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: There is no question but our *mother-church* hath a father, and that she shall not die without an heir, that her enemies shall not make mount *Zion* their *heritage*. We see, whither

soever

forever Zion's enemies go, suppose they dig many miles under the ground, yet our Lord findeth them out, & he hath vengeance laid up in store for them, & the poor & needy shall not alwayes be forgotten. Our hope was drouping & withering, & man was saying, *what can God make out of the old dry bones of this buried Kirk?* The Prelats and their followers were a grave above us: it is like our Lord is to open our graves, & purposeth to cause his two slain witnesses rise the third day. O how long wait I, to hear our weeping Lord Jesus sing again, & triumph, & rejoyce & divide the spoil! I find it hard work to believe, when the course of providence goeth cross-ways to our faith, & when misted souls in a dark night cannot know East by West, & our sea Compass seemeth to fail us. Every man is a believer in day-light. A fair day seemeth to be made all of faith & hope. What a trial of gold is it, to smoke it a little above the fire? But to keep gold perfect yellow-coloured amidst the flames, & to be turned from vessel to vessel, & yet to cause our furnace sound, & speak, & cry the praises of the Lord, is another matter. I know, my Lord made me not for fire, howbeit he hath fitted me in some measure for the fire. I bless his high name, that I wax not paler, neither have I lost the colour of gold, & that this fire hath made me somewhat thin, and that my Lord may pour me in any vessel he pleaseth: For a small *wager*, I may justly quit my part of this world's laughter, & give up with time, and cast out with the pleasures of this world. I know a man, who wondered to see any in this life laugh & sport: surely our Lord seeketh this of us, as to any rejoycing in present perishing things. I see above all things, and that we may sit down and fold legs & arms, & stretch our selves upon Christ, & laugh at the feathers, that children are chasing here: For I think the men of this world, like children in a dangerous storm in the sea, that play and make sport with the white foam of the waves thereof, coming in to sink and drown them; so are men making fool's sports, with the white pleasures of a stormy world, that will sink them. But alas! what have we to do with their sports that they make! If Solomon said of Laughter, that it was madness, what

what may we say of this world's laughing, & sporting themselves with gold, & silver, & honours, & court, & broad large conquests, but that they are poor souls, in the height and rage of a fever gone mad? Then a straw, a fig for all created sports and rejoycing out of Christ: Nay, I think, that this world at it's prime & perfection, when it is come to the top of it's excellency, & to the bloom, might be bought with an half penny; & that it would scarce weigh the worth of a drink of water: There is nothing better then to esteem it our crucified idol, that is dead & slain, as Paul did, Gal. 6. 14. Then let pleasures be crucified, & riches be crucified, & court & honour be crucified; and since the Apostle saith, the world is crucified to him, we may put this world to the hanged man's doom, and to the gallows: & who will give much for a hanged man? and as little should we give for a hanged and crucified world: Yet what a sweet smell hath this dead carrion, to many fools in the world! and how many wooers and suiters findeth this hanged carrion? Fools are pulling it off the gallows, and contending for it. O when shall we learn to be mortified men, & to have our fill of those things, that have but their short summer quarter of this life! If we saw our father's house, and that great and fair citie, the new Jerusalem, which is up above sun & moon, we would cry to be over the water, & to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberdi

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of
CARLETON.

Worthy Sir;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, & am heartily glad, that our Lord hath begun to work, for the apparent delivery of this poor oppressed Kirk: O that salvation would come for Zion! I am for the present hanging by hope, waiting what my Lord will do with me, and if it will please my sweet Master to send me

me

me amongst you again, and keep out a hireling from my poor people & flock. It were my heaven, till I come home, even to spend this life in gathering-in some to Christ. I have still great heaviness for my silence, and my forced standing idle in the market, when this land hath such a plentiful thick harvest; but I know, his judgments who hath done it, pass finding out: I have no knowledge to take up the Lord, in all his strange wayes and passages of deep and unsearchable providences; for the Lord is before me, and I am so be-misted, that I cannot follow him: He is behind me, and following at the heels, and I am not aware of him, he is above me; but his glory so dazleth my twilight of short knowledge, that I cannot look up to him: He is upon my right hand, and I see him not: He is upon my left hand, & within me, & goeth and cometh, and his going & coming are a dream to me: He is round about me, and compasseth all my goings, and still I have him to seek: He is every way higher and deeper & broader, then the shallow and ebb hand-breadth of my short and dim light can take up; and therefore I would my heart could be silent, and sit down in the learnedly-ignorant wondering at that Lord, whom men and Angels cannot comprehend. I know, the noon-day-light of the highest Angels, who see him face to face, see not the borders of his infiniteness: They apprehend God near hand, but they cannot comprehend him. And therefore it is my happiness, to look afar off, and to come near to the Lord's back parts, & to light my dark candle at his brightness, and to have leave to sit and content my self with a traveller's light, without the clear vision of an enjoyer. I would seek no more, till I were in my country, but a little watering and sprinkling of a withered soul, with some half-out-breakings and half-out-lookings of the beams, and small ravishing smiles of the fairest face of a revealed and believed-on Godhead: A little of God would make my soul bank-ful. O that I had but Christ's *odd of fullings*, that he would let but the meanest of his love-*rayes*, and love-beams, fall from him, so, as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to please with Christ, & veiled visions of Christ; neither would.

would I be *dainty* in seeing and enjoying of him. A kiss of Christ blown over his shoulder, the *parings* and crumbs of glory, that fall under his table in heaven, a shower like a thin Maymist of his love, would make me green and sappy and joyful, till the summer-sun of an eternal glory breakup. O that I had any thing of Christ! O that I had a *sip*, or half a drop, out of the hollow of Christ's hand, of the sweetness & excellency of that lovely One! O that my Lord Jesus would rue upon me, and give me but the meanest alms of felt and believed salvation! O how little were it for that infinite sea, that infinite fountain of love and joy, to fill as many thousand thousand little vessels the like of me, as there are minutes of hours since the creation of God! I find it true, that a poor soul finding half a smell of the Godhead of Christ, hath desires paining and wounding the poor heart so with longings to be up at him, that make it sometimes think, were it not better never to have felt any thing of Christ, then thus to lie dying twenty deaths, under these felt wounds, for the want of him! O *where is he*? O *fairest*, *Where dwellest thou*? O *never-enough admired God-head*? *How can clay win up to thee*? *How can creatures of yesterday be able to enjoy thee*? O what pain is it, that time & sin should be as so many thousand miles betwixt a loved and longed-for Lord, and a dwining and love-sick soul, who would rather then all the world have lodging with Christ! O let this bit love of ours, this inch and half span length of heavenly longing, meet with thy infinite love! O if the little I have were swallowed up, with the infiniteness of that excellency, which is in Christ! O that we little ones were in at the greatest Lord Jesus! our wants should soon be swallowed up with his fulness. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 10.
1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord.
Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON
Of Knockbren.

Dear Brother;

GRACE mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter from *Edenburgh*. I would not wish to see another heaven, while I get mine own heaven, but a new moon like the light of the sun, & a new sun like the light of seven days, shining upon my poor self, and the Church of *Jews & Gentiles*, and upon my withered and sun-burnt mother, the Church of *Scotland*, and upon her sister Churches *England & Ireland*; and to have this done, to the setting on high our great King: it maketh not, howbeit I were separate from Christ, and had a sense of ten thousand years pain in hell, if this were. O blessed Nobility, O glorious renowned Gentry, O blessed were the tribes in this land, to wipe my Lord Jesus's weeping face, and to take the sackcloth off Christ's loins, and to put his kingly robes upon him! O if the Almighty would take no less wager of me, then my heaven, to have it done! But my fears are still for wrath once upon *Scotland*: But I know her day shall clear up, and glory shall be upon the top of the mountains, and joy at the noise of the married wife, once again: O that our Lord would make us to contend and plead, and wrestle by prayers and tears; for our husband's restoring of his forfeited heritage in *Scotland*. Dear Brother, I am for the present in no small battel, betwixt felt guiltiness, and pining longings and high fevers for my welbeloved's love. Alas! I think Christ's love playeth the niggard to me, & I know, it is not for scarcity of love, there is enough in him; but my hunger prophesieth of in-holding & sparingness in Christ; for I have but little of him, and little of his sweetness: it is a dear summer with me; yet there is such joy, in the eagerness and working of hunger for Christ, that I am often at this, that if I had no other heaven, but a continual hunger for Christ, such a heaven of ever-working hunger, were still a heaven to me. I am sure, Christ's love cannot be cruel, it must be a rueing, a pitiful, a melting-hearted love: But suspension of that
love

love I think it half a hell, & the want of it more then a whole hell. When I look to my guiltiness, I see my salvation one of our Saviour's greatest miracles, either in heaven or earth: I am sure, I may desire any man to shew me a greater wonder: but seeing I have no wares, no hire, no money for Christ, he must either take me with want, misery, corruption; or then want me. O if he would be pleased, to be compassionat and pitiful-hearted, to my pining, fevers of longing for him; or then give me a real pawn to keep, out of his own hand, till God send a meeting betwixt him and me! But I find neither as yet: howbeit he who is absent be not cruel nor unkind; yet his absence is cruel and unkind: His love is like it self: his love is his love, but the covering and the cloud, the vail and the mask of his love, is more wise then kind, if I durst speak my apprehensions. I lead no process now against the suspension and delay of God's love: I would with all my heart *frist* till a day ten heavens, and the sweet manifestations of his love. Certainly I think, I could give Christ much on his word: But my whole pleading is about intimated and born in assurance of his love. O! if he would perswade me of my heart's desire of his love at all, he should have the term-day of payment at his own carving: But I know, raving unbelief speaketh it's pleasure, while it looketh upon guiltiness and this body of corruption. Ohow loathsome and burdensome is it to carry about a dead corps, this old carrion of corruption? O how steadable a thing is a Saviour, to make a sinner rid of his chains & fetters! I have now made a new question, Whether Christ be more to be loved for giving Sanctification, or for free Justification? And I hold he is more and most to be loved for Sanctification: it is in some respect greater love in him, to sanctifie then to justifie; for he maketh us most like himself, in his own essential pourtraiture and image, in sanctifying us: Justification doth but make us happy, which is to be like the Angels only: Neither is it such a misery, to lie a condemned man, and under unforgiven guiltiness, as to serve sin, and work the works of the Devil; and therefore, I think Sanctification cannot be bought,

bought, it's above price; God be thanked forever, that Christ was a sold-down price for Sanctification: Let a sinner (if possible) lie in hell forever, if he make him truly holy, & let him lie there burning in love to God, rejoicing in the Holy Ghost, hanging upon Christ by faith & hope; that is heaven in the heart & bottom of hell, Alas! I find a very thin harvest here, & sow to be saved. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his lovely and longed-
for Lord Iesus, S. R.*

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord;

I Perswade my self, notwithstanding of the greatness of this temptation, ye will not let Christ want a witness of you, to avow him before this evil generation. And if ye advise with God's truth, (the perfect testament of Christ, that forbiddeth all mens additions to his worship,) & with the truly learned, & with all the sanctified in this land, & with that warner within you, (that will not fail to speak against you, in God's time, if ye be not now fast & fixed for Christ) I hope then, your Lo: will acquit your self, as a man of courage for Christ, & refuse to bow your knee superstitiously & idolatrously to wood or stone, or any creature whatsoever. I perswade my self, when ye shall take good-night at this world, ye shall think it God's truth I now write. Some fear your Lo: have obliged your self to his *Maj:* by promise to satisfy his desire: if it be so, *my dear and worthy Lord*, hear me for your soul's good. Think upon swimming ashore after this shipwrak, & be pleased to write your humble Apologie to his Majestie; it may be God give you favour in his eyes: However it be, far be it from you to think, a promise made out of weakness, & extorted by the terror of a King, should bind you to wrong your Lord Iesus. But for my self, I give no faith to that report, but I believe ye shall prove fast to Christ: To his grace I recommend you.

Ab. July 8. 1637. Your Lo: at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To

To my Lord

C R A I G H A L L.

My Lord;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: I am not only content, but I exceedingly rejoyce, that I find any of the Rulers of this Land, and especially your Lo: so to affect Christ and his truth, as ye dare for his name, come to *yea & nay* with Monarchs in their face. I hope, he who hath enabled you for that, will give more, if ye shew your self courageous, and as his word speaketh, *a man in the streets* for the Lord: But I pray your Lo: give me leave to be plain with you, as one who loveth both your honour and your soul. I verily believe, there was never Idolatry at *Rome*, never Idolatry condemned in God's word by the Prophets, if religious kneeling before a consecrate creature, standing in room of Christ crucified, in that very act, & that for reverence of the Elements (as our Act cleareth) be not Idolatry. Neither will your intention help, which is not of the essence of Worship: for then *Aaron* saying, *To morrow shall be a feast for Jehovah*, that is, for the golden Calf, should not have been guilty of Idolatry; for he intended only to decline the lash of the peoples fury, not to honour the Calf: Your intention to honour Christ is nothing, seeing religious kneeling by God's institution doth necessarily import religious and divine adoration, suppose our intention were both dead and sleeping: Otherwise kneeling before the Image of God, directing prayer to God, were lawful, if our intention go right. *My Lord*, I cannot in this bounds dispute, but if *Cambridge & Oxford*, & the learning of *Brittain*, will answer this argument, and the argument from *active scandal*, which your Lo: seemeth to stand upon, I will turn a formalist, and call my self an *arrant fool*, by doing what I have done, in my suffering for this truth. I do much reverence *Mr. L's* learning, but *my Lord*, I will answer what he writes in that, to pervert you from the truth, else repute me, beside an hypocrite, an *ass* also; & I hope ye shall see something upon that subject, if the Lord permit, that no sophistry in *Brittain* shall answer.

Cour-

Courtiers arguments, for the most part, are drawn from their own skin, and are not worth a straw, for your conscience. A Marquess or a Kings word, when ye stand before Christ's tribunal, shall be lighter then wind. The Lord knoweth, I love your true honour, and the standing of your house; but I would not, your honour or house were established upon sand, and hay and stubble. But let me, *my very dear and worthy Lord*, most humbly beseech you, by the mercies of God, by the consolations of his Spirit, by the dear blood and wounds of your lovely Redeemer, by the salvation of your soul, by your comppearance before the awful face of a sin-revenging & dreadful Judge, not to set in comparison together your soul's peace, Christ's love and his Kingly honour, now called in question, with your place, honour, house, or ease, that an inch of time will make out of the way. I verily believe, Christ is now begging a testimony of you; and is saying, *And will ye also leave me?* It is possible, the wind shall not blow so fair for you all your life, for coming out and appearing before others, to back and countenance Christ, the fairest among the sons of men, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, *Isa. 51. 7. Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings, v. 2. For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool.* When the Lord shall begin, he shall make an end, and mow down his adversaries, and they shall lie before him like withered hay, and their bloom shaken off them. Consider how many thousands in this Kingdom ye shall cause to fall & stumble, if ye go with them; & that ye shall be out of the prayers of many, who do stand before the Lord for you and your house: and further, when the time of your accounts cometh, and your one foot shall be within the border of eternity, and the eye-strings shall break, & the face wax pale, & the poor soul shall look out at the windows of the house of clay, longing to be out, & ye shall find your self arraigned before the Judge of quick & dead, to answer for the putting to your hand with the rest, confederate against Christ, to the overturning of his Ark, & the loosing of the pins of Christ's tabernacle in this land, and shall certainly see your self

mired in a course of Apostacy, then, then a King's fa-
 vour, and your worm-eaten honour shall be miserable
 comforters to you. The Lord hath enlightened you with
 the knowledge of his will: and as the Lord liveth, they
 lead you and others to a communion with great Babel, the
mother of fornications: & God said of old, and continues to
 say the same to you, *Come out of her my people, lest ye be par-
 takers of her plagues*: will ye then go with them, and set
 your lip to the whore's golden cup, and drink of the
 wine of the wrath of God Almighty with them? O poor
 hungry honour! O cursed pleasures! And O damnable
 ease, bought with the loss of God! How many shall pray
 for you! What a sweet presence shall ye find of Christ
 under your sufferings, if ye shall lay down your honour
 and place at the feet of Christ! What a fair recompence
 of reward! I avouch before the Lord, that I am now
 shewing you a way, how the house of *Craigball* may stand
 on sure pillars: if ye will set it on rotten pillars, ye
 cruelly wrong your posterity; Ye have the word of a
 King, for an hundred fold more in this life, (if it be good
 for you,) and for life everlasting also: Make not Christ
 a liar, in distrustful his promise. Kings of clay cannot
 back you when ye stand before him: a straw for them
 and their hungry heaven, that standeth on this side of
 time: a fig for the dayes smile of a worm. Consider
 who have gone before you to eternity, and would have
 given a world for a new occasion of avouching that truth:
 its true, they call it not *substantial*, and we are made a scorn
 to those that are at ease, for suffering these things for it; but
 it is not time to judge of our losses by the morning, stay till
 the evening, and we shall come with the best of them. I
 have found by experience, since the time of my impris-
 onment, (my witness is above) Christ sealing this ho-
 nourable cause, with another and a nearer fellowship,
 then ever I knew before, and let God weigh me in an
 even-balance in this, if I would exchange the cross of
 Christ or his truth, with the fourteen *Prelacies*, or what
 else a King can give. *My dear Lord*, venture to take the
 wind on your face for Christ: I believe, if he should
 come from heaven in his own person, and seek the char-
 acters

ters of *Craigball* from you, and a dimission of your place, and ye saw his face, ye would fall down at his feet, and say, *Lord Iesus, it is too little for thee.* If any man think it not a truth to die for, I am against him: I dare go to eternity with it, that this day the honour of our royal Law-giver and King, in the Government of his own free Kingdom (who should pay tribute to no dying King) is the true state of the question. *My Lord*, be ye upon Christ's side of it, and take the word of a poor prisoner, may the Lord Iesus be surety for it, ye have incomparably made the wisest choice: for my own part, I have been in this prison, that I would be half ashamed to seek more, till I be up at the well-head. Few know in this world the sweetness of Christ's breath, the excellency of his love, which hath neither brim nor bottom: the world hath raised a slander upon the cross of Christ, because they love to go to heaven by dry land, & love not sea-storms: But I write it under my hand (& would say more, if possibly a reader would not deem it hypocritic.) My obligation to Christ for the smell of his garments, for his love-kisses, these thirty weeks, standeth so great, that I should, and I desire also to chuse to suspend my salvation, to have many tongues loosed in my behalf to praise him: & suppose in person I never entered within the gates of the new *Jerusalem*; yet so being Christ may be set on high, and I had the liberty, to cast my love and praises forever over the wall to Christ, I would be silent and content. But O he is more than my narrow praises! O time, time, flee swiftly, that our communion with Iesus may be perfected. I with your Lo: would urge Mr. L. to give his mind in the Ceremonies, and be pleased to let me see it, as quickly as can be, and it shall be answered. To his rich grace I recommend your Lo: & shall remain.

Aberd. Juny 2.

1657.

*Yours at all respective obedience
in Christ, S. R.*

To the Lady CULROSS.

M A D A M;

YOur letter came in due time to me, now a prisoner of Christ, and in bonds for the Gospel: I am sentenced with deprivation, and confinement within the town of *Aberdeen*: but Oh my guiltiness, the follies of my youth, the neglects in my calling, & especially in not speaking more for the Kingdom, crown & scepter of my royal and princely King Jesus, do so stare me in the face, that I apprehend anger in that, which is a crown of rejoicing to the dear saints of God! This, before my compearance (which was three several dayes) did trouble me, and burdeneth me more now; howbeit Christ, & in him, God reconciled, met me with open arms, & *trysted* me, precisely at the entry of the door of the *Chancellour's* hall, and assisted me to answer so, as the advantage that is, is not their's but Christ's. Alas! That is no cause of wondering, that I am thus born down with challenges; for the world hath mistaken me, and no man knoweth, what guiltiness is in me, so well as these two; (who keep my eyes now waking and my heart heavie) I mean, my Heart and Conscience, & my Lord, who is greater then my Heart. Shew your brother, that I desire him, while he is on the watch-tower, to plead with his mother, and to plead with this land, & spare not to cry, for my sweet Lord Jesus his fair crown, that the *interdited & forbidden Lords* are plucking off his royal head. If I were free of challenges & a *High Commission*, within my soul, I would not give a straw to go to my father's house, through ten deaths, for the truth & cause of my lovely, lovely one, *Jesus*. But I walk in heaviness now. If ye love me & Christ in me, my dear Lady; pray, pray for this only, that by-gones betwixt my Lord & me may be by-gones; & that he would pass from the *summonds of his High Commission*, & seek nothing from me, but what he will do for me & work in me. If your La: knew me as I do my self, ye would say, *Poor soul, no marvel*. It is not my apprehension, that createth this cross to me, it is too real, and hath sad and certain

certain grounds. But I will not believe, that God will take this advantage of me, when my back is at the wall; He who forbiddeth to add affliction to afflictions, will he do it himself? Why should he pursue a dry leaf & stubble? Desire him to spare me now, Also the memory of the faire feast dayes, that Christ and I had, in his banquetting house of wine, and the scattered flock, once committed to me, and now taken off my hand by himself, because I was not so faithful in the end, as I was in the first two years of my entry, when sleep departed from my eyes, because my soul was taken up with a care for Christ's lambs, even these add sorrow to my sorrow. Now my Lord has only given me this to say, & I write it under mine own hand, (be ye the Lord's servant's witness) *Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ: welcome fair, fair lovely, royal King with thine own cross: Ere us all thre go to heaved together.* Neither care I much to go from the South of Scotland to the North, & to be Christ's prisoner amongst uncouth faces, a place of this Kingdom, which I have little reason to be in love with. I know, Christ shall make *Aberdeen* my garden of delights. I am fully perswaded, that Scotland shall ear *Ezekiel's* book, that is written within & without. *Levitation and mourning and weep*, *Ezek. 1. 10.* But the saints shall get a drink of the well that goeth through the streets of the new *Jerusalem*, to put it down. Thus hoping ye will think upon the poor prisoner of Christ, I pray, Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. July 10.

Yours La: in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

ALEXANDER GORDON
Of Harlestown

Much honoured Sir,

I find small hopes of Q's business. I intend after the Council day, to go on to Aberdeen: The Lord is with me, I care not what man can do. I burden no man, & I want nothing: No King is better provided, then I am: Sweet, sweet and easie is the cross of my Lord; All men I look in the face [of what soever rank, Nobles & poor,

acquaintance and strangers] are friendly to me. My welbelov'd is some kinder and more warmly then ordinary, and cometh and visiteth my soul: My chains are overgilded with gold. Only the remembrance of my fair dayes with Christ in *Swiss*, and of my dear flock [whose case is my heart's sorrow] is vinegar to my sugar'd wine; yet both sweet and lowre feed my soul: No pen, no words, no ingine can expresse to you, the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste, making for my palace at *Aberdeen*, I bless you, your wife, your eldest son and other children. Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. Sept. 5.

Yours in his only, only Lord

1636.

Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON

of Knockbrex.

My dearest Brother;

I See, Christ thinketh shame [if I may speak to *John* in such a poor man's *garment*, as mine. I burden no man; I want nothing; no sick hath gloomed upon me, since I left you: God's sun and fair weather conveyeth me to my time. *Paradise in Aberdeen*, Christ hath so handsomely fitted for my shoulders this rough tree of the cross, as that it hurteth me no wayes. My measure is up in Christ's coffers: my comforts are greater then ye can believe: my pen shall lie for penury of words to write of them. God knoweth, I am filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost. Only the memory of you, my dearest in the Lord, my flock and others, keepeth me under, and from being exalted above measure: Christ's sweet grace hath this lowre mixed with it; but O such a sweet and pleasant! I find small hopes of *Q. mantes*. Thus in haste. Remember me to your wife, and to *William Gordon*. Grace be with you.

Edinb. Sept. 5.

Yours in his only, only Lord

1636.

Jesus, S. R.

To

To my Lord

L O W D O U N.

Right honourable & my very worthy Lord,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: Hearing of your Lo: zeal and courage for Christ our Lord, in owning his honourable cause, I am bold (and I plead pardon for it) to speak in paper by a line or two to your Lo: (since I have no access any other way) beseeching your Lo: by the mercies of God, and by the everlasting peace of your soul; and by the tears and prayers of our mother-Church, to go on, as ye have worthily begun, in purging of the Lord's house in this land, and plucking down the *icks* of *Antichrist's* filthy nest, this wretched *Prelacy*, & that black Kingdom, whose wicked aims have ever been, and still are, to make this far world the only Compass, they would have Christ and Religion to sail by, and to mount up the *Mass* as *their god*, *father the Pope of Rome*, upon the highest stairs of Christ's throne, and to make a *mother-Church*, (in regard of Parliament grandour and worldly pomp, whereof alwayes their stinking breath swelleth) and to put Christ and truth in sackcloth and prison, and to eat the bread of adversity and drink the water of affliction: Half an eye of any, not misted with the darkness of *Antichristian* smoke, may see it thus in this land: and now our Lord hath begun, to awaken the Nobles and others, to plead for born down Christ and his weeping Gospel: My dear and noble Lord, the eye of Christ is upon you: the eyes of many people, many holy, many learned and worthy men, in our neighbour Churches about are upon you: This poor Church, your mother and Christ's spouse, is holding up her hands and heart to God for you, and doth beseech you with tears, to plead for her husband, his Kingly Scepter, and for the liberties that her Lord and King hath given to her, as to a free Kingdom, that oweeth spiritual tribute to none on earth, as being the first-born Princess and daughter to the King of Kings: This is a Cause that before God, his Angels, the World, before Sun and Moon, needeth not to blush. O what glory and unspeakable honour is it, to lend

Christ

Christ your hand & service, & to be amongst the repairers of the breaches of Zion's walls, & to help to build the old waste places, and stretch forth the curtains, & strengthen the stakes of Christ's tent, in this land! O blessed are they, who, when Christ is driven away, will bring him back again, and lend him lodging! And blessed are ye of the Lord, your name & honour shall never rot or wither, in heaven (at least,) if ye deliver the Lord's sheep, that have been scattered in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of strange Lords & hirelings, who with rigour & cruelty, have caused them to eat the pastures trodden upon with their foul feet, and to drink muddy water, and who have spun out such a world of yards of Indifferencies in God's Worship, to make and weave a web for the *Antichrist* (that shall not keep any from the cold) as they mind nothing else, but that by the bringing in of the *Pope's* foul tail first upon us, (their wretched and beggerly Ceremonies) they may thrust in after them, the *Antichrist's* legs & thighs, and his belly, head & shoulders; and then cry down Christ and the Gospel, and up the merchandise & wares of the great whore. Fear not, my worthy Lord, to give your self and all ye have, out for Christ and his Gospel: No man dare say; who ever did thus hazard for Christ, that Christ paid him not his hundred fold in this life, duly, and in the life to come, life everlasting. This is his own truth, yet now plead for, for God and man cannot but commend you, to be just, from a just Prince for oppressed Christ; indeed plead that Christ, who is the King's Lord, may be heard in a free court to speak for himself, when the shuffling and established Laws of our nation can strongly plead for Christ's crown in the pulpit, and his chair as Law-giver in the free Government of his own house. But Christ shall never be content & pleased with this land, neither shall his hot fiery indignation be turned away, so long as the Prelate, (the man that lay in *Antichrist's* foul womb, and the *Antichrist's* Lord Bawdy) shall sit Lord & raven, in the Lord Jesus's court. The Prelate is both the eye and the nose to *beck* & bring forth *Papery*: Dread therefore in Christ's behalf, for the plucking down of the nest, & Gouling of the

of puttempringeases and sharp trials. I verily believe,
 [and so shall prove in me say so less] that if our Lord
 would grind our whorish lust in powder, the very old
 althes of our Corruption should take life again, and live,
 and hold us under so much bondage, that may humble
 us, and make us sad, till we be in that country, where
 we shall need no Physick at all. O what violent means
 doth our Lord use to gain unto him, as if indeed we were
 a prisoner of his fighting force! And be sure, if indeed
 would do the gain, he would not use pulling of hairs
 to bring us. But he is so full of grace, and full of our
 Lord's righteousness, that we follow him. Yet I say not
 this, as a man that is full of confidence, as if I were by
 many other things, as if I were to the gain, whether of
 our guiltiness, and hence, he doth in many, and possibly
 in you, seek nothing so much as faith, that can endure
 summer, and winter, and heat, and cold. O how pretious
 to the Lord is faith, and love, that when the Lord doth
 and chafed away, and brought forth water, by God's
 will, doth you look again like a loved one, kind, and
 still feel the better over to Christ, and would be in a
 hurry, all over with it, as it may be. Think not much, that
 you are dead, at the death to you in the world, pro-
 veth to have the bowels and mercy of the Father, that is
 and righteous and cruel: For Psal. 27. 10. The Lord
 taketh up such fallowes, as these. I could not wish a
 more sweet life, nor more satisfying expressions of kind-
 ness, till I be up at that Prince of kindness, then the
 Lord's saints find, when the Lord taketh up mens refuse,
 and lodgeth this world's out-laws, whom no man
 seeketh after. His breath is never so hot, his love casteth
 never such a flame, as when this world, and
 those who should be the helpers of our joy, cast water on
 our coal. It is a sweet thing to see them cast out, and God
 take in, and to see them throw us away, as the refuse of
 men, and God take us up as his jewels and his treasures.
 Often he maketh gold of dross, as once he made the east-
 away floor, the stone rejected by the builders, the head
 of the corner. The Princes of this world would not have
 our Lord Jesus a pinning in the wall, us to have any
 place

SECOND PART.

Some letters of the same Author, from *Am-
work*, before his confinement at *Aberdeen*; and
others from *St. Andrews, London, &c.*
after his enlargement.

To the Friends of *KEN MURRE*.

M. A. D. A. M.

With dutiful obedience to the Lord remem-
bered: I have heard of your last infirmity &
sickness, with grief, yet trust ye have learn-
ed to say, *It is the Lord; his will is tak-
en; never seemeth good in his eyes.* It is now many
years since the Apostate Angels made a question, whether
their will or the will of their Creatore should be done, &
since that time, froward mankind hath alwayes in that
same suite of Law compar'd, to plead with them against
God, in dayly repining against his will: but the Lord
being both party and Judge, hath obtained a *verdict*,
and saith, *I sa. 46. 10. My counsel shall stand, and I will
do all my pleasure.* It is then best for us, in the obe-
dience of faith, and in an holy submission, to give that
to God; which the Law of his almighty and just power
will have of us. Therefore, *Adieu*; your Lord willeth
you in all states of life, to say, *Thy will be done in earth
as it is in heaven*; and herein shall ye have comfort, that
he, who seeth perfectly through all your evils, and
knoweth the frame and constitution of your nature, and
what is most healthful for your soul, holdeth every cup
of affliction to your head, with his own gracious hand.

Never

Never believe, that your tender hearted Saviour, who knoweth the strength of your stomach, will mix that cup with one draught weight of poison. Drink then with the patience of the saints: & the God of patience bless your Physick. I have heard your Lamentation of deadness, & want of the bestirring power of the life of God, but courage, he who walked in the garden, & made a noise, that made Adam hear his voice, will also as sometimes walk in your soul, and make you hear a more sweet word: Yet ye will not alwayes heare the noise. And the din of his feet, when he walketh: Ye are as fish, & time like Jacob mourning at the supposed death of Joseph, which Joseph was living. The new creature, the image of the celestial Adam, is living in you: yet ye are mourning at the supposed death of the life of Christ in you. Ephraim is bemoaning & mourning, *Jer. 31. 18.* When he thinketh, God is far off & heareth not: & yet God is like the Bridegroom, *Can. 2.* standing only behind a thin wall, & laying to his ear, as for he saith himself, *Jer. 18.* *I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.* I have good confidence, *Mark.* that Christ Jesus, whom your soul through forests & mountains is seeking, is within you: And yet I speak not this, to lay a pillow under your head, or to disswade you from an holy fear of the loss of your Christ, or of provoking & stirring up the beloved before he please, by sin. I know, in spiritual confidence, the Devil will come in, as in all other good works, & cry, *hail mine*; and so endeavour to bring you under a fearful sleep, till he whom your soul loveth be departed from the door, and have left off knocking: & therefore, here the Spirit of God must hold your souls feet in the golden mid-line, betwix confident resting in the arms of Christ, and presumptuous & drowsie sleeping in the bed of fleshly security. Therefore, worthy Lady, to count little of your self, because of your own wretchedness and sinful drowsiness, that ye count not also little of God, in the course of his unchangeable mercy: For there be many Christians, most like unto young sailers, who think the shore & the whole land doth moye, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so, yet a few do imagin, that God moves, &

saileth and changeth places; because their giddy souls are
 under sail, & subject to alteration: *swimming & blowing*;
 but the foundation of the Lord abideth firm. God knoweth
 that ye are his own: *Wrestle, fight, go forward, watch,*
fear, believe, pray; & when ye have all the infallible symp-
 toms of one of the elect of Christ within you: We have
 now, *Mulan*, a sickness before you: & also after it, a
 death; gather then now food for the journey. God give
 you eyes to see through sickness & death, & to see some-
 thing beyond death. I doubt not, but if hell were betwixt
 you & Christ; as a river, which ye behoved to cross, etc
 ye could come to him, but ye would willingly pass your
 foot & make theough, to be at him; upon hope that he
 would come in himself, in the deepest of the river, and
 lend you his hand. Now I believe, your hell is dried up,
 & ye have only these two shallow brooks, *Sickness &*
Death, to pass through; & ye have also a promise, that
 Christ shall do more then meet you, even that he shall
 come himself, & go with you *foot for foot, yea & bear you*
in his arms. O then! O then, for the joy that is in before
 you. For the love of the Man, (who is also God over all,
blessed for ever;) that is standing upon the shore to wel-
 come you, run your race with patience. The Lord go
 with you. Your Lord will not have you; not any of his
 servants, to exchange for the wife. Death in it self
 includeth both the death of the soul, & the death of the
 body; but to God's children the bounds & the limits of
 death are abridged, & drawn into a more narrow com-
 pass: So that when ye die, a piece of death shall only seise
 upon you, or the least part of you shall die, & that is the
 dissolution of the body; for in Christ ye are delivered
 from the second death: & therefore, as one born of God,
 commit not sin; (although ye cannot live & not sin) &
 that serpent shall but ere your earthly paye. As for your
 soul, it is above the law of Death: But it is fearful and
 dangerous, to be a debtor and servant to sin; for the count
 of sin ye will not be able to make good before God, ex-
 cept Christ both count & pay for you. I trust also, *Mu-*
lan, that ye will be careful, to present to the Lord the
 present state of this decaying Kirk: For, what shall he

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concluded in Parliament avert her, the Lord knoweth: sure I am, the decree of a most faithful Parliament in heaven, is at the very point of coming forth: because of the sins of the land. For, We have sinned against the law of the Lord, and despised his words of the holy one of Israel. Isa. 53. 24. And now it is turned away backward, and justice stands as an off, truth is fallen in the streets: & equity cannot enter. Isa. 59. 14. Lo the prophet, as if he had seen us & our Kirk, resembling justice to be handled as an enemy, holden out at the ports of our city, & as the banished, and Truth as a person, sickly and diseased, fallen down in a deadly swooning fit, in the streets, before he can come to an house. The Priests have caused many to stumble at the Lame. Or have corrupted the Covenant of David. Mal. 2. 8. But what will they do in the end? &c. 5. 25. Therefore give the Lord no rest for Zion. Stir up your husband, your brother, and all with whom ye are in favour and credit, to stand upon the Lord's side against Babel. I have good hope, your husband loveth the peace and prosperity of Zion. The peace of God be upon him, for his intended courtesie, unto the establishment of a powerful Ministry in this land. Thus not willing to weary your La: further, I commend you now and always, to the grace & mercy of our God, who is able to keep you, that ye fall not. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Adieu, July 27. Your La: forever at all idolatrous obedience in Christ, S. R.

To the Pariboners of
K I L M A C O L M E

Worthy & wellbeloved in Christ Jesus our Lord,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: Your letters could not come to my hand in a greater throng of business, then I am now pressed with at this time, when our Kirk requireth the publick help of us all, yet I cannot but answer the heads of both your letters, with provision that ye chuse, after this, a fitter time for writing. I would not have you pitch upon me, as the man able by letters to answer doubts of this kind, while there are in your

your bounds; men of such great parts, most able for this work. I know, the best are unable; yet is pleasure that Spirit of Jesus to blow his sweet wind through a pipe as sick, that the empty reed may keep no glory to itself, but a Minister can make no such wind as this to blow, he is scarce able to lend it a passage to blow through him. Know that the wind of this Spirit hath a time, when it bloweth sharp, and pierceth so strongly, that it would blow through an iron door, and this is commonly at times under suffering for Christ, then at any other time. Sick children get of Christ's pleasure things, to play them withal, because Jesus is most tender of the sufferers; for he was a sufferer himself. O if I had but the *leviing* and the drawing of the by-board of a sufferers table! But I leave this to answer yours. First, ye write that God's vows are lying on you, and security strong, and God's nature; stealing on you who are weak. I answer, Till we be in heaven, the best have heavy heads, as it is evident, Cant. 5. 1. Psal. 137. 6. Job 29. 18. Math. 26. 41. Nature is a sluggard, and loveth not the labour of religion: Therefore rest should not be taken, till we know the disease be over, and in the way of turning, and that it is like a fever past the cool. And the quietness, and the calm of the faith of victory over corruption, would be entertained in place of security; so that if I sleep, I would desire to sleep faith's sleep, in Christ's bosom. 2. Know also, none that sleep sound can seriously complain of sleepiness; sorrow for a slumbering soul is a token of some watchfulness of spirit. But this is soon turned into wantonness, (as grace in us too often is abused) therefore our waking must be watched over, else sleep will even grow out of watching; and there is as much need to watch over grace, as to watch over sin: full men will soon sleep, and sooner than hungry men; For your weakness to keep off security, is as like a thief stealth upon you; I would say two things: 1. To want complaints of weakness, is for heaven, and Angels that never sinned, and for Christians, in Christ's camp on earth. I think our weakness maketh us the Church of the redeemed ones, and Christ's field that the Mediator should labour in. If there were no diseases on earth, there

needed no Physicians on earth. If Christ had cried down weakness, he might have cried down his own calling: but weakness is our Mediator's world: Sin is Christ's only; only fair & market: no man should rejoyce at weakness and diseases, but I think, we may have a sort of gladness at boils and sores, because without them, Christ's fingers, as a slain Lord, should never have touched our skin. I dare not thank my self, but I dare thank God's depth of wise Providence, that I have an errand in me, while I live, for Christ to come and visit me, & bring with him his drugs and his balm. Oh how sweet is it, for a sinner to put his weakness in Christ's strengthening hand, and to father a sick soul upon such a Physician, and to lay weakness before him, to weep upon him, & to plead, & pray! weakness can speak & cry, when we have not a tongue. Ezek. 16. 6. *And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live.* The Kirk could not speak one word to Chr. then, but blood & guiltiness out of measure spake, & drew out of Christ pity, & a word of life & love. 2. For weakness, we have it, that we may employ Christ's strength because of our weakness: Weakness is to make us the strongest things, that is, when having no strength of our own, we are carried upon Christ's shoulders, & walk (as it were) upon his legs: if our sinful weakness swell up to the clouds, Christ's strength will swell up to the sun, and far above the heaven of heavens. 3. Ye tell me, that there is need of counsel for strengthening of new beginners: I can say little to that, who am not well begun myself: But I know, how new beginnings are nourished by him, even by lovely Jesus, who never yet put out a poor man's dim candle; who is wrestling betwixt light and darkness: I am sure, if new beginners would urge themselves upon Christ, and press their souls upon him, & importune him for a draught of his sweet love, they could not come wrong to Christ: Come once in upon the sight, sick and sorrowful lovely Lord, and I desire you to press of him again: If any beginners fall off Christ again, & miss him, they never lighted upon Christ as Christ, it was but an idol; first Jesus: they seek for him. 4. Whereas ye complain of a dead Ministry in your bounds, ye

are to remember, that the Bible among you is the contract of Marriage, & the manner of Christ's conveying his love to your heart, is not so absolutely dependent upon even lively preaching, as that there is no conversion at all, no life of God, but that, that is tied to a man's lips: The daughters of *Jerusalem* have done often that, which the watchmen could not do: Make Christ your Minister, he can woo a soul at a *dike side* in the field; he needeth not us, howbeit the flock be obliged to seek him in the shepherds coats. Hunger of Christ's making may thrive, even under stewards, who mind not the feeding of the flock. O blessed soul, that can leap over a man, and look above a pulpit up to Christ, who can preach home to the heart, howbeit we were all dead and rotten! 4. So to complain of your self as to justify God, is right, providing ye justify his Spirit in your self; for men seldom advocate against Satan's work and sin, in themselves, but against Gods work in themselves: Some of the people of God slander God's grace in their souls, as some wretches use to do, who complain and murmur of want, I have nothing, (I say they) all is gone; the ground yieldeth but weeds and *windestrow*; whereas their far harvest, and their money on bank maketh them liars. But for my self, & his? I think it is not my sin, I have scarce wit to sin this sin. But I advise you, to speak good of Christ; for his beauty and sweetness; and speak good of him, for his grace to yourselves. 5. Light remaineth, ye say, but ye cannot stand so painfullly: See if this complaint be not booked in the *New Testament*, and the place *Rom. 7. 18.* is like this; *It will is present with me, I desire to perform that which is good; I know not.* But every one hath not *Paul's* spirit in complaining: For often it is, complaining is but an humble backbiting and stabbings of Christ's new work in the soul. But for the master of the complaint, I would say: The light of glory is perfectly obeyed in loving, and praising and rejoicing; and resting in a seen and known Lord; but this light is not hereaway in any clay body; for while we are here, light is in the most part broader and longer, then but narrow and feeble obedience. But if there be light with a sinner

train and a great back, I mean, armies of challenging thoughts, and sorrow for coming short of performance, in what we know and see ought to be performed, then that sorrow for not doing is accepted of our Lord for doing: Our honest sorrow and sincere aims, together with Christ's intercession, pleading that God would welcome that which we have, and forgive what we have not, must be our life, till we be over the bound-reef, and in the other countrey, where the law will get a perfect soul. 6. In Christ's absence, there is (as ye write) a willingness to use means, but heaviness after the use of them, because of formal and slight performance. In Christ's absence, I confess, the work lieth behind: but if ye mean absence of comfort, and absence of sense of his sweet presence, I think that absence is Christ's trying of us, not simply our sin against him: Therefore, howbeit our Obedience then be not sugared and sweetened with joy (which is the sweet meat *honor* would still be at) yet the less sense, and the more willingness in obeying, the less formality in our obedience, howbeit we think not so, for I believe, many think obedience formal & lifeless, except the wind be fair in the West, and sails filled with joy & sense, till souls, like a ship fair before the wind, can spread no more sail; but I am not of their mind, who think so. But if ye mean by absence of Christ, the withdrawing of his working grace, I see not how willingness to use means can be at all under such an absence: Therefore, be humbled for heaviness in that obedience, and thankful for willingness: for the Bridegroom is busking his Spouse oftentimes, while she is half sleeping, & your Lord is working & helping more then ye see. Also I recommend to you heaviness for formality, & for lifeless deadness in obedience: be casten down, as much as ye will or can, for deadness, & challenge that flow & dull carcase of sin, that will neither lead nor drive, in your spiritual obedience. O how sweet to lovely Jesus are bills and grievances, given in against corruption and the body of sin! I would have Christ, in such a case *farbed* (if I may speak so) *deaved* with our cries, as ye see the Apostle doth, *Rom. 7. 24. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver*

deliver me from the body of this death! Protestations against the law of sin in you, are law grounds, why sin can have no law against you: Seek so have your Protestation dis-
 fessed & judged, & then shall ye find Christ on your side of it. 7. Ye hold that Christ must either have hearty service, or no service at all: if ye mean, he will not halt a heart, or have feigned service, such as the hypocrites give him, I grant you that: Christ must have honesty or nothing: But if ye mean, he will have no service at all, where the heart draws back in any measure, I would not that were true, for my part of heaven, & all that I am worth in the world: If ye mind to walk to heaven, without a cramp or a crook, I fear ye must go your alone: He knows our drofs & defects, and sweet Jesus pitieth us, when weakness and deadness in our obedience is our cross, and not our darling. 8. The liar (as ye write) challengeth the work as formal; yet ye bless your cautioner for the ground-work he hath laid, and dare not say, but ye have assurance, in some measure. To this I say, 1. I shall be no fault, to save Satan's labour, & challenge it your self, or at least examin and censure; but beware of Satan's ends in challenging, for he minded to put Christ and you at odds. 2. Welcome home faith in Jesus, who waltherh still, when we have defiled our souls, and made our selves loathsom, and seek still the blood of atonement to faults little or meekle. Know the gate to the well, and lie a-bout it. 3. Make meekle of assurance, for it keepeth your anchor fixed. 9. Our breakings, ye say I discourage you, so that ye know not, if ever ye shall win again to such overjoying consolations of the spirit in this life, as formerly ye had, and therefore a question may be, If after assurance & mortification, be children of God be ordinarily fed with sense & joy? Answer, I see no inconvenience to think, it is enough in a race, to see the gold at the starting place, howbeit the runners never get a view of it, till they come to the race's end, and that our wise Lord thinketh it fittest, we should not always be finger-
 & playing with Christ's apples. Our Welbelov'd I know, will sport and play with his Bride, as much as he thinketh will assure her to the race's end: Yet I judge it not

unlawful, to seek renewed consolations, providing. 1. The heart be submissive and content, to leave the measure and timing of them to him. 2. Providing they be sought, to excite us to praise, and strengthen our assurance, and sharpen our desires after himself. 3. Let them be sought, not for our humors or swelling of nature, but as the earnest of heaven: and I think many do attain to greater consolations after mortification, then ever they had formerly. But I know, our Lord walketh here, still by a sovereign latitude, and keepeth not the same way, as to one hair-breadth without a miss, towards all his children. As for the Lord's people with you, I am not the man fit to speak to them. I rejoyce exceedingly, that Christ is engaging souls amongst you: But I know, in conversion all the *winning is in the first buying* (as we use to say) for many lay false and bastard foundations, & take up conversion at their foot, and get Christ for as good as half nothing, & had never a sick night for sin, and this maketh loose work: I pray you dig deep: Christ's Palace-work, & his new dwelling, laid upon hell felt and feared, is most firm: And heaven grounded and laid upon such a hell, is surest work, and will not wash away with winter-storms. It were good that Professours were not like young heirs, that come to their rich estate, long ere they come to their wit: & so is seen on it, the tavern, & the cards, & the harlots steal their ridges from them, ere ever they be aware what they are doing. I know, a Christ bought with strokes is sweetest. 2. I recommend to you conference and Prayer at Private Meetings: for warrant whereof see *Isa. 2. 3. Jer. 50. 4. 5. Hos. 2. 1, 2. Ezek. 8. 20, 21, 22, 23. Mal. 3. 16. Luke 24. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. Ioh. 20. 19. Act. 12. v. 12. Col. 3. 18, & 4. 6. Eph. 4. 29. 1 Pet. 4. 10. 1 Thes. 5. 14. Heb. 3. 13. & 10. 25.* Many coals make a good fire, and that is a part of the communion of saints. I must intreat you, and your Christian acquaintances in the Parish, to remember me to God in your prayers, and my flock and ministry, and my transportation and removal from this place, which I fear, at this assembly: And be earnest with God for our mother Kirk.

For

For want of time, I have put you all in one letter: The rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Answerd August. 5,

Yours in his sweet Lord

1639.

Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Gentlewoman.

MISTRESS;

MY love in Christ remembered to you: I was indeed sorrowful at my departure from you, especially since ye were in such heaviness after your daughters death; yet I do perswade my self, ye know, that the weightiest end of the cross of Christ, that is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Saviour: for *Isaiah* saith, *Ch. 63. 9. In all your afflictions he is afflicted: O blessed second, who suffereth with you!* & glad may your soul be, even to walk in the fiery furnace, with one like unto the Son of man, who is also the Son of God. Courage, up your heart, when ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden, *Psal. 55. 12.* Yet a little while & ye shall see the salvation of God. Remember of what age your daughter was, as long was your lease of her: if she was 18, 19, or 20 years old, I know not, sure I am, seeing her term was come, and your lease run out, ye can no more justly quarrel your great Superior, for taking his own, at his just term day, then a poor farmer can complain, that his Master taketh a portion of his own land to himself, when his lease is expired. Good *Mistress*, if ye would not be content, that Christ would hold from you the heavenly inheritance, which is made yours by his death, shall not that same Christ think hardly of you, if ye refuse to give him your daughter willingly, who is a part of his inheritance and conquest? I pray the Lord, to give you all your own, and to grace you with patience, to give God his also: he is an ill debtor, who payeth that which he hath borrowed, with a grudge: indeed that long loan of such a good daughter, an heir of grace, a member of Christ, (as I believe) deserveth more thanks at your Creditor's hand, then that ye should gloom & mutmur, when he travaileth but his own: I believe ye would judge them

them to be but thankless neighbours, who would pay you a sum of money after this manner. But what, do ye think her lost, when she is but sleeping in the bosom of the Almighty? Think her not absent, who is in such a friend's house: Is she lost to you who is found to Christ? If she were with a dear friend, although ye should never see her again, your care for her would be but small: Oh now, is she not with a dear friend, and gone higher upon a certain hope, that ye shall in the Resurrection see her again, when (be ye sure) she shall neither be heckt nor consumed in body? Ye would be sorry either to be, or to be esteemed an *Atheist*; and yet not I, but the Apostle, *1 Thes. 4. 13.* thinketh those to be hopeless *Atheists* who mourn excessively for the dead: but this is not a challenge on my part; I do speak this only fearing your weakness, for your daughter was a part of your self, and therefore nature in you, being as it were cut and halved, will indeed be grieved; but ye have to rejoyce, that when a part of you is on earth, a great part of you is glorified in heaven. Follow her, but envy her not; for indeed it is self-love in us, that maketh us mourn for them that die in the Lord: Why? because for them we cannot mourn; since they are never happy till they be dead; therefore we mourn for our own private respect: take heed then, that in shewing your affection, in mourning for your daughter, ye be not, out of self-affection, mourning for your self. Consider what the Lord is doing in it, your daughter is plucked out of the fire, and she resteth from her labours, and your Lord in that is trying you, and casting you in the fire: Go through all fires to your rest: and now remember, that the eye of God is upon this burning bush and not consumed, and he is gladly content, that such a weak woman as ye, should send Satan away, frustrate of his design: Now honour God, and shame the strong roaring lion, when ye seem weakest: Should such an one as ye faint, in the day of adversity? Call to mind the dayes of old: the Lord yet liveth; trust in him, although he should slay you: faith is exceeding charitable, and believeth no evil of God. Now is the Lord laying in the one scale of the ballance, your making consi-

ence of submission to his gracious will; & in the other, your affection and love to your daughter, which of the two will ye then chuse to satisfie? Be wise then, and as I trust ye love Christ better then a sinful woman, pass by your daughter, and kiss the Lord's rod. Men do lop the branches off their trees round about, to the end, they may grow up high and tall: The Lord hath this way lopped your branch, in taking from you many children, to the end, ye should grow upward, like one of the Lord's cedars, setting your heart above, where Christ is at the right hand of the father: what is next, but that your Lord cut down the stock, after he hath cut the branches? Prepare your self, ye are nearer your daughter this day, then ye were yesterday; while ye prodigally spend time, in mourning for her, ye are speedily posting after her: Run your race with patience: let God have his own, and ask of him, instead of your daughter, which he hath taken from you, the daughter of faith, which is Patience, and in patience possess your soul. Lift up your head: ye do not know, how near your redemption doth draw. Thus recommending you to the Lord, who is able to establish you, I rest,

Amoth, April 13.

1628.

*Your loving and affectional friend
in the Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To the Elect & Noble Lady, my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

Saluting your La: with grace and mercy from God our father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, I was sorry at my departure, leaving your La: in grief, and would still be grieved at it, if I were not assured, that ye have one with you in the furnace, whose visage is like unto the Son of God: I am glad, that ye have been acquainted from your youth with the wrestlings of God, & that ye get scarce liberty to swallow down your spirit, being casten from furnace to furnace, knowing if ye were not dear to God, and if your health did not require so much of him, he would not spend so much Physick upon you. All the brethren and sisters of Christ must be con-
form

form to his image and copy, in suffering. *Ram. 3.* And some do more vively resemble the copy, then others. Think, *Madam*, that it is a part of your glory to be enrol-
led among those, whom one of the Elders, *Rev. 7. 14.* pointeth out to *Iohn*, *those are they which came out of great tribulation, & have washed their robes, & made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* Behold your forerunner going out of the world, all in a lake of blood, and it is not ill to die as he did: Fulfil with joy the remnant of the grounds and remainders of the afflictions of Christ, in your body. Ye have lost a child: Nay: She is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, she is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which going out of our sight doth not die and evanish, but shineth in another hemisphere: ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another countrey. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wasteth of time, that she hath gotten of eternity: and ye have to rejoyce, that ye have now some *pleasuring* up in heaven: Build your nest upon no tree here, for ye see God hath sold the Forrest to death, & every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee & mount up; and build upon the rock, and dwell in the holes of the rock. What ye love besides Jesus your husband, is an adulterous lover: Now it is God's special blessing to *Iudab*, that he will not let her find her paths in following her strange lovers. *Hos. 2. 6. Therefore behold, I will hedge up her way with thorns, & make a wall, that she shall not find her paths, v. 7. And she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them.* O thrice happy *Iudab*, when God buildeth a double stone-wall betwixt her and the fire of hell! The *World* & the things of the *World*, *Madam*, is the lover ye naturally affect, beside your own husband, Christ: The hedge of thorns and the wall, which God buildeth in your way, to hinder you from this lover, is the thorny hedge of daily grief, loss of children, weakness of body, iniquity of the time, uncertainty of estate, lack of worldly comfort, fear of God's anger for old unrepented of sins: What lose ye, if God twist and plet the hedge daily thicker? God be blessed, the Lord will not let you find your paths: Re-

turn to your first husband: Do not weary, neither think that Death walks towards you with a slow pace, ye must be ripe ere ye be shaken; your dayes are no longer then Job's, that were *swifter then a post*, and *passed away as the ships of desert*, & as the Eagle that *hasteth for the prey*, Job 9. 25, 26. There is less sand in your glass now, then there was yesternight: this span-length of ever-posting time, will soon be ended: But the greater is the mercy of God, the more years ye get to advise, upon what terms, & upon what conditions, ye cast your soul in the huge gulf of never-ending Eternity: The Lord hath told you, what ye should be doing, till he come, *wait & hasten* (saith Peter) *for the coming of our Lord*: All is night that is here, in respect of ignorance and daily ensuing troubles, one alwayes making way to another, as the ninth wave of the sea to the tenth; therefore sigh & long for the dawning of that morning, and the breaking of that day of the coming of the Son of man, when the shadows shall flee away. Perswade your self, the King is coming: read his letter sent before him, Rev. 3. 11. *Behold I come quickly*: Wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the eastern skie, & think that ye have not a morrow: As the wise Father said, who being invited against to morrow to dine with his friends, answered; *These many days I have had no morrow at all*. I am loth to weary you: Shew your self a Christian, by suffering without *murmuring*, for which sin fourteen thousand & seven hundred were slain, Numb. 16. 49. In patience possess your soul: they lose nothing who gain Christ. Thus remembering my brother's & my wife's humble service to your La: I commend you to the mercy & grace of our Lord Jesus, assuring you, that your day is coming, & that God's mercy is abiding you. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Ammoth Jan. 15.

*Yours in the Lord Jesus at all dutiful
obedience, S. R.*

1649.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

S Aluring you in Jesus Christ, to my grief I must bid you (it may be) forever farewell in paper, having
small

small assurance ever to see your face again, till the last general Assembly, where the whole church universal shall meet: yet promising, by his grace, to present you La: & your burdens to him, who is able to save you, & give you an inheritance with the saints, after a more special manner, then ever I have done before. Ye are going to a countrey, where the Sun of righteousness in the Gospel shineth not so clearly, as in this Kingdom; but if ye would know where he, whom your soul loveth, doth rest, & where he feedeth at the noon-tide of the day, where ever ye be, get you forth by the footsteps of the flock, & feed your self beside the shepherds tents. *Luk. 1. 7.* that is, ask for some of the watchmen of the Lord's city, who will tell you truly, & will not lye, where ye shall find him, whom your soul loveth. I trust ye are so betrothed in marriage to the true Christ, that ye will not give your love to any false Christ: Ye know not how soon your marriage day will come, nay, is not Eternity hard upon you? It were time then, that ye had your wedding garment in readiness: be not sleeping at your Lord's coming: I pray God, ye may be upon your feet standing, when he knocketh. Be not discouraged to go from this countrey to another part of the Lord's earth; *the earth is his and the fulness thereof, Psal. 24. 1.* This is the Lord's lower house; while we are lodged here, we have no assurance to lie ever in one chamber, but must be content to remove from one corner of our Lord's nether-house to another, resting in hope, that, when we come up to the Lord's upper city, *Jerusalem that is above*, we shall remove no more; because then we shall be at home. And go wheresoever ye will, if your Lord go with you, ye are at home: & your lodging is ever taken before night, so long as he who is *Israel's dwelling house*, is your home, *Psal. 90. 1.* Believe me, *Adam*, my mind is, that ye are well lodged; & that in your house there are fair ease-rooms and pleasant lights, if ye can in faith lean down your head upon the breast of Jesus Christ, & till this be, ye shall never get a sound sleep. Jesus, Jesus be your shadow & your covering: It is a sweet soul sleep to lie in the arms of Christ, for his breath is very sweet. Pray for poor friendless Zion; Alas! No man

will speak for her now, although at home in her own country she hath good friends, her husband Christ, & his father, her father in law: beseech your husband to be a friend to Zion, and pray for her: I have received many & divers dashes & heavy strokes, since the Lord called me to the Ministry, but indeed I esteem your departure from us amongst the weightiest: but I perceive, God will have us to be deprived of whatsoever we idolize, that he may have his own room. I see exceeding small fruit of my Ministry, & would be glad to know of one soul, to be my crown & rejoycing in the day of Christ. Though I spend my strength in vain, yet my labour is with my God, *Isa.* 49. 4. I wish and pray, that the Lord would harden my face against all, & make me to learn to go with my face against a storm. Again, I commend you, body & spirit, to him, who hath loved us, & washed us from our sin, in his own blood. Grace, grace, grace forever be with you. Pray, pray continually.

*Amst. Sept. 14.
1639.*

Your L^a: at all dutiful obedience in Christ, S. R.

TO JOHN KENNEDY,

My loving and most affectionat brother in Christ;

I Salute you with grace, mercy & peace, from God our father, & from our Lord Jesus Christ. I promised to write to you, & although late enough, yet now I make it good. I heard with grief, of your great danger of perishing by the sea, but of your merciful deliverance with joy. Sure I am, Brother, Satan will leave no stone unrolled (as the proverb is) to roll you off your rock, or, at least, to shake & unsettle you: For at that same time, the mouths of wicked men were opened in hard speeches against you, by land; & the Prince of the power of the Rivers angry with you, by sea: See then how much ye are obliged to that malicious murderer, who would beat you with two rods at one time: but blessed be God, his arm is short: if the sea & winds would have obeyed him, ye had never come to land: Thank your God, who saith *Rev. 1. 11. I have the keys of hell and of death, Deut. 23. 39. I kill or I make*

make alive. *Ysaiah. 26. 6. The Lord brings down to the grave, and brings up.* If Sarah were jaylout, and had the keys of Death and of the Grave, they should be stored with more prisoners. Ye were knocking at these black gates, & ye found the doors shut, & we do all welcome you back again: I trust, ye know it is not for nothing, that ye are lent to us again: The Lord knew, ye had forgotten something that was necessary for your journey: that your armour was not as yet thick enough, against the stroke of death. Now in the strength of Jesus, dispatch your business: that debt is not forgiven, but *fristed*: Death hath not bidden you *fare well*, but hath only lent you for a short season. End your journey, ere the night come upon you, have all in readiness against the time, that ye must sail through that black and impetuous *Jordan*, and Jesus, Jesus, who knoweth both these depths, and the rock, and all the currents be your Pilot: The last tide will not wait for you one moment: if ye forget any thing, when your sea is full, and your foot in that ship, there is no returning again to fetch it. What ye do amiss in your life to day, ye may amend it to morrow: for as many sins as God maketh to arise upon you, ye have as many new lives: but ye can die but once, and if ye may of *spal* that business, ye cannot come back to mend that piece of work again: No man sinneth twice in dying ill: As we die but once, so we die but ill or well once. Be lie how the number of your months is written in God's book, and as one of the Lord's hirelings, ye must work till the shadow of the evening shade upon you, and ye shall run out your glass even to the last pickle of *that*: Hiltit your conscience will say, for we take nothing to the grave with us, but a good or evil conscience: And although the tide clear this storm, yet clouds will engender another. Be contracted with Christy I hope when first ye began to follow him, that ye would bear his cross, fulfil your part of the Contract with patience, and break not to Jesus Christ: Be honest, Brother, in your bargaining with him: for who knoweth better how to bring up children than our God? For so try

aside his knowledge, of the which there is no searching out) he hath been practised in bringing up his heirs these 5000. years, & his heirs are all well brought up, & many of them are honest men now at home, up in their own house in heaven, & are entered heirs to their father's inheritance. Now the form of his bringing up was by chastisements, scourging, correcting, nurturing: See if he maketh exception of any of his heirs, *Rev. 3. 19. Heb. 12. 7, 8.* No: His eldest Son and his heir, *Jesus*, is not excepted, *Heb. 2. 10.* Suffer we must, ere we were born God decreed it: & it is easier to complain of his decree, then to change it. It is true, terrors of conscience cast us down: & yet without terrors of conscience we cannot be raised up again: fears & doubtings shake us, & yet without fears & doubtings we would soon sleep, and lose our grips of Christ: tribulation and temptations will almost loose us at the root: & yet without tribulations and temptations we can now no more grow, then herbs or corn without rain. Sin and Satan and the World will say, and cry in our ear, that we have a hard reckoning to make in Judgment: and yet none of these three, except they live, dare say in our face, that our sin can change the Tenour of the new Covenant. Forward, then, dear Brother, and lose not your grips: hold fast the Truth, for the world sell not one dram weight of God's truth, especially now when most men measure Truth by time, like young sea-men setting their Compass by a cloud: For now Time is father & mother to Truth, is son, thought and practice of our evil Time. The God of Truth establish us: for Alas! Now there are none to comfort the prisoners of hope, and she mourner is Zion. We can do little except pray & mourn for *Jerusalem* in the books: And let their tongue cleave in the roof of their mouth, who forget *Jerusalem* in her day: And the Lord remember *Edom*, & render to him as he has done to us. Now, Brother, I will not weary you, but I entreat you remember my dearest love to *Mr. David Dickson*, with whom I have small acquaintance, yet I bless the Lord I know, he both prayeth & doeth for our dying Kirk. Remember my dearest love to *John Stuart*, whom I love in Christ, & show

thow him from me, I do always remember him, & hope
for a meeting: The Lord Jesus establish him more and
more, though he be already a strong man in Christ. Re-
member my heartiest affection in Christ to *William Rod-
ger*, whom I also remember to God: I wish the first
news I hear of him, & you, & all that love our common
Saviour in those bounds, may be, that ye are so knit &
linked & kindly fastened in love with the Son of God,
that ye may say: now, if we ~~would~~ ^{could} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~loosed~~ ^{loosed} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~Christ's~~ ^{Christ's} ~~hands~~ ^{hands}, yet love hath so bound us, that we cannot get
our hands free again; he hath so ravished our hearts, that
there is no loosing of his grips, the chains of his soul-ravish-
ing love are so strong, that the Grave nor Death will not
break them. I hope Brother, yea, I doubt not of it, but ye
lay me, and my first entry to the Lord's vineyard, and my
flock, before him, who hath put me in his work; as the
Lord knoweth, since first I saw you, I have been mind-
ful of you. *Martin Macthought* doth remember most
heartily his love to you, and to *John Stuart*: Blessed be
the Lord, that in God's mercy I found in this countrey
such a woman, to whom Jesus is dearer then her own
heart, when there be so many that cast Christ over their
shoulder. God ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~memory~~ ^{memory} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~worthy~~ ^{worthy} ~~father~~ ^{father}, now asleep in Christ, & as his custom
was, pray continually, & would for the life of ^{adjoining}
breathless *Kirk*. And desire *John Stuart* never to forget ^{poor}
Zion, the hath few friends, & few to speak our good word
for her. Now I commend you, your whole soul & body
and spirits, to Jesus Christ and his keeping, & pray you
will die and live, stand and fall, with the captain of our
Master, Jesus. The Lord Jesus himself be with your Spirit.

Swatth, Feb. 21. 1639. Your loving Brother in our Lord,
John Stuart.

1639. ~~John Stuart~~ ^{John Stuart} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~Lady~~ ^{my} ~~Kennmure~~ ^{Kennmure}.

My Dear Madam,

I Have longed exceedingly to hear of your life & health,
and growth in the grace of God. I lacked the op-
portunity of a bearer, in respect I did not understand of

the hasty departure of the last, by whom I might have saluted your La: and therefore I could not write before this time. I intreat you, Madam, let me have two lines from you, concerning your present condition: I know, ye are in grief and heaviness, and if it were not so, ye might be afraid, because then your way should not be so like the way, that our Lord saith leadeth to the new *Jerusalem*: Sure I am, if ye knew what were before you, or if ye saw but some glances of it, ye would with gladness swim through the present floods of sorrow, spreading forth your arms out of desire to be at land: if God have given you the earnest of the Spirit, as part of payment of God's principal sum, ye have to rejoyce, for our Lord will not lose his earnest, neither will he go back or repent him of the bargain. If ye find at sometime a longing to see God, joy in the assurance of that sight (howbeit that feast be but like the *Passover*, that cometh about only once a year) peace of conscience, liberty of prayer, the doors of God's treasure casten up to the soul, and a clear sight of himself looking out, & saying with a smiling countenance, *Welcome to me, afflicted soul*, this is the earnest that he giveth sometimes, and which maketh glad the heart, and is an evidence that the bargain will hold; But to the end ye may get this earnest, it were good to come oft in terms of speech with God, both in prayer and hearing of the word: For this is the house of wine, where ye meet with your Welbeloved, here it is where he kisseth you with the kisses of his mouth, & where ye feel the smell of his garments, and they have indeed a most fragrant and glorious smell: Ye must, I say, wait upon him, and be often communing with him: whose lips are as lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrthe, and by the moving thereof he will assuage your grief: for the Christ, that saveth you, is a speaking Christ, the Church knows him, *Cast. 2.* by his voice, & can discern his tongue amongst a thousand: I say this to the end, ye should not love those dumb masks of *Antichristian* Ceremonies, that the Church, where ye are for a time, hath casten over the Christ, whom your soul loveth: This is to set before you a dumb Christ. But when our Lord cometh, he speaketh

to the heart in the simplicity of the Gospel. I have neither tongue nor pen, to express to you the happiness of such as are in Christ: When ye have sold all that ye have, & bought the field wherein this pearl is, ye will think it no bad matter, for if ye be in him, all his is yours. And ye are in him, therefore because he lives, ye shall live also. *John. 14. 19.* And what is that life, but as if the Son had said, I will not have lives, except my Father's ones be with me: they and I alone live as one. *John. 17. 21.* O sweet communion when Christ and we are through other and are no longer two! *Psalm. 137. 1.* that those whom thou hast given me, be with me ever I will, to behold my glory, that thou hast given me. *John. 17. 24.* *John. 17. 24.* Let it be according to that word. I wonder that ever your heart should be cuffed down, if ye believe this truth: and they are not worthy of Jesus Christ, who will not suffer forty years trouble for him, since they have such glorious promises. But we fools believe those promises, as the man that read *Plato's* writings, concerning the immortality of the soul; so long as the book was in his hand, he believed all was true; and that the soul could not die; but so soon as he laid by the book, presently he began to imagine, that the soul is but a smoke or airy vapour, that perisheth with the expiring of the breath: So we at first do assent to the sweet & precious promises; but laying aside God's book, we begin to call all in question: it is faith indeed to believe without a pledge, and to hold the heart constant at this work, and when we doubt, to run to the Law and to the Testimony, and stay there: *Madam, hold you here, here is your Father's Testament, read it, in it he hath left to you Remission of sins and life everlasting.* If all that ye have here be crosses and troubles, down-castings, frequent desertions, and departure of the Lord, who is suiting you in marriage, courage; he who is wooer & suiter should not be an household man with you, till ye and He come up to his Father's house together: He purposeth to do you good at your latter end, *Deut. 8. 16.* and to give you rest from the days of adversity, *Psalm. 94. 13.* *It is good to bear the yoke of*

God in your youth, *Lev. 1. 27.* Turn into your strong hold as a prisoner of hope, *Zech. 9. 12.* For the vision is for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie, though it tarry a while for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry, *Hab. 2. 3.* Hear himself saying, *Isa. 62. 6.* Come my people, *Lev. 19. 28.* he calleth on you, *Isa. 62. 6.* enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee, hide thy self, as it were for a little moment, till the indignation be past. Believe then, believe and be saved: think not hard, if ye get not your will, nor your delight in this life, God will have you in joyce is nothing but himself. God forbid that ye should joy in any thing, but in the cross of Christ. *Gal. 4. 16.* Our Church, *Madam,* is decaying, this like Ephraim's cake, and gray hairs are here and there upon her, and she knoweth it not, *Hab. 2. 9.* She is old and gray-haired, near the grave, and no man taketh it to heart, her wine is sour and is corrupted. Now if *Phineas* wife did live, she might travel in birth and die, to see the Ark of God taken, and the glory departing from our *Israel*: The power and life of Religion is away: *Woe be to us,* for the day hath come, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out, *Isa. 60. 1.* *Madam,* *Zion* is the ship wherein ye are carried to *Canaan*, if the suffer shipwreck, ye will be casten over-board, upon death and life, to swim to land upon broken boards: it were time for us, by prayer to put upon our Master-pilot *Jesus*, & to cry, *Master save us, we perish.* Grace, grace be with you. We would think it a blessing to our *Kirk* to see you here, but our sins withhold good things from us. The great Messenger of the covenant preserve you in body & spirit.

Amesbury, Feb. 21. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

1630.

Madam,

Madam,

Grace and mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I receive by your last letter, in the which I perceive, your heart in the world full of a fellowship & communion

union with the Son of God, in his sufferings. Ye cannot, ye must not have a more pleasant or more easy condition here, then he had, who through affliction was made perfect, Heb. 2. 10. We may indeed think, Cannot God bring us to heaven with ease & prosperity? Who doubts but he can? But his infinite wisdom thinketh, & decreeth the contrary, & we cannot see a reason of it, yet he hath a most just reason. We never with our eyes saw our own soul, yet we have a soul; we see many rivers, but we know not their first spring and original fountain, yet they have a beginning. Madam, when ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious Eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be forced to say, *If God had done otherwise with me then he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory.* It is your part now to believe, and suffer, and hope, and wait on: for I profess in the presence of that all-discerning eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God, for all the bitterness of affliction: nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well. *Welcome, welcome Jesus, what way soever thou come, if we can get a sight of thee, and sure I am, it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bed-side, & draw by the curtains, and say, Courage, I am thy salvation, then to enjoy health, being lustie and strong, and never to be visited of God.* *Worthy and dear Lady, in the strength of Christ, fight and overcome: Ye are now your alone, but ye may have, for the seeking, three alwayes in your company, the Father, Son, & Holy Spirit: I trust they are near you. Ye are now deprived of the comfort of a lively Ministry, as was Israel in their captivity, yet hear God's promise to them, Ezek. 11. 16. Therefore say, Thus saith the Lord God, Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countreys, yet will I be to them as a little Sanctuary, in the countreys where they shall come: Behold a Sanctuary, for a*

Sanctuary. God himself in the place and room of the Temple of *Jerusalem*: I trust in God, carrying this Temple about with you, ye shall see *Jebovab's* beauty in his house. We are in great fears of a great and fearful trial to come upon the Kirk of God: For these, who would build their houses and nests upon the ashes of mourning *Jerusalem*, have drawn our King upon hard and dangerous conclusions, against such, as are termed *Puritans*, for the rooting of them out. Our Prelats (*the Lord take the keys of his house from these bastard porters*) assure us, that for such as will not conform, there is nothing but Imprisonment and Deprivation. The Sponse of *Jesus* will ever be in the fire, but I trust in my God, she shall not consume, because of the goodwill of him who dwelleth in the bush, for he dwelleth in it with good will. All sort of crying sins without controlment abound in our Land, the glory of the Lord is departing from *Israel*, and the Lord is looking back over his shoulder, to see if any will say, *Lord tarry*; & no man requesteth him to stay. Corrupt & false doctrine is openly preached by the Idol-shepherds of the Land. For my self, I have daily griefs, through the disobedience unto, and contempt of the word of God. I was summoned before the *High Commission* by a profligate person in this Parish, convicted of incest: in the business, Mr. *Alexander Colvill* (for respect to your La^y) was my great friend, & wrote a most kind letter to me: *The Lord give him mercy in that day*. Upon the day of my comparance, the sea and winds refused to give passage to the Bishop of *St. Andrews*. I intreat your La^y: thank Mr. *Alexander Covill* with two lines of a letter. My wife now, after a long disease and torment, for the space of a year and a month, is departed this life: the Lord hath done it, blessed be his name. I have been diseased of a *fever tertian* for the space of thirteen weeks, and am yet in that sickness, so that I preach but once on the sabbath with great difficulty: I am not able either to visit or examine the Congregation. The Lord *Jesus* be with your Spirit.

Answer, 26 June

Your La^y: at all obedience, S. R.

[1630.

To

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM;

HAVING saluted you in the Lord Jesus, I thought it my duty, having the occasion of this bearer, to write again unto your Lady: though I have no new purpose, but what I wrote of before: Yet ye cannot be too often awakened to go forward towards your city, since your way is long, and (for any thing ye know) your day is short; & your Lord requireth of you, as ye advance in years, and steal forward insensibly towards eternity, that your faith may grow and ripen for the Lords harvest, for the great husband-man giveth a season to his fruits, that they may come to maturity; & having gotten their fill of the tree, they may then be shaken and gathered-in for his use; whereas the wicked rot upon the tree, and their branch shall not be green, *Iob 19. 32, 33. He shall shake off his ripe grapes as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive.* It is God's mercy to you, Madam, that he giveth you your fill, even to loathing, of this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and like a full and satisfied banquetter, long for the drawing of the table: and at last, having trampled under your feet, all the rotten pleasures, that are under Sun and Moon, and having rejoiced as though ye rejoiced not, and having bought as though ye possessed not, *1 Cor. 7. 30.* ye may, like an old crazie ship, arrive at your Lord's harbour, and be made welcome, as one of those, who have ever had one foot loose from this earth, longing for that place, where your soul shall feast and banquet forever and ever, upon a glorious sight of the incomprehensible Trinity, & where ye shall see the fair face of the man Christ, even the beautiful face, that was once, for your cause, more marred than any of the visages of the sons of men, *Ha. 5. 2, 14.* and was all covered with spitting & blood: Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you & glory with Him, holding his hand fast, for he knows all the foords: Howbeit ye may be *duck*, yet ye cannot drown, being in his company: and ye may all the way to glory, see the way bedewed with his blood, who is the forger; be not

afraid therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after him; the current how strong soever cannot carry you down the water to Hell: the Son of God, his death & resurrection are *stepping-stones* & a stay to you, set down your feet by faith upon these stones, & go through as on dry land: if ye knew what he is preparing for you, ye would be so glad, he will not (it may be) give you a full draught till ye come up to the well-head, & drink, yea drink abundantly of the pure river of the water of Life, that proceeds out from the Throne of God & from the Lamb, *Rev. 22. 1.* *Madam,* be not, weary not, I dare find you the Son of God caution, when ye are got up thither, & have casten your eyes to view the golden city, and the fair & never-withering tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every moneth, ye shall then say, four and twenty hours abode in that place is worth threescore & ten years sorrow upon earth. If ye can but say, ye long earnestly to be carried up thither (as I hope, you cannot for shame deny him the honour of having wrought that desire in your soul,) then hath your Lord given you an earnest: And, *Madam*, do ye believe that our Lord will lose his earnest, & rue of the bargain, & change his mind, as if he were a man that can lye, or the son of man that can repent? Nay, he is unchangeable, and the same this year that he was the former year: And his Son Jesus, who upon earth eat and drank with publicans & sinners, & spake & conferred with whores & harlots, & put out his holy hand, & touched the lepers filthy skin, & came over more high sinners, even now in glory, is yet that same Lord: His honour & his great court in heaven hath not made him forget his poor friends on earth: in him, honours change not manners, & he doth yet desire your company: Take him for the old Christ, and claim still kindness to him, and say, *Oh it is so, He is not changed, but I am changed*: Nay, it is a part of his unchangeable love, & an article of the new covenant, to keep you that ye cannot *dispose* him, nor sell him: He hath not played fast and loose with us, in the Covenant of Grace; so, that we may run from him at our pleasure: His love hath

made

defect in my affection; and I trust to make it up again, so soon as possibly I am able to wait upon you. *Madam*, I have no new purpose to write unto you; but of that which I think, nay, which our Lord thinketh needful, that one thing, *Marit's* good part, which ye have chosen, *Luke 10. 41.* *Madam*, all that God hath, both himself and the creature; he is dealing, and parting amongst the sons of *Adam*. There are none so poor, at that they can say in his face, He hath given them nothing; but there is no small odds betwixt the gifts given to lawful luxury and ostentatious; and the more greedy ye are in fasting, the more willing he is to give, delighting to be called a spendthrift. I hope your *Laz* laboureth to get assurance of the forest patrimony; even God himself, ye will find in Christianity, that God smiteth in all his dealings with his children, to bring them to a high contempt of, and deadly feud with the world; and to set an high price upon Christ, and to think him one who cannot be bought for gold, and well worthy the fighting for. And for no other cause, *Madam*, doth the Lord withdraw from you the childish toys and the earthly delights that he giveth unto others; but that he may have you wholly to himself. Think therefore of the Lord, as of one who cometh to wooe you in marriage, when ye are in the furnace: He seeketh his answer of you in affliction; to see if ye will say, *even so I take him*. *Madam*, give him this answer pleasantly, and in your mind do not secretly grudge nor murmur. When he is striking you in love, beware to strike again: That is dangerous, for those who strike again, shall get the last blow: If I hit not upon the right strings, it is because I am not acquainted with your *Laz* present condition; but I believe, your *Laz* goeth on foot, laughing, putting on a good countenance before the world, & yet ye carry heaviness about with you: Ye do well, *Madam*, not to make them witnesses of your grief, who cannot be cures of it: But be exceeding charitable of your dear Lord. As there be some friends worldly, of whom ye will not entertain an ill thought, far more ought ye to believe good evermore of

of your dear friend, that lovely fair person, *Iesus Christ*. The *thorn* is one of the most cursed & angry & crabbed weeds, that the earth yieldeth, and yet out of it springeth the *Rose*, one of the sweetest smelled flowers, & most delightful to the eye, that the earth hath: Your Lord shall make joy & gladness out of your afflictions, for all his roses have a fragrant smell. Wait for the time, when his own holy hand shall hold them to your nose; & if ye would have present comfort under the cross, be much in prayer, for at that time your faith kisseth Christ, & he kisseth the soul. And O if the breath of his holy mouth be sweet! I dare be caution, out of some small experience, that ye shall not be beguiled; for the world (yea, not a few number of God's children) know not well what that is, which they call a Godhead. But Madam, come near to the Godhead, and look down to the bottom of the well, there is much in him, & sweet were that death to drown in such a well: Your grief taketh liberty to work upon your mind, when ye are not busied in the meditation of the ever-delighting & all-blessed Godhead. If ye would lay the price ye give out (which is but some few years pain & trouble) beside the commodities ye are to receive, ye would see they are not worthy to be laid in the ballance together; but it is Nature that maketh you look what ye give out, & weakness of Faith that hindereth you to see what ye shall take in. Amend your hope, and first your faithful Lord a while; he maketh himself your debtor in the new Covenant, he is honest, take his word, *Nahum* 1. 9. *Affliction shall not spring up the second time.* *Rev.* 21. 7. *He that overcometh shall inherit all things.* Of all things then which ye want in this life, Madam, I am able to say nothing, if that be not believed, which ye have: *Rev.* 3. 2. & *Rev.* 3. 5. *the overcomer shall be clothed in white raiment,* &c. & *ver.* 12. *To the overcomer I will give to sit with me in my throne, as I have overcome & am set down with my father in his throne.* Consider, Madam, if ye are not high up now, and far in the palace of our Lord, when ye are upon a throne in white raiment, at lovely Christ's elbow. O thrice fools are we, who, like new born Princes

weeping

weeping in the cradle, know not that there is a Kingdom before them! Then let our Lord's sweet hand square us and hammer us, & strike off the knots of pride, self-love, and world-worship and infidelity; that he may make us stones and pillars in his father's house, Rev. 3.

12. *Madam*, what think ye to take binding with the fair corner-stone *Jesus*? The Lord give you wisdom to believe and hope, your day is coming. I hope to be witness of your joy, as I have been a hearer & beholder of your grief. Think ye much to follow the heir of the crown, who had experience of sorrows, & was acquainted with grief, *Isa* 53? It were pride to aim to be above the King's son: It is more than we deserve, that we are equals in glory, in a manner. Now commending you to the dearest grace & mercy of God, I rest,

Answer, Jan. 4. *Your La*: at all obedience in
1632. *Christ, S.R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

M. A. D. A. M.

Understanding, a little after the writing of my last letter, of the going of this heart, I would not omit the opportunity of remembering you. *La* still harping upon that string, which in our whole life time is never too often touched upon, nor is our lesson well enough learned; that there is a necessity of advancing in the way to the Kingdom of God, of the contempt of the world, of denying our self, & bearing of our Lord's cross; which is no less needful for us, then daily food: & among many marks that we are on this journey, & under sail toward Heaven, this is one; when the love of God do filleth our hearts; that we forget to love, & care too much for the having or wanting of other things; as one extreme heat burneth out another. By this, *Madam*, ye know, ye have betrothed your soul in marriage to Christ, when ye do make but small reckoning of all other suitors or wooers; & when ye can (having little in hand, but much in hope) live as an young heir, during the time of his non-age & minority; being content to be as hardly handled, & under as

precise a reckoning, as servants; because his hope is upon the inheritance: For this cause God's bairns take well with spoiling of their goods. Heb. xii. 28. knowing in themselves, that they have in heaven a better & an enduring substance. That day that the earth & the works there in shall be burned with fire: 1. Pet. i. 7. 1st. your hidden hope and your hidden life shall appear: & therefore since ye have not now many years of your endlesse eternity, & knowen how soon the skie above your head will rise, & the sun of miserie will be seen in the clouds of heaven, what better & wiser course can ye take, then to think that your one foot is here, & your other foot in the life to come, and to leave off loving, desiring, or grieving for the wants, that shall be made up, when your Lord & ye shall meet, & when ye shall give in your bill, that day, of all your wants here: if your losses be not made up, ye have place in the Kingdome of the Almighty, but it shall not be so: Blessed is the man, who is unspotted & full of glory. 1. Cor. vi. 11. shall have life from you, Job. i. 6. & 2. It is enough that our Lord hath promised you great things, only for the time of bestowing them be in his own earings: It is not for us to set an hour glass to the creator of our nature: he & we differ only in the term of payment: Since he hath promised payment and we believe it, it is his great matter, we will put that in his own will, as the good buyer, who cometh near to what the seller seeketh, as he at last to refer the difference to his will, & so carrieth off the course of mutual giving. We must do not grudge with your thank beards, & gracious Lord, about the time of the fulfilling of your joyes: it will be. God hath said in his harvest I wait on upon his W. H. day. His day is better then your day, the parish not the bush in the corn: will it be ripe and full eared. The great Angel of the covenant bear your company, till the trumpet shall sound, & the voice of the Archangel, awaken the dead. Ye shall find it your only happiness, under whatever thing disturbeth and crosseth the peace of your mind, in this life, to love nothing for it self, but only God for himself: It is the crooked love of some harlots, that they love bracelet, earrings, & rings better then the lover that sends them: God will

not be so loved, for that were to behave as harlots, and not as the chaste Spouse, to abate from our love when these things are pulled away. Our love to him should begin on earth, as it shall be in heaven; for the Bride takes not by a thousand degrees so much delight in her wedding garment, as the doth in her Bridegroom; so we, in the life to come, howbeit clothed with glory as with a robe, shall not be so much affected with the glory, that goeth about us, as with the Bridegroom's joyful face and presence. Madam, if ye can win to this here, the field is won; & your mind, for any thing ye want, or for any thing your Lord can take from you, shall soon be calmed & quiered: Get himself as a pawn and keep him, till your dear Lord come & loose the pawn, & rue upon you, and give you all again: that he took from you even a thousand talents for one penny: It is not ill to lend God willingly, who otherwise both will & may take from you against your will: It is good to play the usurer with, & take in, instead of ten of the hundred, an hundred of ten, often an hundred of one. Madam, fearing to be tedious to you, I break off here, commending you, (as I trust to do, while I live) your person, ways, burdens, and all that concerneth you, to that Almighty, who is able to bear you and your burdens: I still remember you to him, who will cause you tomorrow to laugh. I expect that, whatever ye can do by word or deed, for the Lord's friends less Zion, ye will do it: She is your mother? forget her not, for the Lord loveth to dwell with her, and try this land, and it is high time we were all upon our feet, and falling about to try, what claim we have to Christ: It is like the Bridegroom will be taken from us, & then we shall mourn: Dear sister, ~~now we are all taken with~~ thee! Grace, grace be with you forever.

*Written 14 Jan. 1637. From La. at all times, & now
1637. 14 Jan. 1637. From La. at all times, & now*

To my Lady KENMUR Edinburgh

MADAM; 1637. 14 Jan. 1637. From La. at all times, & now

Your love will not I know weary nor offend, though

I trouble you with many talens, the memory of

what

what obligations I am under to your La: is the cause of it. I am possibly impertinent in what I write, because of my ignorance of your present estate: But for all that is said, I have learned of M. W. D. that ye have not changed upon, nor wearied of your sweet Master, *Christ*; and his service; neither were it your part to change upon him, *who rests in his love*. Ye are among honourable company, and such as affect grandour & court. But, *Madam*, thinking upon your estate, I think I see an improvident wooer coming too late to seek a Bride, because she is contracted already, and promised away to another; and so the wooer's bulking and bravery (who cometh to you, as *who but he*) is in vain: the outward pomp of this busie wooer, a beguiling world, is now coming in to sute your soul too late, when ye have have promised away your soul to *Christ* many years ago. And I know, *Madam*, what answer ye may now justly make to the late suter, even this, *Ye are too long of coming: my soul, the Bride, is away already, and the contract with Christ subscribed, and I cannot chuse, but I must be honest and faithful to him. Honourable Lady, keep your first love, and hold the first match with that soul-delighting lovely Bridegroom, our sweet, sweet Jesus; fairer then all the children of men, the Rose of Sharen, and the fairest and sweetest smelled Rose, in all his father's garden; there is none like him: I would not exchange one smile of his lovely face with Kingdoms. Madam, let others take their silly seckless heaven in this life, envy them not; but let your soul, like a tarrowing and mislearned child, take the dorts, (as we use to speak) or cast at all things and disdain them, except one only; either Christ or nothing: your welbeloved, Jesus, will be content, that ye be here devoutly proud, and ill to please, as one that contemneth all husbands but himself: Either the King's son or no husband at all: this is humble and worthy ambition: What have ye to do to dally with a whorish and foolith world? Your jealous husband will not be content, that ye look by him to another: he will be jealous indeed and offend, if ye kiss another but himself. What weighs do bur-
den you, *Madam*, I know not; but think it great
mercy,*

mercy, that your Lord from your youth hath been hedging in your outstraying affections, that they may not go awhoring from himself: If ye were his bastard, he would not nurture you for if ye were for the slaughter, ye would be fatted: But be content, ye are his wheat growing in our Lord's field, *Matt. 13. v. 25, 38.* And if wheat, ye must go under our Lord's threshing instrument, in his barn-floor, & through his sieve, *Amos 9. v. 9.* And through his mill to be bruised, as the Prince of your salvation, *Jesus*, was, *Isa. 53. 9.* that ye may be found good bread in your Lord's house. *Lord Jesus*, bless the spiritual husbandry, & separate you from the chaff, that doe not bide the wind. I am perswaded, your glass is spending it self by little & little, & if ye knew who is before you, ye would rejoyce in your tribulations. Think ye it a small honour to stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, & to be clothed in white, & to be called to the Marriage-supper of the Lamb, & to be led to the fountain of living waters, & to come to the well-head, even God himself, & get your fill of the clear, cold, sweet, refreshing water of life, the King's own well, & to put up your own sinful hand to the tree of life, & take down & eat the sweetest apple in all God's heavenly Paradise, *Jesus Christ*, your life & your Lord? Up your heart: shout for joy, your King is coming to fetch you to his father's house. *Madam*, I am in exceeding great heaviness, God thinking it best for my own soul thus to exercise me, thereby (it may be) to fit me to be his mouth to others: I see & hear, at home & abroad, nothing but matter of grief & discouragment, which indeed maketh my life bitter: And I hope in God never to get my will in this world: & I expect ere long a fiery trial upon the Church, for as many men almost in *England & Scotland*, as many false friends to Christ, & as many pulling and drawing, to pull the crown off his holy head, & for fear that our Beloved stay amongst us (as if his room were more desirable then himself) men are bidding him go seek his lodging. *Madam*, if ye have a part in silly friendless *Zion*, (as I know ye have) speak a word on her behalf to God & man: if ye can do nothing else, speak for *Jesus*, & ye shall

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(shall thereby be a witness against this declining age. Now from my very soul, laying & leaving you on the Lord, & desiring a part in your prayers [as my Lord knoweth. I remember you] I deliver over your body, spirit, & all your necessities to the hands of our Lord, and remain forever,

Amoth Febr. 13.

Your La: in your sweet Lord

1632

Jesus & mine, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

THe cause of my not writing to your La: is not my forgetfulness of you, but the want of the opportunity of a convenient bearer; for I am under more than a simple obligation to be kind (in paper at least) to your La: I bless our Lord through Christ, who hath brought you home again to your country, from that place, where ye have seen with your eyes that which our Lord's truth taught you before, to wit, that worldly glory is nothing but a vapour, a shadow, the foam of the water, or something less and lighter, even nothing; and that our Lord hath not without cause said in his word, 1 Cor. 7. 31. *The countenance or fashion of this world passeth away.* In which place, our Lord compareth it to an Image in a looking-glass, for it is the looking-glass of *Adam's* sons: Some come to the glass, & see in it the picture of *Honour*, and but a picture indeed; for true Honour is to be great in the sight of God: and others see in it the shadow of *Riches*, & but a shadow indeed; for durable Riches stand as one of the maids of *Wisdom* upon her left hand, *Prov. 3. 16.* & a third sort see in it the face of painted *Pleasures*, & the beholders will not believe, but the Image they see in this glass is a living man, till the Lord come & break the glass in pieces & remove the face, & then, like *Pharaoh* awakened, they say, *And behold it was a dream.* I know your La: thinketh your self little in the common of this world, for the favourable aspect of any of these three painted faces; and blessed be our Lord that it is so: the better for you: *Madam* they are not worthy

to be wooers to sue in marriage your soul, that looks to an higher match then to be married upon painted clay. Know therefore, *Madam*, the place, whither our L. Jesus cometh to wooe a Bride, it is even in the furnace: for if ye be one of *Zion's* daughter (which I ever put beyond all question, since I first had occasion to see in your La: such pregnant evidences of the grace of God) the Lord, who hath his fire in *Zion*, & his furnace in *Ierusalem*, *Isa.* 31. 9. is purifying you in the furnace. And therefore be content to live in it, and every day to be adding, & sowing to a palment to your wedding garment, that ye may be at last decored and trimmed as a Bride for Christ, a Bride of his own busking, beautified in the hidden man of the heart, forgetting your Father's house, so shall the King greatly desire your beauty, *Psal.* 45. 11. If your La: be not changed, [as I hope ye are not] I believe ye esteem your self to be of those, whom God hath tried these many years and refined as silver. But, *Madam*, I will shew your La: a priviledge that others want, & ye have in this case: Such as are in prosperity and are fatted with earthly joys, and encreased with children and friends, though the Word of God is indeed written to such for their instruction, yet to you (who are in trouble) spare me, *Madam*, to say this, (from whom the Lord hath taken many children, & whom he hath exercised otherwise) there are some chapters, some particular promises in the Word of God made, in a most special manner, which should never have been yours, so as they now are, if ye had your portion in this life, as others: & therefore, all the comforts, promises & mercies, God offereth to the afflicted, they are as many love-letters written to you; take them to you, *Madam*, & claim your right, & be not robbed. It is no small comfort, that God hath written some Scriptures to you, which he hath not written to others; ye seem rather in this to be envied then pited, and ye are indeed in this, like people of another world, and those that are above the ordinary rank of mankind, whom our King and Lord, our Bridegroom *Iesus*, in his love-letter to his welbeloved Spouse, hath named, beside all the rest, & hath written comforts & his hearty com-
men-

commendations, in the 56 of *Isaiab*, *vers.* 4. 5. *Psal.* 147. 2. 3. to you: Read these and the like, and think your God is like a friend, that sendeth a letter to a whole house and family; but speaketh in his letter to some by name; that are dearest to him in the house: Ye are then, *Madam*, of the dearest friends of the Bridegroom. If it were lawful, I would envie you, that God honoured you so above many of his dear children. Therefore, *Madam*, your part is, in this case (seeing God taketh nothing from you, but that which he is to supply with his own presence) to desire your Lord, to know his own room, & take it even upon him to come in, in the room of dead children; *Iehovah know thy own place & take it to thee*, is all ye have to say. *Madam*, I perswade my self, that this world is to you an uncouth limes, & that ye are like a traveller, who hath his bundle upon his back, and his staff in his hand, and his feet upon the door-threshold; Go forward, *honourable & clearest Lady*, in the strength of your Lord (let the world bide at home and keep the house) with your face toward him, who longeth more for a sight of you, then ye can do for him: ere it be long he will see us. I hope to see you laugh as cheerfully after-noon, as ye have mourned before-noon: The hand of the Lord, the hand of the Lord be with you, in your journey. What have ye to do here? This is not your mountain of rest: arise then & set your foot up the mountain, go up out of the wilderness leaning upon the shoulder of your Beloved, *Cant.* 8. v. 5. If ye knew the *welcome* that abideth you, when ye come home, ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own holy hand to your face, & wipe all tears from your eyes; & I trow, then ye shall have some joy of heart. *Madam*, paper willeth me to end before affection. Remember the estate of *Zion*, pray that *Ierusalem* may be as *Zechariah* prophesied, *Ch.* 12. 3. *A burden* from stone for all, that whosoever boweth down to roll the stone out of the way, may hurt and break the joynts of their back, and strain their arms, & disjoynt their shoulder-blades; & pray *Iehovah*, that the stone may lie still in its own place; & keep bond with the corner-stone, I hope it shall be so, he is a skilled Master-builder

who laid it. I would, *Madam*, under great heaviness be refreshed with two lines from your La: which I refer to your own wisdom. *Madam*, I would seem undutiful not to shew you, that great solification is made by the town of *Kirkcudbright*, for to have the use of my poor labours amongst them: if the Lord shall call & his people cry, who am I to resist; but without his seen calling, & till the flock, whom I now oversee, be planted with one, to whom I dare intrust Christs Sponse, gold not silver not favour of men, I hope, shall not loose me. I leave your La: praying more earnestly for grace & mercy to be with you, and multiplied upon you, here and hereafter, then any pen can express. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Kirkcudbright.

*Your La: at all obedience in
the Lord, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

HAVING saluted you with grace & mercy from God our father & from our Lord Jesus Christ, I long both to see your La: and to hear how it goeth with you; I do remember you, & present you and your necessities to him, who is able to keep you & present you blameless before his face with joy: & my prayer to our Lord, is that ye may be sick of love for him, who died of love for you, I mean, your Saviour Jesus; And O sweet were that sickness to be soul sick for him! And a living death it were, to die in the fire of the love of that soul-lover, *Jesus*! And *Madam*, if ye love him, ye will keep his commandments; & this is not one of the least, to lay your neck cheerfully & willingly under the yoke of Jesus Christ: For I trust your La: did first contract and bargain with the Son of God, to follow him upon these terms, that by his grace ye should endure hard-ship, and suffer affliction as the souldier of Christ: They are not worthy of Jesus, who will not take a blow for their Master's sake. For our glorious peace-maker, when he came to make up the friendship betwixt God and us; God bruised him, and spake him, the sinful world also did beat him, & crucifie him,

him; yet he took buffets of both the parties: & honour to our Lord Jesus, he would not leave the field for all that, till he had made peace betwixt the parties. I perswade my self, your sufferings are but like your Saviour's (yea incomparably less and lighter) which are called but a *bruising of his heel*, Gen. 3. 15. a wound far from the heart: *Your life is hid with Christ in God*, Col. 3. 3. And therefore ye cannot be robbed of it. Our Lord handleth us, as fathers do their young children; they lay up jewels in a place, above the reach of the short arm of bairns, else bairns would put up their hands, and take them down, and lose them soon: So hath our Lord done with our spiritual life, Jesus Christ is the high coffer, in the which our Lord hath hid our life, we children are not able to reach up our arm so high, as to take down that life and lose it; it is in our Christ's hand: O, long, long may Jesus be Lord keeper of our life! & happy are they that can, with the Apostle, 2 Tim. 1. lay their soul in pawn in the hand of Jesus, for he is able to keep that, which is committed in pawn to him, against that day. Then *Madam*, so long as this life is not hurt, all other troubles are but touches in the heel: I trust ye will soon be cured. Ye know, *Madam*, Kings have some servants in their court, that receive not present wages in their hand, but live upon their hopes: The King of kings also hath servants in his court, that for the present get little or nothing, but the heavie cross of Christ, troubles without & terrours within; but they live upon hope; when it comes to the parting of the inheritance, they remain in the house as heirs: It is better to be so, then to get present payment, and a portion in this life, an inheritance in this world, [God forgive me, that I should honour it with the name of an inheritance, it is rather a *farm-room*] and then in the end to be casten out of God's house, with this word, *Ye have received your consolation, ye will get no more*. Alas! What get they? The rich glutton's heaven. Oh but our Lord, Luk. 14. maketh it a *fillie heaven*: *He fed well* [saith our Lord] *& delicately every day*: Oh no more! A *fillie heaven*? Truly no more, except that he was clothed in purple; and that is all. I perswade my

self *Madam*, ye have joy, when ye think, that your Lord hath dealt more graciously with your soul. Ye have gotten little in this life, it is true indeed: Ye have then the more to crave; yea ye have all to crave: For except some tastings of the first-fruits, and some kisses of his mouth, whom your soul loveth, ye get no more; but I cannot tell you what is to come; yet I may speak as our Lord does of it. The foundation of the city is pure gold, clear as crystal: the twelve ports are set with precious stones: if orchards & rivers commend a soil upon earth, there is a Paradise there, wherein groweth the *tree of life*, that bears twelve manner of fruits every moneth, which is seven score and four harvests in the year: and there is there, a pure river of *water of life*, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb: and the city hath no need of the light of the sun or moon or of a candle, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb is the light thereof. *Madam*, believe and hope for this, till ye see and enjoy: Jesus is saying in the Gospel, *Come & see*; & he is come down in the chariot of Truth, wherein he rideth through the world, to conquer mens souls, *Psal. 45. 4.* & is now in the world saying, *Who will go with me? will ye go? my Father will make you welcome, & give you house-room; for in my Father's house are many dwelling places: Madam*, consent to go with him. Thus I rest, commending you to God's dearest mercy.

Anwoth.

Yours in the Lord Iesus, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

I Am afraid now, (as many others are) that at the sitting down of our Parliament, our Lord Iesus his Spouse shall be roughly handled: And it must be so, since false and declining *Scotland*, whom our Lord took off the dunghil & out of hell, & made a fair Bride to himself, hath broken her faith to her sweet husband, & hath put on the forehead of a whore: & therefore he saith he will remove: would God, we could stir up our selves to lay hold upon him, who, being highly provoked with the hand-

handling he hath met with, is ready to depart. Alas, we do not importune him by prayer & supplication, to abide amongst us! If we could but weep upon him, and in the holy pertinacie of faith, wrestle with him, and say, *We will not let thee go*, it may be that then, he, who is easy to be intreated, would yet, notwithstanding of our high provocations, condescend to stay, & feed among the lilies, till that fair & desirable day break, and the shadows flee away. Ah! What cause of mourning is there when our gold is become dim, and the visage of our *Nazarites*, sometimes whiter then snow, is now become blacker then a coal, & *Levi's* house, once comparable to fine gold, is now changed, and become like vessels, in whom he hath no pleasure? *Madam*, think upon this, that when our Lord, who hath his handkerchief to wipe the face of the mourners in *Zion*, shall come to wipe away all tears from their eyes, he may wipe yours also, in the passing, amongst others. I am confident, *Madam*, that our Lord will yet build a new house to himself, of our rejected and scattered stones: for our bridegroom cannot want a wife: Can he live a widow? Nay, he will embrace both *Us* the little young sister, and the elder sister *The church of the Jews*; & there will yet be a day of it: and therefore we have cause to rejoyce, yea to sing and shout for joy. The Church hath been, since the world began, ever hanging by a small threed, and all the hands of hell & of the wicked have been drawing at the threed; but God be thanked, they only break their arms by pulling, but the threed is not broken; for the sweet fingers of Christ our Lord have spun & twisted it: *Lord hold the threed whole*. *Madam*, stir up your husband, to lay hold upon the Covenant, and to do good. What hath he to do with the World? It is not his inheritance: Desire him to *make home over*, and put to his hand to lay one stone or two upon the wall of God's house, before he go hence. I have heard also, *Madam*, that your child is removed: But to have or want is best; as he pleaseth. Whether she be with you, or in God's keeping, think it all one; nay think it the better of the two by far, that she is with him. I trust in our Lord, that there is something

laid up and kept for you; for our kind Lord, who hath wounded you, will not be so cruel, as not to allay the pain of your green wound; and therefore claim Christ still as your own, and own him as your *One* thing. So resting I recommend your La: your soul and spirit in pawn to him who keepeth his father's pawns, & will make an account of them faithfully, even to that fairest amongst the sons of men, our sweet Lord Jesus, the fairest, the sweetest, the most delicious rose of all his father's great field: the smell of that rose perfume your soul.

Amwoth, April 1.

Yours La: in his sweet Lord

1633.

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

I Determined & was desirous also to have seen your La: but because of a pain in my arm I could not. I know ye will not impute it to any unsutable forgetfulness of your La: from whom, at my first entry to my calling in this countrey, and since also, I received such comfort in my affliction, as I trust in God, never to forget it, & shall labour by his grace to recompense it, the only way possible to me, and that is, by presenting your soul, person, house and all your necessities, in prayer, to him, (whose I hope ye are, and) who is able to keep you till that day of appearance, and to present you before his face with joy. I am confident your La: is going forward, in the begun journey to your Lord and father's home and Kingdom; howbeit ye want not temptations within and without: And who among the saints hath ever taken that castle without stroke of sword? The chief of the house, our elder brother, our Lord Jesus, not being excepted, who won his own house & home, due to him by birth, with much blood and many blows. Your La: hath the more need to look to your self, because our Lord hath placed you higher then the rest, & your way to heaven lieth through a more wild and waste wilderness, then the way of many of your fellow travellers, not only through the midst of this wood of thorns, *The cumberfom world*, but also

also through these dangerous paths, *The vain glory of it*: The consideration whereof hath often moved me to pity your soul, and the soul of your *worthy and noble husband*. And it is more to you to win heaven, being ships of greater burden, and in the main sea; then for little vessels, that are not so much in the mercy and reverence of the storms; because they may come quietly to their port by launching alongst the coast: For the which cause ye do much, if in the midst of such a tumult of business, & crowd of temptations, ye shall give Christ Jesus his own court, & his own due place in your soul. I know & am perswaded, that lovely one *Jesus* is dearer to you, than many Kingdoms; and that ye esteem him your welbeloved; and the *standard-bearer among ten thousand*, Cant. 1. 10. And it becometh him full well to take the place, and the *board-head* in your soul, before all the world: I knew, and saw him with you, in the *furnace of affliction*; for there he wooed you to himself, and chose you to be his; and now he craveth no other hire of you but your Love, and that he get no cause to be jealous of you. And therefore, *Dear and worthy Lady*, be like to the fresh river, that keepeth its own fresh taste, in the salt sea. This world is not worthy of your soul: Give it not a good day: when Christ cometh in competition with it. Be like one of another countrey: Home and stay not; for the sun is fallen low, and nigh the tops of the mountains, & the shadows are stretched out in great length: linger not by the way: The world and sin would train you on, and make you turn aside: Leave not the way for them, and the *Lord Jesus* be at the voyage. Madam, many eyes are upon you, & many would be glad, your La: should spoil a Christian, and mar a good professor. *Lord Jesus* mar their godless desires, and keep the conscience whole without a crack. If there be a hole in it, so that it take in water at a leak, it will with difficulty mend again. It is a dainty delicate creature, and a rare piece of the workmanship of your maker; and therefore deal gently with it, and keep it intire; that amidst this world's glory, your La: may learn to entertain Christ, and whatsoever creature your La: findeth not to smell of him, it may have no bet-

ter relish to you, then the white of an egg. *Madam*, it is a part of the truth of your profession, to drop words in the ears of your *Noble husband* continually, of Eternity, Judgment, Death, Hell, Heaven, The honourable Profession, The sins of his Father's House: He must reckon with God for his father's debt: Forgetting of accounts pays not debt: Nay the interest of a forgotten bond runneth up with God, to interest upon interest: I know, he looks homeward and loveth the truth; but I pity him with my soul, because of his many temptations: Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a pack-horse of men's souls, when they are wholly set upon this world: We owe the Devil no such service; it were wisdom to throw off that load into a mire, & cast all our cares over upon God. *Madam*, think ye have no child. Subscribe a bond to your Lord, That she shall be his, if he take her, and thanks and praise & glory to his holy name, shall be the interest for a year's loan of her: Look for crosses, and while it is fair weather, mend the sails of the ship. Now, hoping your La: will pardon my tediousness. I recommend your soul and person to the grace & mercy of our sweet Lord Jesus, in whom I am

Amosb, Nov. 15.

1633.

Your La: at all dutiful obedience in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM;

HAVING received a letter from some of the worthiest of the Ministry in this Kingdom, the contents whereof I am desired to communicate to such professors in these parts, as I know love the beauty of Zion, & are afflicted to see the Lord's vineyard troden under foot, by the wilde boars out of the wood, who lay it waste, I could not but also desire your La: help, to joyn with the rest, desiring you to impart it to my Lord your husband, & if ye think it needful, I shall write to his Lo: as Mr. G. G. shall advertise me. Know therefore that the best affected of the Ministry have thought is convenient & necessary,

at

at such a time as this, that all who love the truth should joyn their prayers together; and cry to God with humiliation and fasting: The times, which are agreed upon, are, the two first sabbaths of February next, and the six dayes intervening betwixt these sabbaths, as they may conveniently be had, and the first sabbath of every Quarter: And the Causes, as they are written to me, are these;

1. Besides the distresses of the Reformed Churches abroad, the many reigning sins of uncleanness, ungodliness and unrighteousness in this land, the present judgments on the land, and many more hanging over us, whereof few are sensible, or yet know the right and true cause of them.
2. The lamentable and pitiful estate of a glorious Church (in so short a time, against so many bonds) in Doctrine, Sacrament and Discipline, so sore persecuted, in the persons of faithful Pastors and professors; and the door of God's house kept so strait, by Bastard Porters, in so much, that worthy instruments, able for the work, are held at the door, the Rulers having turned over Religion into Policy, and the Multitude ready to receive any Religion, that shall be enjoyed by Authority.
3. In our Humiliation, besides that we are under a necessity of deprecating God's wrath, and vowing to God sincerely new obedience, the weakness, coldness, silence and lukewarmness of some of the best of the Ministry, and the deadness of Professors, who have suffered the truth both secretly to be stoln away, and openly to be plucked from us, would be confessed.
4. Atheism, Idolatry, prophanity and vanity would be confessed: Our King's heart recommended to God; & God intreated, that he would stir up the Nobles & the People to turn from their evil ways. Thus, *Madam*, hoping that your La: will joyn with others, that such a work be not slighted, at such a necessary time, when our Kirk is at the overturning, I will promise to my self your help, as the Lord in secrecy and prudence shall enable you, that your La: may rejoyce with the Lord's people, when deliverance shall come; for true and sincere humiliation come alwayes speed with God: And when Authority, King, Court and Churchmen oppose the truth, what other armour have we

but prayer and faith: Whereby if we wrestle with him, there is ground to hope, that those who would remove the burdensome stone out of its place, shall but hurt their back, and the stone shall not be moved, at least not removed, Zeck. 12. 3. Grace, grace be with you, from him who hath called you to the inheritance of the saints in light.

Asmeth, Jan. 23. Your La: at all submissive obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

1634.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

ALL submissive & dutiful obedience in our Lord Jesus remembered: I trust I need not much intreat your La: to look to him, who hath stricken you at this time; but my duty, in the memory of that comfort I found in your La: kindness, when I was no less heavy, in a case not unlike that, speaketh to me, to say something now: and I wish I could ease your La: at least with words, I am persuaded, your Physician will not slay you, but purge you: & seeing he calleth himself the Chirurgion, who maketh the wound and bindeth it up again, (for to lance a wound is not to kill, but to cure the patient) *Deut. 32. 30. 1 Sam. 2. 6. Job 6. 7. 18. Hos. 6. 1.* I believe, Faith will teach you to kiss a striking Lord, & so acknowledge the sovereignty of God (in the death of a child) to be above the power of us mortal men, who may pluck up a flower in the bud, and not be blamed for it: if our dear Lord pluck up one of his Roses, and pull down sower & green fruit before harvest, who can challenge him? For he lendeth us to this world, as men to a market, wherein some stay many hours, & eat & drink, & buy & sell, and pass through the fair, till they be weary, & such are those who live long, and get a hearty fill of this life: And others again come slipping into the morning-market, & do neither sit nor stand, nor buy nor sell, but look about them a little and pass presently home again, and these are infants & young ones, who end their short market in the morning, and get but a short view of the fair. Our Lord, who hath numbered man's months, & set him bounds that he cannot

not pass, Job 14. 3. hath written the length of our number, & it is easier to complain of the decree, then to change it. I verily believe when I write this, your Lord hath taught your La: to lay your hand on your mouth: But I shall be far from desiring your La: or any others to cast by a cross like an old uselets bill, that is only for the fire, but rather would wish, each cross were looked in the face seven times, & were read over & over again: It is the Messenger of the Lord, & speaks something, & the man of understanding will hear the rod & him that has appointed it: Try what is the taste of the Lord's cup, & drink with God's blessing, that ye may grow thereby. I trust in God, whatever speech it utter to your soul, this is one word in it, Job 5. 17. Behold, blessed is the man whom God correcteth: And that it saith to you, Ye are from home while here; ye are not of this world, as your Redeemer, Christ, was not of this world: There is something keeping for you, which is worth the having: All that is here is condemned to die, to pass away like a snow-ball before a summer-sun: & since Death took first possession of something of yours, it hath been and daily is creeping nearer and nearer to your self, howbeit with no noise of feet. Your husbandman and Lord hath lopped off some branches already, the tree it self is to be transplanted to the high garden; in a good time be it, but Lord ripen your La: all these crosses [and indeed when I remember them, they are heavy and many: peace, peace be the end of them] are to make you white and ripe for the Lord's harvest-book. I have seen the Lord weaning you from the breasts of this world: it was never his mind, it should be your patrimony, & God be thanked for that; ye look the liker one of the heirs: let the moveables go, why not? They are not yours: fasten your grips upon the heritage; & our L. Jesus make the charters sure, & give your La: to grow as a palm-tree on God's mount Zion, howbeit shaken with winds, yet the root is fast. This is all I can do, to recommend your case to your Lord, who hath you written upon the palms of his hand. if I were able to do more, your La: may believe me, that gladly I would. I trust shortly to see your La: Now

he who hath called you, confirm and stablish your heart
in grace unto the day of the liberty of the sons of God.

Ardwell, April 28. Your La: at all submissive obedience
1634. *in his sweet Lord Iesus, S. R.*

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

My very Noble and worthy Lady :

SO oft as I call to mind the comforts that I my self, a
poor friendless stranger, received from your La:
here in a strange part of the country, when my Lord took
from me the delight of mine eyes, (as the word
speaketh, *Exek. 24. 16.* (which wound is not yet fully
healed and cured) I trust your Lord shall remember that,
& give you comfort now, at such a time as this, wherein
your dearest Lord hath made you a widow, that ye may
be a free Woman for Christ, who is now sureing for
marriage-love of you, and therefore since you lie alone in
your bed, let Christ be as a bundle of myrrhe, to sleep &
lie all the night betwixt your breasts, *Cant. 1. 13.* & then
your bed is better filled then before: And seeing, amongst
all crosses spoken of in our Lord's word, this giveth you
a particular right to make God your husband, (which
was not so yours, while your husband was alive) I read
God's mercy out of this visitation: And albeit I must
out of some experience say, the mourning for the hus-
band of your youth, be, by God's own mouth the heaviest
worldly sorrow, *Isa. 1. 8.* and though this be the weigh-
tiest burden, that ever lay upon your back; Yet ye know
(when the fields are emptied, and your husband now a-
sleep in the Lord) if ye shall wait upon him, who hideth
his face for a while, that it lieth upon God's honour &
truth, to fill the field, and to be a husband to the widow:
See and consider then what ye have lost, and how little it
is. Therefore *Madam*, let me intreat you in the bowels
of Christ Iesus, and by the comforts of his Spirit, & your
appearance before him, let God & men and Angels now
see what is in you: The Lord hath pierced the vessel, it
will be known whether there be in it wine or water: let
your faith and patience be seen, that it may be known,
your

your only beloved first and last hath been Christ; And therefore now, waite your whole love upon him, he alone is a futable object for your love and all the affections of your soul: God hath dried up one channell of your love, by the removal of your husband: let now that spear run upon Christ. Your Lord and lover hath graciously taken out your husband's name and your name, out of the summons, that are raised, at the instance of the terrible sin-revenging of Judge of the world, against the house of the *Kenmore*. And I dare say, that God's hammering of you from your youth, is only to make you a fair carved stone, in the high upper temple of the new *Jerusalem*. Your Lord never thought this world's vain painted glory a gift worthy of you; and therefore would not bestow it on you, because he is to *propine* you with a better portion: Let the moveables go; the inheritance is yours: Ye are a child of the house, and joy is laid up for you; it is long in coming, but not the worse for that. I am now expecting to see, and that with joy and comfort, that which I hoped of you, since I knew you fully; even that ye have laid such strength upon the Holy One of *Israel*, that ye defie troubles; and that your soul is a castle that may be besieged, but cannot be taken. What have ye to do here? This world never looked like a friend upon you, ye owe it little love, it looked ever sowre-like upon you: Howbeit ye should wooe it, it will not match with you, and therefore never seek warm fire under cold ice: This is not a field where your happiness groweth; it is up above, where, *Rev. 7. 9.* there are a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne & before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: What ye could never get here, ye shall find there. And withal consider, how in all these trials, (and truly they have been many) your Lord hath been loosing you at the root from perishing things, and hunting after you, to grip your soul: *Madam*, for the Son of God's sake, let him not miss his grip, but stay and abide in the love of God, as *Lude* saith, *y. 21.* Now, *Madam*, I hope your La: will take these lines

in good parts: & wherein I have fallen there & failed to your La: in not evidencing what I was obliged to your more then undeserved love & respect, I request for a full pardon for it. Again, my dear and noble Lady, let me beseech you to lift up your head, for the day of your redemption draweth near: And remember, that star that shined in Galilee is now shining in another world. Now I pray that God may answer his own stile to your soul, & that he may be to you the God of all consolation. Thus I remain

Amnoth, Sept. 14.

Your La: at all dutiful obedience

1634.

in, the Lord Jesus, &c. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M,

ALL dutiful obedience in our Lord remembered. I know ye are now near one of those straits, in which ye have been before: But because your outward comforts are fewer, I pray him, whose ye are, to supply what ye want, another way: for howbeit we cannot win to the bottom of his wise Providence, who ruleth all: yet it is certain, this is not only good, which the Almighty hath done, but it is best: & he hath reckoned all your steps to heaven; and if your La: were through this water, there are the fewer behind; and if this were the last, I hope your La: hath learned by on-waiting to make your acquaintance with Death, which being, to the Lord, the woman's seed, *Jesus*, only a bloody heel, and not a broken head, *Gen. 3. 15.* cannot be ill to his friends, who get far less of Death then himself: Therefore, *Madam*, seeing ye know not but the journey is ended, and ye are come to the water-side, in God's wisdom, look all your papers and your counts, and whether ye be ready to receive the Kingdom of heaven as a little child, in whom there is little haughtiness & much humility. I would be far from discouraging your La: but there is an absolute necessity, that near eterniry, we look ere we leap, seeing no man wianeth back again to mend his leap. I am confident your La: thinketh often upon it, and that your old guide

shall

shall go before you and take your hand: His love to you will not grow lower, nor wear out of date, as the love of men, which groweth old & gray haired often before themselves. Ye have so much the more reason to love a better life then this, because this world has been to you a cold fire, with little heat to the body, and as little light, and much smoke to hurt the eyes. But, *Madam*, your Lord would have you thinking is but dry breasts, full of wind, and empty of food, in this late visitation, that hath befallen your La: ye have seen God's love & care, in such a measure, that I thought, our Lord brake the sharp point off the cross, and made us and your La: see Christ take possession, & insolement upon earth of him, who is now reigning & triumphing with the *hundred forty & four thousand*, who stand with the Lamb on mount Zion. I know, the sweetest of it is bitter to you; but your Lord will not give you painted crosses: He painteth not all the bitterness from the cross, neither taketh he the sharp edge quite from it; then it should be of your wailing & not of his, which should have as little reason in it, as it should have profit for us. Only, *Madam*, God commandeth you now to believe, & cast anchor in the dark night, & climb up the mountain: He who hath called you, establish you & confirm you to the end. I had a purpose to have visited your La: but when I thought better upon it, the truth is, I cannot see what my company could profit you: & this hath broken off my purpose, & no other thing. I know many honourable friends & worthy professors will see your La: and that the Son of God is with you, to whose love and mercy, from my soul, I recommend your La: and remain

Answer, Nov. 29. *Your La: at all dutiful obedience, in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*
1634.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

MY humble obedience in the L. remembred, Know, it hath pleased the Lord, to let me see, by all appearance, my labours in God's house here are at an end;
and

& I must now learn to suffer, in the which I am a dull Scholar. By a strange Providence, some of my papers, anent the corruptions of this time, are come to our King's hand: I know, by the wise and well affected, I shall be censured, as not wise nor circumspect enough, but it is ordinary, that, that should be a part of the cross of those who suffer for him: Yet I love and pardon the instrument: I would commit my life to him, howbeit by him this hath befallen me; but I look higher then to him. I make no question of your La: love and care to do what ye can for my help; and am perswaded that in my adversities your La: will wish me well. I seek no other thing, but that my Lord may be honoured by me, in giving a testimony. I was willing to do him more service; but seeing he will have no more of my labours, and this land will thrust me out, I pray for grace to learn to be acquainted with misery, if I may give so rough a name to such a mark of those, who shall be crowned with Christ: And howbeit I will possibly prove a faint-hearted unwise man in that, yet I dare say, I intend otherwise: And I desire not to go on the lee-side or sunny-side of Religion, to put Truth betwixt me & a storin; my Saviour did not so for me, who in his suffering took the windy side of the hill. No further, but the Son of God be with you.

Arnoth, Dec. 5. 1634. Your La: in the Lord Iesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE

MADAM;

I Received your La: letter from I. G. I thank our Lord, ye are as well, at least, as one may be, who is not come home: it is a mercy in this stormy sea, to get a second wind; for none of the saints get a first, but they must take the winds, as the Lord of the seas causeth them to blow; and the Inne, as the Lord & Master of the Innes has ordered it; if contentment were here, heaven were not heaven. Whoever seek the world to be their bed, shall at best find it short and ill made, and a stone under their side to hold them waking, rather then a soft pillow to sleep upon. Ye ought to bless your Lord, that it is not worse:

we

we live in a sea, where many have suffered shipwrack; & have need that Christ sit at the helm of the ship, it is a mercy to win to heaven, though with much hard toil and heavy labour, & to take it by violence, *ill & well as it may be*: better go swimming & wet through our waters, then drown by the way: especially now when Truth suffers, and great men bid Christ sit lower, and contract himself in less bounds, as if he took too much room. I expect our new *Prelate* shall try my sitting. I hang by a threed; but it is (if I may speak so) of Christ's spinning: there is no quarrel more honest or honourable, then to suffer for truth: but the worst is, that this Kirk is like to sink, and all her lovers and friends stand afar-off, none mourn with her, and none mourn for her. But the Lord Jesus will not be put out of his conquest so soon, in *Scotland*: it will be seen, the Kirk and Truth will rise again within three dayes, and Christ again shall ride upon his white horse; howbeit his horse seem now to stumble, yet he cannot fall: the fulness of Christ's harvest in the end of the earth is not yet come in: I speak not this, because I would have it so, but upon better grounds then my naked liking: but enough of this sad subject. I long to be fully assured of your La: welfare, and that your soul prospers, especially now in your solitary life, when your comforts outward are few, & when Christ hath you for the very uptaking. I know, his love to you is still running over, and his love hath not so bad a memory as to forget you, and your dear child, who hath two fathers in heaven, the one *the Antient of days*. I trust in his mercy, he hath something laid up for him above, however it may go with him here, I know, it is long since your La: saw this world turned your *step-mother*, and did forsake you. Madam, ye have reason to take in good part a lean dinner & spare diet, in this life, seeing your large supper of the Lamb's preparing will recompense all: let it go, which was never yours, but only in sight, not in property: the time of your loan will wear shorter and shorter, and time is measured to you by ounce-weights: & then I know, your hope shall be a full ear of corn, & not blasted with wind: it may be your joy, that your anchor is

up

up within the vail, & that the ground it is cast upon, is not false but firm. God hath done his part, I hope ye will not deny to fish and fetch home all your love to himself, and it is but too narrow & short for him, if it were more: if ye were before pouring all your love (if it had been many gallons more) in upon your Lord, if drops fell by in the in-pouring, he forgiveth you: he hath done now all that can be done, to win beyond it all, and hath left little to wooe your love from himself, except one only child: what is his purpose herein, he knoweth best, who hath taken your soul in tutoring: Your faith may be boldly charitable of Christ, that however matters go, the worst shall be a tired traveller, & a joyfull & sweet welcome-home: the back of your winter-night is broken: Look to the East, the day skie is breaking: think not that Christ loseth time or lingereth unsurably. O fair, fair, and sweet morning! We are but as sea-passengers, if we look right, we are upon our country-coast: our Redeemer is fast coming, to take this old worm-eaten world, like an old moth-eaten garment, in his two hands, and to roll it up, & lay it by him. These are the last dayes, and an oath is given, Rev. 10. by God himself, that *Time shall be no more*: and when *Time* it self is old and gray-haired, it were good we were away. Thus, *Madam*, ye see I am, as my custom is, tedious in my lines: your La: will pardon it. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answer, January 18.

1636

Your La: at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Right honourable,

I cannot find a time for writing somethings I intended on lob, I have been so taken up with the broils, that we are incumbered with in our calling: for our Prelat will have us either to swallow our light over, & digest it, contrary to our stomachs, howbeit we should vomit our conscience & all, in this troublefom Conformity; or then he will try, if *Deprivation* can convert us to the Ceremoni-
al faith

al faith. I write to your La: *Madam*, not as distrustful of your affection, or willingness to help me, as your La: is able by your self or others, but to advertise you, that I hang by a small thread: for our learned *Prelat*, because we cannot see with his eyes, so far in a mil-stone as his light doth, will not follow his Master, meek Jesus, who waited upon the wearied & short-breathed in the way to heaven: & where all see not alike, & some are weaker, he carries the lambs in his bosom, & leadeth gently those that are with young. But we must either see all the evil of *Ceremonies* to be but as indifferent straws, or suffer no less then to be casten out of the Lord's inheritance. *Madam*, if I had time, I would write more at length, but your La: will pardon me, till a fitter occasion. Grace be wish you and your child, & bear you company to your best home.

Atwoth. June 8. 1636. Your La: in his sweet L. Jesus, S. R.

TO EARLESTOWN Elder.

Much honoured Sir,

I Have heard of the mind & malice of your adversaries against you: It's like they will extend the law they have, in length & breadth, answerable to their heat of mind; but it is a great part of your glory, that the cause is not yours, but your Lord's whom ye serve: & I doubt not, but Christ will count it his honour, to back his weak servant; & it were a shame for him (with reverence to his holy Name) that he should suffer himself to be in the common of such a poor man as ye are, & that ye should give out for him, & not get in again: Write up your disbursements for your Master Christ, & keep the count what ye give out, whether *name, credit, goods, or life*, & suspend your reckoning till nigh the evening, & remember that a poor weak servant of Christ wrote it to you, *ye shall have Christ, a King, caution for your incomes & all your losses*: Reckon not from the fore-noon: Take the word of God for your warrant; and for Christ's *act of caution*, howbeit body, life and goods go for Christ your Lord, and though ye should lose the head for him, yet *Luk 21. 18. There shall not one hair of your head perish.* *v. 19. in*

patiente

patience therefore possess your soul: & because ye are the first man in *Galloway* called out, & questioned for the name of Jesus, his eye hath been upon you, as upon one whom he designed to be among his witnesses: Christ hath said, *Alexander Gordons* shall lead the ring in witnessing a good confession; & therefore he hath put the garland of suffering for himself first upon your head: think your self so much the more obliged to him, & fear not; for he layeth his right hand on your head: He who was dead and is alive will plead your cause, and will look attentively upon the process from the beginning to the end, and the Spirit of glory shall rest upon you. *Rev. 2. 10.* *Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer; behold the Devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, & ye shall have tribulation ten dayes: Be thou faithful unto the death, & I will give thee the crown of life.* That lovely one *Jesus*, who also became the Son of man; that he might take strokes for you, write the cross sweetening & soul-supporting sense of these words in your heart. These rumbling wheels of *Scotland's* ten dayes tribulation are under his look, who hath seven eyes. Take a house on your head, & slip your self by faith in under Christ's wings, till the storm be over: And remember when they have drunken us down, *Jerusalem* will be a Cup of trembling and of poison, *Zeck. 12. 2.* They shall be fain to vomit out the saints; for *Judah*, *v. 6.* *Shall be a hearth of fire in a sheaf, and they shall devour all the people round about, on the right hand and on the left.* Woe to *Zion's* enemies; they have the worst of it; for we have writ for the victory. *Sir*, ye were never honourable till now: this is your glory that Christ has put you in the roll with himself, and the rest of the witnesses, who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Be not cast down for what the servants of *Antichrist* cast in your teeth, that *Ye are a head to, and favourer of the Puritans; and leader to that sect:* if your conscience say; *Alas*, here is much done & little done (as the proverb is) because ye have not done so much service to Christ that way, as ye might & should: Take courage from that same temptation; for your

your Lord Christ looketh upon that very challenge, as an hungry desire in you to have done more then ye did; & that filleth up the blank, and he will accept of what ye have done in that kind. If great men be kind to you, I pray you overlook them; if they smile on you, Christ but borroweth their face, to smile through them upon his afflicted servant: know the well-head; and for all that, learn the way to the well it self. Thank God, that Christ came to your house in your absence, and took with him some of your children: He presumed that much on your love, that ye would not offend; and howbeit he should take the rest, he cannot come upon your *wrong side*: I question not, if they were children of gold, but ye think them well bestowed upon him: Expound well two rods on you, one in your house at home, another on your own person abroad: Love thinketh no evil: if ye were not Christ's wheat, appointed to be bread in his house, he would not grind you: But keep the middle line, neither despise nor faint, *Hebr. 12. 6.* Ye see your father is homely with you: Strokes of a father evidence kindness and care; take them so: I hope your Lord hath manifested himself to you, & suggested these or more choice thoughts about his dealing with you: we are using our weak moyen and credit for you, up at our own court; as we dow, we pray the King to hear us, and the Son of man to go *side for side* with you, and *hand in hand*, in the fiery oven, and to quicken and encourage your unbelieving heart, when ye droop and despond. Sir, to the honour of Christ be it said, my faith goeth with my pen now, I am presently believing Christ shall bring you out, Truth in Scotland shall keep the *crown of the cause* yet: the saints, shall see Religion go naked at noonday, free from shame and fear of men: We shall divide *Sechem*, and ride upon the high places of *Iacob*. Remember my obliged respects and love to my lady *Kennure* and her sweet child.

Amoth, July 6.
1636.

Yours ever in his sweet Loyd
Iesus, S. R.

M A D A M,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I know ye are near many comforters, & that the promised comforter is near hand also; yet because I found your La: comfortable to my self, in my sad days, that are not yet over my head, it is my part, and more in many respects (howbeit I can do little, God knoweth, in that kind) to speak to you in your wilderness. For, I know, *Dear & Noble Lady*, this loss of your dear child came upon you, one piece & part of it after another, & that ye was looking for it, & that now the Almighty hath brought on you that which ye feared; & that your Lord gave you lawful warning: & I hope, for his sake, who brewed & mixed this cup in heaven, ye will gladly drink, and salute & welcome the cross. I am sure, it is not your Lord's mind to feed you with judgment and worm-wood, and to give you waters of gall to drink, *Ezek. 34. 16. Jer. 9. 15.* I know, your cup is sugared with mercy, & that the withering of the bloom, the flower, even the white & red of worldly joyes, is for no other end, but to buy out at the ground the reversion of your heart & love. Madam, subscribe to the Almighty's will, put your hand to the pen, & let the cross of your Lord Jesus have your submissive and resolute AMEN. If ye ask & try whose this cross is; I dare say, it is not all your own, the best half of it is Christ's; then your cross is no born bastard, but lawfully begotten; *It sprang not out of the dust, Job. 3. 6.* if Christ & ye be halvers of this suffering, & he say *half mine*, what should aile you, & I am here right upon the stile of the word of God, *Phil. 3. 10. The fellowship of Christ's sufferings. Col. 1. 29. The remnant of the afflictions of Christ. Heb. 11. 28. The reproach of Christ.* It were but to shift the comforts of God, to say, Christ had never a cross as mine, he had never a dead child, & so this is not his cross, neither can he in that meaning be the owner of this cross: but I hope, Christ when he married you; married you and all the cross & woe hearts that follow you, and the word maketh no exception, *Isa. 63. 1. In all their afflictions he*

was afflicted. Then Chast, boté the first stroke of this cross, it rebounded off him on upon you, & ye got it at the second hand, & ye and he are halversin it? And I shall believe for my part, he mindeth to destill heaven out of this loss, and all others the like; for wisdom devised it, and love laid it on, and Christ owueth it as his own, and putteth your shoulder only beneath a piece of it: take it with joy as no bastard cross, but as a visitation of God, well born; and spend the rest of your appointed time, till your change come, in the work of believing; and let faith, that never yet made a lye to you, speak for God's part of it, *he will not, he doth not make you a sea or a whalefish, that he keepeth you in ward, Job. 7. 12.* It may be, ye think not many of the children of God in such a hard case as your self; but what would ye think of some, who would exchange afflictions; & give you to the best; but I know, yours must be your own alone and Christ's together. I confess it seemed strange to me, that your Lord should have done that, which seemeth to ding out the bottom of your comforts worldly; but we see not to the ground of the Almighty's sovereignty, *he goeth by on our right hand, & on our left hand, & we see him not*: We see but pieces of the broken links of the chain of his providence, and he coggeth the wheels of his own providence, that we see not. O let the former work his own clay, in what frame he pleaseth! *Shall any teach the Almighty knowledge?* If he pursue dry stubble, who dare say, *what dost thou?* do not wonder to see the Judge of the world weave in one web, your mercies & the judgments of the house of the *Kennure*; He can make one web of contraries. But my weak advice, with reverence and correction, were for you, *Dear & worthy Lady*, to see how far mortification goeth on, & what scum the Lord's fire casteth out of you. I know, ye see your knottiness, since our Lord *whyteth* heweth & plaineth you, & the glancing of the furnace is to let you see, what scum or refuse ye must want, and what froath is in nature, that must be boiled out, & taken off in the fire of your trials. I do not say, heavier afflictions propbesie heavier guiltiness a cross

is often but a false prophet in this kind: but I am sure, our Lord would have the tin, and the bastard mettall in you, removed; lest the Lord say, *the bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed in the fire, the founder melteth in vain, Jer. 6. 29.* And I shall hope, that grief shall not so far smother your light, as not to practise this so necessary a duty, to concur with him in this blessed design. I would gladly plead for the comforter's part of it, not against you, *Madam*, (for I am sure ye are not his party) but against your grief, which will have it's own violent incursions in your soul, and I think it be not in your power to help it: But I must say, there are comforts allowed upon you, and therefore want them not: When ye have gotten a runing-over soul with joy now, that joy will never be missed out of the infinite Ocean of delight which is not diminished by drinking at it, or drawing out of it. It is a Christian art to *Comfort your self in the Lord*, to say, *I was obliged to render back again this child to the giver, & if I have had your years loan of him, and Christ eternitie's possession of him, the Lord hath kept condition with me: if my Lord would not have him and me to tryst both in one hour, at death's door threshold together, it is his wisdom so to do, I am satisfied: my tryst is suspended, not broken off, nor given up.* *Madam*, I would I could divide sorrow with you, for your ease; But I am but a beholder, it is easie to me to speak: The God of comfort speak to you, and allure you with his feasts of love. My removal from my flock is so heavy to me, that it maketh my life a burden to me, I had never such a longing for death: The Lord help and hold up sad clay. I fear ye sin in drawing *Mr. William Dalglish* from this countrey, where the labourers are few and the harvest great: *Madam*, desire my Lord *Argyle* to see for provision to a Pastor for this poor people. Grace be with you.

Kircudbright, Octob. 1.
1649.

Your La: at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.

To the persecuted Church in *Ireland*.

Much honoured, reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord;

Grace mercy & peace be to you all; I know there are many in this Nation, more able then I, to speak to the sufferers for, and witnesses of Jesus Christ, yet pardon me to speak a little to you, who are called in question for the Gospel; once committed to you. I hope ye are not ignorant, that as peace was left to you in Christ's Testament, so the other half of the Testament was a legacy of Christ's sufferings. *Ioh. 16. 33. These things I have spoken, that in me ye might have peace; in the world ye shall have trouble.* Because then ye are made assigues and heirs to a life-rent of Christ's Cross, think that fiery trial no strange thing: For the Lord Jesus shall be no loser by purging the dross and tin out of his Church in *Ireland*: his wine-press is but squeezing out the dregs, the scum, the froath and refuse of that Church. I had once the proof of the sweet smell, and the honest and honourable peace, of that slandered thing, the Cross of our Lord Jesus: But though (Alas!) that these golden dayes that then I had, be now in a great part gone, yet I dare say, that the issue & outgate of your sufferings shall be the advantage, the golden reign & dominion of the gospel, & the high glory of the never-enough-praised Prince of the Kings of the earth, & the changing of the bras of the Lord's temple among you into gold, and the iron into silver, & the wood into brass, your officers shall yet be peace, & your exactors righteousness, *Isa. 60. v. 17, 18.* Your old fallen walls shall get a new name, and the gates of your *Jerusalem*, shall get a new stile, they shall call your walls, *Salvation*; and your gates, *Praise*. I know that *Deputy*, *Prelats*, *Papists*, temporizing Lords, and proud mockers of our Lord, crucifiers of Christ for his coat, and all your enemies, have neither fingers nor instruments of war to pick out one stone out of your wall; for each stone of your wall is *Salvation*. I dare give you my Royal and Princely Master's word for it; that *Ireland* shall be a fair Bride to Jesus, and Christ shall build on her a palace of silver, *Can. 8. 9.* Therefore

weep not, as if there were no hope, fear not, put on strength, put on your beautiful garments, *Iſa.* 51. 1. Your foundation shall be saphires, *Iſa.* 54. 11, 12. Your windows and gates precious stones. Look over the water & behold & see, who is on the dry land waiting for your landing: Your deliverance is concluded, subscribed & sealed in heaven: Your goods that are taken from you, for Christ and his truth's sake, are but arrested and laid in pawn, and not taken away: There is much laid up for you in his store-house, whose the earth and the fulness thereof is, your garments are spun, & your flocks are feeding in the fields, your bread is laid up for you, your drink is brown, your gold and silver is at the bank, and the interest goeth on and groweth, and yet I hear, that your task-masters do rob and spoil you, and fine you: your prisons (*my brethren*) have two keyes, the Deputy, Prelats & Officers keep but the iron keyes of the prison, wherein they put you, but he that has created the smith hath other keyes in heaven, therefore ye shall not die in the prison: other mens ploughs are labouring for your bread, your enemies are gathering in your rents. He that is killing his Bride, on this side of the sea in *Scotland*, is beating her beyond the sea in *Ireland*, and feeding her with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, and yet he is the same Lord to both. Alas! I fear that *Scotland* be undone and slain, with this great mercy of Reformation, because there is not here that life of Religion, answerable to the huge greatness of the work, that dazleth our eyes: For the Lord is rejoycing over us in this land, as the Bridegroom rejoyceth over the Bride, and the Lord hath changed the name of *Scotland*; they call us now no more *Forsaken* nor *Desolate*, but our land is called *Heph Zibah* & *Beulah*, *Iſa.* 62. 4. for the Lord delights in us, & this land is married to himself: there is now an high way made through our *Zion*, & it is called *the way of holiness*, the unclean shall not pass over it, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in it: the wilderness doth rejoyce and blossom as the rose: the ransomed of the Lord are returned back unto *Zion*, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, *Iſa.* 35. The *Canaanite* is put out of our Lord's

Lord's house: there is not a beast left to do hurt (at least professedly) in all the holy mountain of the Lord: our Lord is fallen to wrestle with his enemies, and hath brought us out of *Egypt*: we have the strength of an Unicorn, *Numb. 22. 9*. The Lord hath eaten up the sons of Babel, he hath broken their bowes, & hath pierced them through with his arrows: we take them captives whose captives we were, and we rule over our oppressors, *Isa. 14. 1*. It is not brick, nor clay, nor Babel's cursed timber and stones, that is in our second temple: but our Princely King *Jesus* is building his house all palace-work & carved stones, it is the habitation of the Lord. We do welcome *Ireland & England* to our Welbelov'd: we invite you, *O daughters of Jerusalem*, to come down to our Lord's garden, and seek our Welbelov'd with us; for his love will suffice both you and us: we do send you love-letters over the sea, to request you to come and to marry our King, and to take part of our bed: and we trust, our Lord is fetching a blow upon the Beast and the scarlet-coloured *Whore*, to the end he may bring in his ancient widow-wife, our dear Sister, the Church of the *Jews*. O what a heavenly heaven were it to see them come in by this mean, and suck the breasts of their little Sister, and renew their old love with their first husband, *Christ* our Lord! They are booked in God's word, as a Bride contracted upon *Jesus*: O for a fight, in this flesh of mine, of the prophesied marriage between *Christ* and them! The Kings of *Turkish* and the *Isles* must bring presents to our Lord *Jesus*, *Psal. 72. 10*. And *Britain* is one of the chiefest *Isles*: Why then but we may believe, that our Kings of this Island shall come in, and bring their glory to the new *Jerusalem*, wherein *Christ* shall dwell, in the latter days? It is our part to pray, that the Kingdoms of the earth may become *Christ's*. Now I exhort you in the Lord *Jesus*, not to be dismay'd nor afraid for the two tails of these smoking fire-brands, the fierce anger of the Deputy with *Civil Power*, and of the bastard *Prelats* with the *Power of the Beast*; for they shall be cut off: They may well eat you and drink you, but they shall be forced to vomit you out again alive. If two

things were firmly believed, sufferings would have no weight: if the fellowship of Christ's sufferings were well known, who would not gladly take part with Jesus? For Christ and we are halvers and joynt owners of one and the same cross; and therefore he that knew well what sufferings were, as he esteemed all things but loss for Christ, and did judge them but dung, so did he also judge of them, that he might know the fellowship of his sufferings, *Philip. 3. 10.* O how sweet a sight is it, to see a cross, betwixt Christ & us, to hear our Redeemer say, at every sigh and every blow, and every loss of a believer, *half mine!* So they are called, *the sufferings of Christ, & the reproach of Christ, Col. 1. 24. Heb. 11. 26.* As when two are partners & owners of a ship, the half of the gain & half of the loss belongeth to either of the two; so Christ in our sufferings is half-gainer & half-loser with us: Yea, the heaviest end of the black tree of the cross, lies on your Lord, it falleth first upon him, and it but reboundeth off him upon you: *The reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me, Psal. 69. 9.* Your sufferings are your treasure, & are greater riches then the treasures of Egypt, *Heb. 11. 26.* And if your cross come first through Christ's fingers, ere it come to you, it receiveth a fair luster from him, it getteth a taste and relish of the King's spikenard and of heaven's perfume, and the half of the gain, when Christ's ship full of gold cometh home, shall be yours: It is an augmenting of your treasure to be rich in sufferings, to be in labours abundant, in stripes above measure, *2 Cor. 11. ver. 23.* & to have the sufferings of Christ abounding in you, *2 Cor. 1. 5.* is a part of heaven's stock: Your goods are not lost which they have plucked from you, for your Lord hath them in keeping, they are but arrested and seised upon, he shall loose the arrest: Ye shall be fed with the heritage of Jacob your father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, *Isa. 53. 14.* Till I shall be in the hall-floor of the highest palace, and get a draught of glory out of Christ's hand, above & beyond Time and beyond Death, I will never, it is like, see fairer days, then I saw under that blessed tree of my Lord's cross: His kisses then were
King's

King's Kisses, these kisses were sweet and soul reviving: one of them at that time was worth two and a half (if I may speak so) of Christ's week-days kisses. O sweet, sweet for evermore, to see a rose of heaven growing in an ill ground as hell; and to see Christ's love, his embracements, his dinners and suppers of joy, peace, faith, goodness, long suffering and patience, growing and springing like the flowers of God's garden, out of such stony and cursed ground as the hatred of the *Prelats*, and the malice of their *High Commission*, and the *Antichrist's* bloody hand and heart! Is not here art and wisdom? is not here heaven indented in hell (if I may say so) like a jewel set with skill in a ring, with the enamel of Christ's cross? The rubies and riches of glory, that groweth up out of his cross, is beyond telling. Now the blackest and hottest wrath & most fiery and all-devouring indignation of the Judge of men and Angels, shall come upon them; that deny our sweet Lord Jesus, and put their hand to that oath of wickedness, now pressed: the Lord's coal at their heart shall burn them up both root and branch: the estates of great men, that have done so, if they do not repent, shall consume away, and the ravens shall dwell in their houses, and their glory shall be shame. O for the Lord's sake, keep fast by Christ, and fear not man that shall die, and wither as the grass: the *Deputy's* bloom shall fall, and the *Prelats* shall cast their flower, and the East wind of the Lord, of the Lord strong and mighty, shall blast and break them: therefore fear them not, they are but idols, that can neither do evil nor good. Walk not in the way of those people, that slander the footsteps of our royal and princely anointed King Jesus, now riding upon his white horse in Scotland: let *Lebovab* be your fear. That decree of Zion's deliverance, passed and sealed up before the throne, is now ripe, and shall bring forth a child, even the ruin and fall of the *Prelats* black Kingdom and the *Antichrist's* throne, in these Kingdoms: the Lord has begun and he shall make an end. Who did ever hear the like of this? Before Scotland travelled, she brought forth, and before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child, *Isa. 66. 7, 8.*

And when all is done, suppose there were no sweetness in our Lord's cross, yet it is sweet for his sake, for that lovely one, *Iesus Christ*, whose Crown and Royal Supremacy is the question this day in *Great Britain*, betwixt us and our adversaries: and who would not think him worthy of the suffering for? what is burning quick? what is drinking of our own heart-blood? & what is a draught of melted lead, for his glory? less then a drink of cold water to a thirsty man, if the right price and due value were put on that worthy, worthy Prince *Iesus*. O who can weigh him! Ten thousand thousand heavens would not be one scale, or the half of the scale of the ballance, to lay him in. O black Angels, in comparison of him! O dim and dark and lightless Sun, in regard of that fair Sun of Righteousness! O seckless and worthless heaven of heavens, when they stand beside my worthy and lofty and high and excellent Wellbeloved! O weak and infirm clay Kings! O soft and feeble mountains of brass, and weak created strength, in regard of our mighty and strong Lord of armies! O foolish wisdom of men and Angels, when it is laid in the ballance beside that spotless substantial wisdom of the Father! If heaven and earth and ten thousand heavens, even round about these heavens that now are, were all in one garden of Paradise, decked with all the fairest roses, flowers and trees, that can come forth from the art of the Almighty himself, yet set but our one flower, that groweth out of the root of Jesse, beside that orchard of pleasure, one look of him, one view, one taste, one smell of his sweet God-head would infinitely exceed and go beyond the smell, colour, beauty and loveliness of that Paradise. O to be with child of his love, and to be suffocate (if that could be) with the smell of his sweetness, were a sweet fill and lovely pain. O worthy, worthy loveliness! O less of the creatures and more of thee! O open the passage of the well of love and glory on us, dry pits and withered trees! O that jewel and flower of heaven! If our Beloved were not mistaken by us, and unknown to us, he would have no scarcity of wooers & suiters, he would make heaven and earth both see, that they cannot quench his love, for his love is a sea: O to be

be a thousand fathoms deep in this sea of love! He, He himself is more excellent then heaven: for heaven, as it comes into the souls and spirits of the glorified, is but a creature, & He is something, & a great something, more then a Creature. Oh what a life were it to sit beside this well of love, & drink & sing, & sing & drink, & then to have desires & soul-faculties stretched & extended out many thousand fathoms in length & breadth, to take in seas & rivers of love! I earnestly desire to recommend this love to you, that this love may cause you to keep his commandments, & to keep clean fingers, & made clean feet, that ye may walk as the redeemed of the Lord. Woe, woe be to them, that put on his name, & shame this love of Christ, with a loose & prophane life: their feet, tongue, & hands & eyes give a shameless lye to the holy Gospel, which they profess. I beseech you in the Lord, keep Christ, & walk with him, let not his fairness be spotted & stained by godless living. Oh who can find in their heart to sin against love! And such a love, as the glorified in heaven shall delight to dive into, & drink of forever; for they are evermore drinking in love, & the cup is still at their head, & yet without loathing, for they still drink, & still desire to drink forever & ever: is not this a long lasting supper? Now if any of our countrey-people professing Christ Jesus, have brought themselves under the stroke & wrath of the Almighty, by yielding to *Antichrist* in an hair-breadth, but especially by swearing & subscribing that blasphemous Oath, (which is the Church of Ireland's black hour of temptation,) I would intreat them, by the mercies of God, at their last summons, to repent, and openly confess before the world, to the glory of the Lord, their denial of Christ: Or otherwise, if either man or woman will stand and abide by that Oath, then, in the name and authority of the Lord Jesus, I let them see, that they forfeit their part of heaven, and let them look for no less, then a back burden of the pure unmixed wrath of God, and the plague of Apostates & deniers of our Lord Jesus. Let not me a stranger to you, who never saw your face in the flesh, be thought bold in writing to you: For the hope I have of a glorious Church in that land, and the

love of Christ constraineth me. I know, the worthy servants of Christ, who once laboured among you, cease not to write to you also; & I shall desire to be excused that I do joyn with them. Pray for your Sister Church in Scotland, & let me entreat you for the aid of your prayers for my self, & flock, & ministry, & my fear of a transportation from this place of the Lord's vineyard. Now the very God of peace sanctifie you throughout. Grace be with you all.

Amos, 14: 9. Your brother & companion in the Kingdom and patience of Iesus Christ, S. R.

To his reverend and much Honoured Brother,
Dr. ALEXANDER LIGHTON,
Christ's prisoner in bonds at London.

Reverend & much honoured prisoner of hope;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: It was not my part, whom our Lord hath enlarged, to forget you his prisoner. When I consider, how long your night hath been, I think Christ hath a mind to put you in free grace's debt, so much the deeper, as your sufferings have been of so long a continuance. But what if Christ mind you no joy but publick joy, with enlarged and triumphing Zion: I think, Sir, ye would love it best, to share and divide your song of joy with Zion, and to have mystical Christ in Brittain halter and companion with your enlargement. I am sure, your joy, bordering and neighbouring with the joy of Christ's Bride, would be so much the sweeter that it were publick. I thought, if Christ had halved my mercies, and delivered his Bride and not me, that his praises should have been double to what they are: But now two rich mercies conjoynd in one, have stollen from our Lord more then half-praises: Oh that mercy should so beguile, and steal away our counts and acknowledgments! *Worthy Sir,* I hope I need not exhort you to go on, in hoping for the salvation of *us*: There hath not been so much taken from your time of ease and created joyes, as Eternity shall add to your heaven. Ye know, when one day in heaven hath

payed

payed you, yea, and overpayed your blood, bonds, sorrow and sufferings, that it would trouble Angels understanding, to lay the count of that *superplus* of glory, which Eternity can and will give you. O but your sand-glass of sufferings and losses, cometh to little, when it shall be counted and compared with the glory that abideth you, on the other side of the water! Ye have no leisure to rejoyce and sing here while time goeth about you, and where your *Psalms* will be short, therefore ye will think Eternity and the long day of heaven, that shall be measured with no other sun nor horologe, then the long life of the Ancient of dayes, to measure your praises, little enough for you: if your span-length of time be cloudy, ye cannot but think, your Lord can no more take your blood and your bands without the income & recompence of free grace, then he would take the sufferings of *Paul*, and his other dear servants, that were well paid home beyond all counting, *Rom. 8. 18.* If the wisdom of Christ hath made you *Antichrist's* eye-sore and his envy, ye are to thank God, that such a piece of clay as ye are, is made the field of glory to work upon: it was the potter's aim, that the clay should praise him; & I hope it satisfieth you, that your clay is for his glory. Oh who can suffer enough for such a Lord? & who can lay out in bank enough of pain, shame, losses, torture, to receive in again the free interest of eternal glory? *2 Cor. 4. 17.* O how advantageous bargaining is it with such a rich Lord! If your hand and pen had been at leisure to gain glory in paper, it had been but paper-glory, but the bearing of a publick cross so long, for the now controverted priviledges of the crown and scepter of free King Jesus, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, is glory booked in heaven. *Worthy O dear Brother*, if ye go to weigh Jesus his sweetness, excellency, glory & beauty, & lay fore against him your ounces or drama of Suffering for him, ye shall be straitned two ways. 1. It will be a pain to make the comparison, the disproportion being by no understanding imaginable: nay, if heaven's Arithmetick & Angels were set to work, they should never number the degrees of difference. 2. It should straiten you to find

a scale for the ballance to lay that High and Lofely One, that over-transcending Prince of excellency into: if your mind could fancy as many created heavens, as time hath had minutes, trees have had leaves, and clouds have had rain drops, since the first stone of the creation was laid, they should not make half a scale to bear & weigh boundless excellency into. And therefore the King, whose marks ye are bearing, & whose dying ye carry about with you in your body, is, out of all cry & consideration, beyond & above all our thoughts. For my self, I am content to feed upon wondering sometimes, at the beholding but of the borders and skirts of the incomparable glory, which is in that exalted Prince: & I think, ye could wish for more ears to give him then ye have, since ye hope these ears, ye now have given him, shall be passages to take in the musick of his glorious voice. I would fain both believe and pray, for a new Bride of *Jews & Gentiles* to our Lord Jesus, after the land of graven images shall be laid waste; & that our Lord Jesus is on horse-back, hunting & pursuing the beast; & that *England & Ireland* shall be well swept chambers for Christ & his righteousness to dwell in: for he hath opened our graves in *Scotland*, & the two dead and buried witnesses are risen again, and are prophesying. O that Princes would glory & boast themselves, in carrying the train of Christ's robe royal in their arms! Let me die within an half-hour after I have seen the Son of God his temple enlarged, & the cords of *Jerusalem's* tent lengthned, to take in a more numerous company, for a Bride to the Son of God. Oh if the corner or foundation stone of that house that new house, were laid above my grave! O who can add to him, who is that great, ALL? If he would create suns & moons, new heavens, thousand thousand degrees more perfect then these that now are, and again make a new creation, ten thousand thousand degrees in perfection beyond that new creation, and again still for eternity multiply new heavens, they should never be a perfect resemblance of that infinite excellency, order, weight, measure, beauty & sweetness that is in him. O how little of him do we see! O how shallow are our thoughts of him! Oh if I had pain for him, & shame & losses for him,
and

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and more clay & spirits for him, & that I could go upon earth without love, desire, hope, because Christ hath taken away my love, desire and hope to heaven with him! I know, *Worthy Sir*, your sufferings for him are your glory, & therefore weary not: his salvation is near hand, and shall not tarry: Pray for me: his grace be with you.

S. Andrews, Nov. 22.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

1639.

To Mr. HENRY STUART,
his Wife and two Daughters, all Pri-
soners of Christ at *Dublin*.

*Rev. 2. 10. Fear none of these things which ye shall
suffer, &c.*

Truly Honoured & Dearly beloved;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you; from God our fa-
ther & our Lord Jesus Christ. Think it not strange,
beloved in our Lord Jesus, that Satan can command keyes of
prisons & bolts and chains; 'this is a piece of the Devil's
Princedom, that he hath over the world: interpreter and
understand our Lord well in this: be not jealous of his
love; though he make devils and men his under-servants,
to scour the rust off your faith, and purge you from your
dross. And let me charge you, *O prisoners of hope*, to
open your window, and to look out by faith, & behold
heavens port, that speedy and swift salvation of God,
that is coming to you; it is a broad river that faith will
not look over; it is a mighty and a broad sea that they of a
lively hope cannot behold the furthest bank and other
shore thereof: Look over the water, your anchor is fixed
within the vail, the one end of the cable is about the pri-
soner of Christ, and the other is entred within the vail,
whither the forerunner is entred for you, *Heb. 6. 19. 10.*
It can go straight thorow the flames of the fire of the
wrath of men, devils, losses, tortures, death, and not a
thread of it be either singed or burnt; men and devils
have no teeth to bite it in two; Hold fast till he come.
Your cross is of the colour of heaven and Christ, & pas-
sented over with the faith and comforts of the Lord's

faithful Covenant with Scotland; and that dy and colour will abide the foul weather, and neither be stained nor cast the colour; yea it reflects a *scab*, like the cross of Christ, whose holy hands, many a day lifted up to God praying for sinners, were fettered and bound, as if these blessed hands had stohn and shed innocent blood; When your lovely, lovely Jesus had no better then the chief's doom, it is no wonder, that your process be lawless and turned upside down, for he was taken, fettered, buffeted, whipped, spitted upon, before he was convicted of any fault, or sentenced. Oh, such a pair of sufferers and witnesses, as high and royal Jesus and a poor piece guilay clay marrowed together, under one yoke! O how lovely is the cross with such a second! I believe, that your prison is enacted in God's court, not to keep you till your hope breath out it's life & last: Your cross is *under law* to restore you again safe to your brethren & sisters in Christ: make heaven and Christ's back-bond, for a fair back-door out of your suffering. The Saviour is on his journey with salvation and deliverance for mount Zion; and the sword of the Lord is drunk with blood, and made fat with fatness; his sword is bathed in heaven, against *Babylon*; for it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompences for the controvercie of Zion: And perswade your selves, the streams of the river of *Babylon* shall be pitch, and the dust of the land brimstone and burning pitch, *Isa. 34. 8.* And if your deliverance be joyued with the deliverance of Zion, it shall be two salvations to you. It were good to be armed before hand for death, or bodily tortures for Christ, and to think what a crown of honour it is, that God hath given you pieces of living clay, to be tortured witnesses for saving truth: & that ye are so happy, as to have some pints of blood to give out for the crown of that royal Lord, who hath caused you to avouch himself before men. If ye can lend fines of three thousand pound sterling for Christ, let heaven's register & Christ's count book keep in reckoning your disbursements for him: it shall be engraven and printed in great letters upon heaven's throne, what you are willing to give for him;

Christ's

Christ's papers of that kind cannot be lost or fall by. Do not wonder, to see clay boast the great potter, & to see blinded men threaten the Gospel with death & burial, & to raze out Truth's name: but where will they make a grave for the Gospel & the Lord's bride! Earth & hell shall be but little bounds for their burial: lay all the clay and rubbish of this inch of the whole earth above our Lord's spouse, yet it will not cover her, nor hold her down; she shall live and not die, she shall behold the salvation of God. Let your faith *first* God a little, & be not afraid for a smoking fire-brand: there is more smoke in *Babylon's* furnace, then there is fire: till doomsday shall come, they shall never see the *Kirk of Scotland* & our Covenant burnt to ashes, or if it should be thrown in the fire, yet it cannot be so burnt or buried, as not to have a resurrection: angry clay's wind shall shake none of Christ's corp, he will gather-in all his wheat into his barn: only let your fellowship with Christ be renewed: ye are *sibber* to Christ now, when you are imprisoned for him, then before; for now the strokes laid on you, do come in remembrance before our Lord, & he can own his own wounds: a drink of Christ's love, which is better then wine, is the *drink-silver*, which Suffering for his majesty leaves behind it: it is not your sins which they persecute in you, but God's grace, & loyalty to King Jesus: they see no treason in you to your Prince, the King of Britain, albeit they say so; but it is heaven in you that earth is fighting against, and Christ is owning his own cause: *grace* is a party that fire will not burn, nor water drown: when they have eaten & drunken you, their stomach shall be sick, & they shall spue you out alive. O what glory is it to be suffering abjects, for the Lord's glory and royalty! Nay, though his servants had a body to burn forever, for this Gospel, so being that triumphing & exalted Jesus his high glory did rise out of these flames, & out of that burning body, Oh, what a sweet fire! O what soul-refreshing torment should that be! What if the pickles of dust & ashes of the burnt & dissolved body, were musicians to sing his praises, & the highness of that never enough-exalted

Prince of ages? O what love is it in him, that he will have such musicians, as we are, to tune that Psalm of his everlasting praises in heaven! Oh what shining & burning flames of love are those, that Christ will divide his share of life, of heaven and glory with you? *Luk. 12. 19. Ioh. 17. 14. Rev. 3. 11.* A part of his throne, one draught of his wine (his wine of glory & life, that comes from under the throne of God & of the Lamb) and one apple of the tree of life will do more then make up all the expences & charges of clay, lent out for heaven. Oh! Oh but we have short & narrow & creeping thoughts of Jesus, & do but shape Christ in our conceptions, according to some created portraiture! O Angels, lend in your help to make love-books and songs of our fair & white and ruddy standard-bearer amongst ten thousand! O Heavens! O heaven of heavens! O glorified tenants & triumphing householders with the Lamb, put in new Psalms, & love-sonnets of the excellency of our Bridegroom, and help us to set him on high! O indwellers of earth and heaven, sea & air, & O all ye created beeing, within the bosom of the outmost circle of this great world, O come help to set on high the praises of our Lord! O fairness of creatures, blush before his uncreated beauty! O created strength, be amazed to stand before your strong Lord of hosts! O created love, think shame of thy self before this unparallelled love of heaven! O angel wisdom, hide thy self before our Lord, whose understanding passes finding out! O sun in thy shining beauty, for shame put on a web of darkness, & cover thy self before thy brightest master & maker! O who can add glory by doing or suffering, to this never-enough admired & praised lover! Oh we can but bring our drop to this sea, and our candle, dim & dark as it is, to this clear and lightsom sun of heaven and earth! Oh but we have cause to drink ten deaths in one cup dry, to swim through ten seas, to be at that *land of praises*, where we shall see that wonder of wonders, and enjoy this jewel of heavens jewels! O death, do thy outmost against us! O torments! O malice of men and devils, waste thy strength on the witnesses of our Lord's testament! O devils, bring hell to help you, in tormenting the followers of the Lamb!

we will desire you to make us too soon happy, & to waite us too soon over the water to the land, where the noble plant, *the plant of renown*, groweth. O cruel Time, that torments us and suspends our dearest enjoyments, that we wait for, when we shall be bathed and steeped, soul & body, down in the depths of this love of love! O Time, I say, run fast! O motions, mend your pace! O Wellbeloved, be like a young Roe upon the mountains of Separations! Post, post, and hasten our desired and hungered-for meeting; love is sick to hear tell of *tomorrow*: And what then can come wrong to you, O *honourable witnesses of his Kingly truth*? Men have no more of you to work upon, but some few inches and span lengths of sick, coughing and flegmatick clay: your spirits are above their benches, courts, or *High Commissions*: your souls, your love to Christ, your faith, cannot be summoned nor sentenced, nor accused, nor condemned by *Pope, Deputy, Prelat, Ruler or Tyrant*: your faith is a free Lord, and cannot be a captive: all the malice of hell and earth, can but hurt the *scabboard* of a believer: and death at the worst can get but a clay-pawn in keeping, till your Lord make the King's keys and open your graves. Therefore upon *luck's head* (as we use to say) take your fill of his love, & let a post way or causey be laid, betwixt your prison and heaven, and go up and visit your treasure. Enjoy your Beloved, and dwell upon his love, till Eternity come in Time's room, and possess you of your eternal happiness: Keep your love to Christ, lay up your faith in heaven's keeping; & follow the chief of the house of the Martyrs, that witnessed a fair confession before *Pontius Pilate*; your cause and his is all one. The opposers of his cause are like drunken Judges and transported, who in their cups would make Acts and Laws in their drunken courts, that the Sun should not rise, and shine on the earth, and send their Officers and Pursevants, to charge the Sun and Moon to give no more light to the world; & would enact in their Court-books, that the Sea after once ebbing should never flow again: But would not the Sun and Moon and Sea break these Acts, and keep their Creator's directions? The Devil, the great fool, and father of these

under

under fools, is older & more malicious then wise, that lets the spirits in earth on work, to contend & clasp with heaven's wisdom, and to give mandates and law-summonds to our Sun, to our great Star of heaven, *Jesus*, not to shine, in the beauty of his Gospel, to the chosen and bought ones. O thou fair and fairest Sun of righteousness, arise and shine in thy strength, whether earth and hell will or not. O Victorious, O Royal, O stout Princely soul-conqueror, ride prosperously upon truth, stretch out thy Scepter, as far as the Sun shines & the Adoon waxeth and waineth; Put on thy glistening crown, O thou maker of Kings, & make but one stride, or one step of the whole earth, & travel in the greatness of thy strength, *Isa. 63. 1, 2.* & let thy apparel be red, & all dyed with the blood of thy enemies: Thou art fallen righteous heir by line to the Kingdoms of the world. Laugh ye at the giddy-headed clay pots, and stout brain-sick worms, that dare say in good earnest, this man shall not reign over us: as though they were casting the dice, for Christ's crown, who of them shall have it. I know, ye believe the coming of Christ's Kingdom, and that there is a hole out of your prison, through which ye see day-light: let not faith be dazzled with the temptation from a dying Deputy, & from a sick Prelate, believe under a cloud, & wait for him, when there is no moon-light nor star-light: Let faith live and breath, and lay hold on the sure salvation of God, when clouds and darkness are about you, and appearance of rotting in the prison before you: take heed of unbelieving hearts, which can father lies upon Christ: beware of, *Doth his promise fail for evermore? Psal. 77. 8.* For it was a man, & not God, that said it, who dreamed that a promise of God could fail, fall aswoon or die: we can make God sick or his promises weak, when we are pleased to seek a plea with Christ. O sweet! O stout word of faith, *Iob 13. v. 15.* Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. O sweet Epitaph, written on the grave-stone of a dying believer! To wit, I died hoping, & my dust & ashes believe life. Faith's eyes, that can see thorow a mill stone can see thorow a gloom of God, and under it read God's thoughts of love and peace, Hold fast Christ in the darker.

dark: surely ye shall see the salvation of God. Your adversaries are ripe and dry for the fire; yet a little while & they shall go up in a flame: the breath of the Lord, like a river of brimstone, shall kindle about them, *Isa.* 30. 33. What I write to one, I write to you all, that are sound-hearted in that Kingdom, whom, in the bowels of Christ, I would exhort, not to touch that Oath; albeit the adversaries put a fair meaning on it, yet the swearer must swear according to the professed intent and godless practise of the oath-makers, which is known to the world: otherwise I might swear, that the Creed is false, according to this private meaning & sense put upon it. O let them not be beguiled, to wash perjury and the denial of Christ and the Gospel with ink water, some foul and rotten distinctions. Wash and wash again and again the devil and the lye, it shall be long ere their skin be white. I profess, it should beseem men of great parts, rather than me, to write to you; but I love your Cause, and desire to be excused, and must intreat for the help of your prayers, in this my weighty charge here, for the *University and Pulpit*, and that ye would intreat your acquaintance also to help me. Grace be with you all. Amen.

St. Andrews,
1640.

Your Brother & Companion in the
patience & Kingdom of Iesus Christ, S.R.

For *Mistress PONT*, Prisoner at Dublin.

Worthy and Dear Mistress;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: The cause ye suffer for, & your willingness to suffer, is ground enough of acquaintance, for me to write to you; altho I do confess my self unable, to speak for a prisoner of Christ's encouragement. I know, ye have advantage beyond us, who are not under suffering: for your sighing (*Psal.* 102. 20.) is a written bill, for the ears of your Head, the Lord Iesus; and your breathing, *Lam.* 3. 51. and your looking up, *Psal.* 5. 3. & 69. 3. And therefore your meaning half spoken, half unspoken, will seek no Jaylor's leave, but will go to heaven without leave of

of Prelat or Deputy, & be heartily welcome: so that ye may sigh and groan out your mind to him, who hath all the keys of the King's three Kingdoms and dominions. I dare believe your hope shall not die; your trouble is a part of Zion's burning, and ye know who guides Zion's furnace, and who loves the ashes of his burnt Bride, because his servants love them, *Psal. 102. 14.* I believe your ashes, if ye were burnt for this cause, shall praise him! For the wrath of men & their malice shall make a psalm to praise the Lord, *Psal. 76. 10.* and therefore stand still and behold & see what the Lord is to do for this *Island*; his work is perfect, *Deut. 32. 4.* the nations have not seen the last end of his work; his end is more fair and more glorious then the beginning. Ye have more honour then ye can be able to guide well, in that your bonds are made heavy for such an honourable cause. The seals of a controlled Gospel, and the seals by bonds and blood & sufferings, are not committed to every ordinary professour. Some that would back Christ honestly in summer-time, would but spill the beaury of the Gospel, if they were put to suffering. And therefore let us believe, that wisdom dispenseth to every one here, as he thinks good, who bears them up that bear the cross: and since our Lord hath put you to that part, which was the flower of his own sufferings, we all expect, that as ye have in the strength of our Captain begun, so ye will go on without fainting. Providence maketh use of men & devils, for the refining of all the Vessels of God's house, small & great, & for doing of two works at once in you, both for smoothing of a stone, to make it take bond with Christ, in *Jerusalem's* wall; & for witnessing to the glory of this reproached & born-down Gospel, which cannot die, though hell were made a grave about it. It shall be timous joy for you, to divide joy betwixt you & Christ's laughing Bride, in these three Kingdoms: and what if your mourning continue till mystical Christ in *Ireland* and in *Brittain*, and ye laugh both together; your laughing and joy were the more blessed, that one sun should shine upon Christ, the Gospel, and you, laughing altogether in these three Kingdoms. Your time is measured, and your dayes and
hours

hours of suffering from eternity were by infinite wisdom considered: If heaven recompense not to your own mind inches of sorrow, then I must say, that infinite mercy cannot get you pleased: but if the first kiss of the white and ruddy cheek of the Standard-bearer and chief among ten thousand (Cant. 5. 10.) shall over-pay your prison, at Dublin in Ireland, then ye shall have no counts unanswered, to give in to Christ: if your faith cannot see a nearer term-day, yet let me charge your hope to give Christ a new day, till eternity & time meet in one point; a payed sum, if ever payed, is payed if no day be broken to the hungry creditor: take heaven's bond & subscribed obligation for the sum, John. 14. 12. if Hope can trust Christ, I know he can, & will pay: but when all is done & suffered by you, ten hundred deaths for lovely, lovely Jesus, is but eternitie's half penny; figures & cyphers cannot lay the proportion. O but the *super-plus* of Christ's glory is broad and large! Christ's *Item's* of eternal glory are hard & cumbersome to tell, & if ye borrow by faith & hope ten dayes, or ten hundred years from that eternity of glory, that abides you, ye are payed and more in your own hand. Therefore, O *prisoners of hope*, wait on: posting, halting salvation sleeps not. *Antichrist* is bleeding, & in the way to death; and he bites sorely, when he bleeds fastest. Keep your intelligence betwixt you & heaven, & your court with Christ: he hath in heaven the keyes of your prison, and can set you at liberty when he pleaseth: His rich grace support you. I pray you help me with your prayers. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews

Your brother in the patience & Kingdom of Jesus Christ. S. R.

1640.

To Mr JAMES WILSON.

Dear Brother;

Grace mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I bless our rich and only wise Lord, who careth so for his new creation, that he is going over it again, & trying every piece in you, and blowing away the motes of his new work in you. Alas! I am not so fit a Physician, as your disease requires: sweet, sweet, lovely Jesus be your Physician,

Physician, where his under-Chirurgians cannot do any thing for putting in order the wheels, paces, and going of a matted soul. I have little time; but yet the Lord hath made me so concern my self in your condition, that I dur not, I dare not be altogether silent. First, ye doubt from 2 Cor. 13. v. 5. whether ye be in Christ or not; & so, whether ye be a reprobate or not? I answer three things to the doubt. 1. Ye owe charity to all men; but most of all, to lovely and loving Jesus; & some also to your self; especially to your renewed self; because your new self is not yours but another Lord's, even the work of his own Spirit: therefore to slander his work is to wrong himself: Love thinketh no evil: if ye love Grace, think not ill of Grace in your self; & ye think ill of Grace in your self, when ye make it but a bastard & a work of nature: for a holy fear that ye be not Christ's, & withal a care & a desire to be his, & not your own, is not, nay cannot be bastard nature. The great Advocate pleadeth hard for you, be upon the Advocate's side, O poor feared client of Christ! stay & side with such a lover, who pleadeth for no other man's goods but his own; (for he, if I may say so, scorneth to be enriched with an unjust conquest) & yet he pleadeth for you, whereof your letter (tho too full of jealousy) is a proof: for if ye were not his, your thoughts, which I hope are but the suggestion of his Spirit, (that only bringeth the matter in debate, to make it sure to you) would not be such, nor so serious as these, *am I his? or whose am I?* 2. Dare ye forswear your owner, and say in cold blood, *I am not his?* what nature or corruption saith at starts in you, I regard not: your thoughts of your self, when sin & guiltiness round you in the ear, & when ye have a sight of your deservings, are *Apocrypha* & not *Scripture*, I hope. Hear what the Lord saith of you, *he will speak peace*: if your Master say, *I quite you*; I shall then bid you eat almes for bread, and drink waters of gall & wormwood. But howbeit Christ out of his own mouth should seem to say, *I came not for thee*, as he did *Matth. 23. 24*: yet let me say, The words of tempting Jesus are not to be stretched as *Scripture*, beyond his intencion; seeing his

his intention in speaking them is to strengthen; not to deceive: and therefore here Faith may contradict what Christ seemeth at first to say, and so may ye. I charge you by the mercies of God, be not that cruel to Grace and the new birth, as to cast water on your own coal by misbelief: If ye must die (as I know ye shall not) it were a folly to slay your self. I hope, ye love the new birth and a claim to Christ, howbeit ye do not make it good: & if ye were in hell, and saw the heavenly face of lovely, ten thousand times lovely *Iesus*, that hath God's brow, & God's fair, fair & comely red & white, wherewith it is beautified beyond comparison & imagination, ye could not forbear to say, Oh! if I could but blow a kiss from my sinful mouth, from hell up to heaven, upon his cheeks, that are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers, Cant. 5. v. 33. I hope ye dare say, O fairest sight of heaven! O boundless mass of crucified & slain love for me, give me leave to wish to love thee! O flower and bloom of heaven and earth's love! O Angels wonder! O thou, the Father's eternally sealed love! and O thou, God's old delight, give me leave to stand beside thy love, and look in and wonder, and give me leave to wish to love thee, if I can do no more. ¶ We being born in Atheism, & bairns of the house what we are come off, it is no new thing, my dear Brother, for us to be under jealousies and mistakes, about the love of God: what think ye of this, that the man Christ was tempted to believe, there were but two Persons in the blessed Godhead, and that the Son of God, the substantial & co-eternal Son, was not the lawful Son of God? Did not Satan say, if thou be the Son of God? 3. Ye say, that ye know not what to do? Your Head said once that same word, or not far from it, Job. 12. 27. Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? and faith answered Christ's What shall I say? with these words, O tempted Saviour, askest thou, What shall I say? say, pray, Father save me from this hour. What course can ye take, but pray and frist Christ his own comforts? He is no dy-vour, take his word. Oh (say ye) I cannot pray! *Ans.* Honest sighing is faith breathing & whispering him in the

the ear: the life is not out of faith, where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes and breathing towards God, *Lam. 3. 36. Hide not thine ear at my breathing.* But what shall I do in spiritual exercises, ye say? *Ans.* 1. if ye knew particularly what to do, it were not a spiritual exercise. 2. In my weak judgment, ye would first say, I will glorify God in believing David's Salvation, & the Bride's Marriage with the Lamb, & love the Church's slain husband, altho I cannot for the present believe mine own Salvation. 3. Say, I will not pass from my claim, suppose Christ would pass from his claim to me; it shall not go back upon my side: Howbeit my love to him be not worth a drink of water, yet Christ shall have it such as it is. 4. Say, I shall rather will twenty prayers, then not pray at all; let my broken words go up to heaven: when they come up into the great Angel's golden censer, that compassionate Advocate will put together my broken prayers & perfume them: Words are but Accidents of Prayer. Oh (say ye) I am slain with hardness of heart, & troubled with confused & melancholious thoughts? *Ans.* My dear Brother, What would ye conclude thence? that ye know not well who ought you? I grant, Oh my heart is hard! Oh my thoughts of faithless sorrow! Ergo, I know not who ought me, were good Logick in heaven amongst Angels and the glorified; but down in Christ's Hospital, where sick and distempered souls are under cure, it is not worth a straw. Give Christ time to end his work in your heart: hold on in feeling & bewailing your hardness; for that is softness to feel hardness. 1. I charge you, to make Psalms of Christ's praises, for his begun work of Grace: make Christ your Musick and your song, for complaining and feeling of want doth often swallow up your Praises. What think ye of those, who go to hell, never troubled with such thoughts? if your exercise be the way to hell, God help me; I have a cold coal to blow at, and a blank paper for heaven: I give you Christ caution, & my heaven surety for your Salvation. Lend Christ your melancholy, for Satan hath no right to make a chamber in your melancholy; borrow joy and comforts from the Comforter; bid the Spirit do his office in you; and remember, that faith is one thing,

thing, and the feeling and notice of such another: God forbid that feeling were *Proprium*, *quarto modo* to all the Saints, and that this were good reasoning, *No feeling*, *no grace*: I am sure, ye were not always these twenty years, by past, actually knowing that ye live, yet all this time ye are living: so is it with the life of faith. But Alas! Dear Brother, it is easie for me to speak words & syllables of peace, but Isa. 57. 19. telleth you, I create peace: there is but one Creator, ye know: O that ye may get a Letter of peace sent you from heaven! Pray for me, & for grace to be faithful; & gifts to be able with tongue & pen to glorifie God: I forget you not.

S. And. Jan. 8. 1640. Yours in his sweet Lord Iesus, S. R.

To my Lady B O Y D.

M A D A M,

I Received your La: letter: but because I was still going through the countrey for the affairs of the Church, I have had no time to answer it, I had never more cause to fear, then I have now, when my Lord hath restored me to my second created heaven on earth, & hath turned my apprehended fears into joys, and great deliverance to his Church, whereof I have my share and part. Alas that weeping prayers, answered and sent back from heaven with joy, should not have laughing praises! O that this land would repent, and lay burdens of praises upon the top of fair mount Zion. Madam, except this land be humbled, a Reformation is rather my wonder, then belief, at this time: but surely it must be a wonder, and what is done already is a wonder: our Lord must restore beauty to his Churches without hire; for we were sold without money, and now our buyers repent them of the bargain, and would gladly give again better cheap then they bought us; they devoured Jacob, and eat up his people as bread: now Jacob is grown a living child in their womb, and they would fain be delivered of the child, and render the birth: Our Lord shall be midwife. O that this land be not like Ephraim, an unwise son, that stayeth too long in the place of breaking forth of children! Your La: is blessed with children, who are ho-

honoured to build up Christ's waste places again. I believe your La: will think them well bestowed on that work, & that Zion's beauty is your joy: this is a mark & evidence for heaven, which helpeth weak ones to hold their grip, when other marks fail them. I hope your La: is at a good understanding with Christ; & that, as becomes a Christian, ye take him up aright; (for many mistake & misshape Christ) in his comings & goings. Your wants & falls proclaim, ye have nothing of your own, but what ye borrow; (nay, your *self* as not your own) but Christ hath given himself to you: Put Christ to the bank, & heaven shall be your interest & income: Love him, for ye cannot over-love him: Take up your house in Christ, let him dwell in you, and abide ye in him; and then ye may look out of Christ, and laugh at the clay-heavens, that the sons of men are seeking after, in this side of the water. Christ minds to make your losses grace's great advantage. Christ will lose nothing of you, nay, not your sins; for he hath an use for them, as well as for your service, howbeit ye are to loath your self for these. I hope, ye fetch all the heaven, ye have here in this life, from that which is up above, & that your anchor is casten as high & deep as Christ. O but it's far & many a mile to his bottom! If I had known long since, as I do now, (though still, alas! I am ignorant) what was in Christ, I would not have been so late, in *starting to the gate* to seek him. O what can I do or say to him, who hath made the North render me back again! A grave is no sure prison to him, for the keeping of dry bones. Woe's me that my foolish sorrow and unbelief, being on horse back, did ride so proudly & witlessly, over my Lord's Providence: but when my Faith was asleep, Christ was awake; & now, when I am awake, I say, he did all things well. O infinite wisdom! O incomparable loving-kindness! Alas that the heart I have is so little & worthless, for such a Lord as Christ is! O what odds find the saints in hard trials, when they feel sap at their roots, betwixt them & sun-burnt withered professors: crosses and storms cause them to cast their blooms and leaves:

poor worldlings, what will ye do, when the span-length of your forenoon's laughter is ended, and when the weeping side of Providence is turned to you? I put up all the favours, ye have bestowed on my Brother, upon Christ's score, in whose book are many such counts, and who will requite them. I wish you to be builded more and more upon the stone laid in Zion, and then, ye shall be the more fit to have a hand, in rebuilding our Lord's fallen tabernacle, in this land, in which ye shall find great peace, when ye come to grips with Death, the King of terrors. The God of peace be with your La: and keep you blameless till the day of our Lord Jesus.

St. Andrews.

Your La: at all obedience in his sweet
Lord and Master, S. R.

To his very dear Friend

JOHN FENNICK.

Much honoured and dear Friend,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: The necessary impediments of my calling have hitherto kept me from making a return to your letter, the heads whereof I shall now briefly answer, As. 1. I approve your going to the fountain, when your own Cistern is dry: A difference there must be betwixt Christ's well & your borrowed water; and why but ye have need of emptiness & drying up, as well as ye have need of the well? wait & a hole there must be in our vessel, to leave room to Christ's art; his well hath its own need of thirsty drinkers, to commend infinite love, which from eternity did brew such a cellar of living waters for us. Ye commend his free love; and it's well done: Oh if I could help you, and if I could be master-conveener, to gather an earth-ful and an heaven-ful of tongues, dipped and steeped in my Lord's well of love or his wine of love, even tongues drunken with his love, to raise a song of praises to him, betwixt the East and West-end and furthest points of the broad heavens! If I were in your case (as alas! my dry & dead heart is not now in that garden) I would borrow leave to come, and stand upon the banks and coasts of that sea of love,

Y

and

& be a feasted soul, to see Love's fair tide, free Love's high & lofty waves, each of them higher then ten earths, flowing in upon pieces of lost clay. O welcome, welcome, great sea! O if I had as much love for wideness & breadth, as twenty outmost shells & spheres of the heaven of heavens, that I might receive in a little flood of his free love! Come, come, dear Friend, & be pained that the King's wine cellar of free love, & his banquetting house (O so wide, so stately! O so God-like, so glory-like!) should be so abundant, so overflowing, and your shallow vessel so little, to take in some part of that love: but since it cannot come in you, for want of room, enter your self in this sea of love, & breath under these waters, and die of love, and live as one dead and drowned of this Love. But why do ye complain of waters going over your soul, & that the smoke of the terrors of a wrathful Lord, doth almost suffocate you, and bring you to death's brink? I know the fault is in your eyes, not in him; it is not the rock that fleeth and moveth, but the green sailer: if your sense and apprehension be made judge of his love, there is a graven image made presently, even a changed God, & a foe-God, who was once (*when ye washed your steps with butter, and the rock poured you out rivers of oil, Job 29. 6.*) a friend-God: Either now or never let God work: ye had never, since ye was a man, such a fair field for faith: for a painted hell and an apprehension of wrath in your father, is faith's opportunity to try what strength is in it: now give God as large a measure of charity as ye have of sorrow; now see faith to be faith indeed, if ye can make your grave betwixt Christ's feet, & say, *Tho' he should slay me, I will trust in him; his believed love shall be my winding-sheet, and all my grave-cloaths; I shall roll and join in my soul, my slain soul, in that web, his sweet and free love: & let him write upon my grave, Here lieth a believing dead man, breathing out, and making an hole in death's broad side, and the breath of faith cometh forth through the hole.* See now if ye can overcome and prevail with God, and wrestle God's tempting to death quite out of breath, as that renowned wrestler did, [*Hos. 12. 3. And by his strength he had power with God. v. 4. Yes he had power*

power over the *Angel* and prevailed. He is a strong man indeed who overmatcheth heaven's strength, & the holy One of Israel, the strong Lord: which is done by a secret supply of divine strength within, wherewith the weakest being strengthened, overcome and conquer. It shall be great victory to blow out the flame of that furnace, ye are now in, with the breath of faith: and when hell, men, malice, cruelty, falshood, Devils, the seeming glooms of a sweet Lord; meet you in the teeth, if ye then as a captive of Hope, as one fettered in Hope's prison, run to your strong hold, even from God glooming, to God glooming, & believe the salvation of the Lord in the dark, which is your only victory: your enemies are but pieces of malicious clay, they shall die as men and be confounded. But that your troubles are many at once, & arrows come in from all airts, from countrey, friends, wife, children, foes, estate, & right down from God, who is the hope and stay of your soul, I confess is more, & very heavy to be born; yet all these are not more then Grace, all these bits of coals, casten in your sea of mercy, cannot dry it up: your troubles are many and great, yet not an ounce-weight beyond the measure of infinite wisdom, I hope, not beyond the measure of grace, that he is to bestow, for our Lord never yet brake the back of his child, nor spilt his own work: nature's plastering and counterfeited work he doth often break in sheards, & putteth out a candle not lighted at the Sun of righteousness; but he must cherish his own reeds, & handle them softly, never a reed gets a thrust with the Mediator's hand, to lay together the two ends of the reed. O what bonds & ligaments has our Chirurgeon of broken spirits, to bind up all his lame & bruised ones with! cast your disjoynted spirit in his lap, & lay your burden upon one, who is so willing to take your cares & your fears off you, & to exchange & niffer your crosses, & to give you new for old, & gold for iron, even to give you garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. It's true in a great part what ye write of this Kirk, that the letter of Religion only is reformed, & scarce that. I do not believe, our Lord will build his Zion in this land,

upon this skin of Reformation: so long as our scum remaineth, & our heart-idols are kept, this work must be at stand; & therefore our Lord must yet sift this land, and search us with candles; and I know, he shall give and not sell us his Kingdom. His Grace and our remaining guiltiness must be compared, and the one must be seen in the glory of it, and the other in the sinitulness of it: But I desire to believe, and would gladly hope to see, that the glancing & shining luster of glory coming from the diamonds and stones set in the crown of our Lord Jesus, shall cast rayes and beams many thousand miles about. Hope, Christ is upon a great Marriage, and that his wooing and suiting of his excellent Bride, doth take it's beginning from us, the ends of the earth. O what joy and what glory would I judge it, if my heaven should be suspended, till I might have leave to run on foot, to be a witness of that Marriage glory, and see Christ put on the glory of his last married Bride, and his last marriage love on earth, when he shall enlarge his love bed, and set it upon the top of the mountains, and take in the elder Sister, the Jews, and the fulness of the Gentiles! It were heaven's honour and glory upon earth, to be his lackey, to run at his horse-foot, and hold up the train of his Marriage robe-royal, in the day of our high and royal Solomon's espousals. But O what glory to have a seat or bed in King Jesus his chariot, that is bottomed with gold, and paved, and lined over and floored within with Love, for the daughters of Jerusalem! Cant. 3. 10. To lie upon such a King's love, were a bed next to the flower of heaven's glory. I am sorry to hear you speak in your Letter, of a God angry at you, and of the sense of his indignation, which only ariseth from suffering for Jesus, all that is now come upon you: Indeed apprehended wrath flameth out of such ashes as apprehended sin, but not from suffering for Christ: But suppose ye were in hell, for hy-gones and for old debt, I hope ye owe Christ a great sum of charity, to believe the sweetness of his love: I know what it is to sin in that kind, it is to sin out (if it were possible) the unchangeableness of a God-head out of Christ, and to sin away a lovely and unchangeable God. Put more honest

honest apprehensions upon Christ, put on his own mask upon his face, and not your veil made of unbelief; which speaketh, as if he borrowed love to you, from you, and your demerits and sinful deservings. Oh no! Christ is man, but he is not like man; he hath man's love in heaven, but it is fostered with God's love, and it is very God's love, ye have to do with: When your wheels go about, he standeth still: Let God be God, and be ye a man, and have ye the deservings of man and the sin of one, who hath suffered your Welbeloved to slip away, nay hath refused him entrance, when he was knocking, till his head & locks were frozen: Yet what is that to him? his book keepeth your name, and is not painted and reprinted and changed and corrected: And why but he should go to his place and hide himself? Howbeit his Departure be his own good work, yet the belief of it in that manner is your sin: But wait on till he return with Salvation, and cause you rejoyce in the latter end. It is not much to complain: but rather believe then complain, & sit in the dust and close your mouth, till he make your sown light grow again; for your afflictions are not eternal, Time will end them, and so shall ye at length see the Lord's salvation: his love sleepeth not, but is still in working for you, his Salvation will not tarry, nor linger; and Suffering for him is the noblest cross that is out of heaven: Your Lord has the wail & choice of ten thousand other crosses beside this, to exercise you withal; but his wisdom & his love wailed & choosed out this for you, beside them all, & take it as a choice one, & make use of it, so as ye look to this world as your step-mother in your borrowed prison: For it is a love look to heaven and the other side of the water, that God seeks: and this is the fruit, the flower and bloom growing out of your cross, that ye be a dead man to time, to clay, to gold, to countrey, to friends, wife, children, and all pieces of created nothings, for in them there is not a seat nor bottom for soul's love. O what room is for your Love (if it were as broad as the sea) up in heaven and in God! and what would not Christ give for your love? God gave so much for your soul; and blessed are ye, if ye have a love

for him, & can call in your soul's love from all idols, & can make a God of God, a God of Christ, & draw a line betwixt your heart & him. If your deliverance come not, Christ's presence & his believed love must stand as caution & surety for your deliverance, till your Lord send it, in his blessed time: for Christ hath many Salvations; if we could see them: & I would think it better born comfort & joy, that comes from the faith of deliverance, & the faith of his love, then that which cometh from deliverance itself. It is not much matter, if ye find ease to your afflicted soul, what be the means, either of your own wishing, or of God's choosing; the latter I am sure is best, & the comfort strongest & sweetest: let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils & troubles, & put them off you by recommending your cross and your furnace to him, who hath skill to melt his own metal; & knoweth well what to do with his furnace. Let your heart be willing, that God's fire have your tin and brass and dross: To consent to want corruption is a greater mercy, then many professors do well know; & to refer the manner of God's Physick to his own wisdom, whether it be by drawing blood, or giving sugared drinks: that He cureth sick folks without pain, it is a great point of faith, & to believe Christ's cross to be a friend, as he himself is a friend, is also a special act of faith: but when ye are over the water, this ease shall be a yesterday, past an hundred years ere ye were born, and the cup of glory shall wash the memory of all this away, & make it as nothing: Only now take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let patience have her perfect work; for this haste is your infirmity. The Lord is rising up to do you good in the latter end: put on the faith of his salvation, & see him posting & hastening towards you. *Sir*, my employments being so great, hinder me to write at more length, excuse me: I hope to be mindful of you. I shall be obliged to you, if ye help me with your prayers for this People, this Colledge, & my own poor soul. Grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife.

St. Andrews, Feb. 15. 1640. Yours in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To the much honoured

PETER STIRLING.

Much honoured & worthy Sir;

I Received yours, & cannot but be ashamed, that mistaking love hath brought me in contr & account, in the heart of God's children, especially of another nation: I should not make a lye of the grace of God, if I should think, I have little share of it my self: O how much better were it for me, to stand in the counting table of many, for a half-penny; and to be esteemed a *liar*, rather than a *lover* of Christ! If I were weighed, vanity should bear down the scale, as having weight in the balance above me; except my lovely Saviour should cast in beside me some of his borrowed worth, and Oh if I were writing now sincerely in this extenuation, which may be, and I fear is, subtil & clofening pride! I would I could love something of heaven's worth, in you and all of your metal. O how happy were I, if I could regain & conquer back from the creature my sold & lost love, that I might lay it upon heaven's jewel, that ever, ever blooming flower of the highest garden, even my soul-redeeming and never-enough prized Lord Jesus! O that he would wash my love, & put it on the Mediator's wheel, & refine it from it's dross & tin, that I might propine and gift that Lord so love-worthy, with all my love! O if I could see a lease of thousands of years, and inspenion of my part of heaven's glory, & *frist* till a long day my desired salvation, so being, I could in this lower kitchen & under-vault of his creation, be feasted with his love, and that I might be a footstool for his glory, before men and Angels! Oh if he would let out heaven's fountain upon withered me, dry and sapless me! If I were but sick of love for his love, (& O how would that sickness delight me!) How sweet would that easing and refreshing pain be to my soul! I shall be glad to be a witness to behold the Kingdoms of the world become Christ's: I could stay out of heaven many years, to see that victorious triumphing Lord set that prophesied part of his soul-conquering love, in taking in to his Kingdom the greater Sister, that Kirk of the Jews.

who sometimes courted our Welbeloved for her little Sister, Cast. 8. 8. to behold him, set up as an ensign and a banner of love, to the ends of the world. And truly we are to believe that his wrath is ripe for the land of graven images, and for the falling of that mill-stone in the midst of the sea. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, March 6.

1640.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady FINGASK.

M A D A M,

GRace mercy & peace be to you: Tho not acquainted, yet at the desire of a Christian, I make bold to write a line or two unto you by way of counsel, (howbeit I be most unfit for that) I hear, and I bless the father of lights for it, that ye have a spirit set to seek God, and that the posture of your heart is to look heaven-ward; which is a work and cast of the Mediator Christ's right hand, who putteth on the heart a new frame, for the which I would have your La: to see a tye & bond of obedience laid upon you, that all may be done not so much from obligation of Law, as from the tye of free love; that the law of ransom paying by Christ may be the chief ground of all your obedience, seeing that ye are not under the Law but under Grace: withal know, that unbelief is a spiritual sin, and so not seen by nature's light, and that all that Conscience saith is not scripture: Suppose your heart bear witness against you, for sins done long ago; yet because many have pardon with God, that have not peace with themselves, ye are to stand and fall by Christ's esteem and verdict of you, and not by that which your heart saith: Suppose it may by accident be a good sign, to be jealous of your heavenly husband's love; yet it is a sinful sign: as there be some happy sins (If I may speak so) not of themselves, but because they are neighboured with faith and love: and so *worthy Lady*, I would have you hold by this, that the ancient love of an old husband stands firm and sure, and let faith hing by this small threed, that he loved you before he laid the cornerstone of the world; and therefore, he cannot change his mind because he is God.

God, and rests in his love; neither is sin in you a good reason, wherefore ye should doubt of him, or think because sin hath put you in the courtesie & reverence of justice, that therefore he is wroth with you: Neither is it presumption in you, to lay the burden of your salvation upon one mighty to save; so being ye lay aside all confidence in your self, your worth and righteousness. True faith is humble, and saeth no way to escape but only in Christ: And I believe, ye have put an esteem & high price upon Christ: & they cannot but believe, & so be saved, who love Christ, & to whom he is precious: for the love of Christ has chosen Christ as a lover, & it were not like God, if ye should chuse him as your liking, & he not chuse you again; nay he hath prevented you in that, for ye have not chosen him but he hath chosen you. O consider his loveliness & beauty, & that there is nothing which can commend, & make fair heaven or earth, or the creature, that is not in him, in infinite perfection; for fair sun and fair moon are black, & think Thame to shine before his fairness, *Isa. 24. 23.* Base heavens, & excellent Jesus: weak Angels, and strong and mighty Jesus: foolish angel-wisdom, and only wise Jesus: short-living creature, & long living and everliving Ancient of dayes: miserable and sickly and wretched are those things, that are within times circle, and only, only blessed Jesus! If ye can *wynde* in his love (and he giveth you leave to love him, and allurements also) what a second heaven's paradise, a young heaven's glory is it, to be hot & burned with fevers of love-sickness for him? & the more your La: drink of this love, there is the more room, & the greater delight and desire for this love: be homely, & hunger for a feast & fill of his love, for that's the borders & march of heaven: nothing hath a nearer resemblance to the colour & hew & lustre of heaven, then Christ loved, & to breath out love-words & love sighs for him. Remember what he is: when twenty thousand millions of heavens-lovers have worn their hearts *thred-bare* of love, all is nothing, yea less then nothing, to his matchless worth and excellency: O so broad and so deep, as the sea of his desirable loveliness is: Glorified Spirits, triumphing An-

Ed8 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 5
 gels, the crowned and exalted lovers of heaven, stand
 without his loveliness, and cannot put a circle on. O
 if sin & time were from betwixt us, and that royal and
 King's love, That high Majesty, eternity's bloom and
 flower of high-lustred beauty, might shine upon pieces of
 created spirits, & might bedew & overflow us, who ate
 portions of endless misery, & lumps of redeemed sin! A-
 las what do I? I but spill & lose words, in speaking highly
 of him, who will bide & be above the musick & songs of
 heaven, and never be enough praised by us all, to whose
 boundless & bottomless love I recommend your La: & am
 St. And. March 27. 1640. Your La: in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother
Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and dear Brother;

YE look like the house whereof ye are a branch: the
 Cross is a part of the life-rent, that lieth to all the
 sons of the house. I desire to suffer with you, if I could
 take a list of your house trial off you; but ye have preach-
 ed it, ere I knew any thing of God: your Lord may ga-
 ther his roses, & shake his apples, at what season of the
 year he pleases; each husbandman cannot make harvest
 when he pleases, as He can do: ye are taught to know
 & adore his sovereignty, which he exercises over you,
 which yet is lustered with mercy: the child has but chan-
 ged a bed in the garden, and is planted up higher, nearer
 the sun, where he shall thrive better, then in this out-field
 moor-ground: Ye must think your Lord, would not want
 him one hour longer, & ~~fixing~~ the date of your loan of him
 was expired (as it is, if ye read the lease) let him have his
 own with gain, as good reason were. I read on it an ex-
 altation & a richer measure of grace, as the sweet fruit of
 your cross: and I am bold to say, that, that Colledge,
 where your Master hath set you now, shall find it. I am
 content, that Christ is so homely with my dear Brother
David Dickson, as to borrow and lend, and take & give
 with him; and ye know, what are called the visitations
 of such a friend; it is *to come to the House, and be homely*
with

Epist. 16.

LITTELS.

1647

with what is yours. I periwade my self upon his credit, he hath left *drink money*, and that he hath made the house the better of him. I envie not his waking love, who saw that this water was to be past through, and that now the number of crosses, lying in your way to glory, are fewer by one, then when I saw you; they must decrease: It is better then any ancient or modern commentary on your Text, that ye preach upon, in *Glasgow*: read and spell right, for he knows what he doth, he is only *lopping & fudding* a fruitful tree, that it may be more fruitful. I congratulate heartily, with you, his new *welcome* to your new charge. *Dearest Brother*, go on and faint not: something of yours is in heaven, beside the *shell* of your exalted Saviour, & ye go on after your own: time's thread is shorter by one inch then it was: an oath is sworn and past the seals, whether afflictions will or not, ye must grow, and swell out of your shell, and live, & triumph, and reign, & be more then a conquerour, for your captain, who leads you on, is more then conquerour, & he makes you a partaker of his conquest and Victory. Did not love to you compel me, I would not fetch water to the Well, and speak to one, who knows better than I can do, what God is doing with him. Remember my love to your wife, to Mr. *John*, & all Friends there. Let us be helped by your prayers, for I *cafe* not to make mention of you to the Lord, as I dow. Grace be with you.

St. *Andrew*. May 13.

1640.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Iesus, S. R.

To my Lady B O Y D.

M A D A M,

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: Impute it not to a disrespectful forgetfulness of your La: who ministered to me in my bonds, that I write not to you: I wish I could speak or write what might do good to your La: especially now, when I think ye cannot but have deep thoughts of the deep and bottomless ways of our Lord, in taking away, with a sudden and wonderful stroke, your Brethren and Friends. Ye may know, all that die for sin, die not in sin, & that none can teach the *Almighty*

knowledge, he answereth none of our Courts; and no man can say, *What dost thou?* It is true, your brethren saw not many summers; but adorn and fear the sovereignty of the great Potter, who maketh and marreth his clay-vessels, when and how it pleaseth him. The under-garden is absolutely his own, and all that grows in it: his absolute liberty is *low-biding*; the flowers are his own; if some be but summer apples, he may pluck them down before others. O what wisdom is it to *believe* and not to *dispute*, to subject the thoughts to his Court, and not to repine at any act of his justice? He hath done it, all flesh be silent: it is impossible to be submissive and religiously patient, if ye stay your thoughts down among the confused rollings & wheels of second causes, as, *Oh the place! Oh the time! Oh if this had been, this had not followed! Oh the linking of this accident with this time and place!* Look up to the Master motion and the first wheel, see and read the decree of heaven and the Creator of men, who breweth death to his children, and the manner of it: And they see far in a mil-stone, & have eyes, that make a hole, to see through the one side of a mountain to the other, who can take up his wayes. *How unsearchable are his judgments, and his wayes past finding out!* His providence halseth not, but goeth with even and equal legs: yet are they not the greatest sinners, upon whom the tower of *Siloam* fell. Was not time's lease expired, and the sand of heaven's sand glass, set by our Lord, run out? Is not he an unjust debtor, who payeth due debts with chiding? I believe, *Christian Lady*, your faith leaveth that much charity to our Lord's judgments, as to believe, howbeit ye be in blood sib to that cross, that yet ye are exempted & freed from the gall & wrath that is in it. I dare not deny but (*Iob 18. 15.*) *The King of terrors dwells in the wicked man's tabernacle; Brimstone shall be scattered on his habitation:* Yet *Madam*, it is safe for you, to live upon the faith of his love, whose arrows are over-watered & pointed with love & mercy to his own, & who knows how to take you & yours out of the roll & book of the dead. Our Lord hath not the eyes of flesh, in distributing wrath to the thousand generation without exception. Seeing ye are not under

der the Law, but under Grace, & married to another husband, Wrath is not the Court that ye are liable to. As I would not wish, neither do I believe, your La: doth despise; so neither faint: Read and spell aright all the words and syllables in the visitation, and miscale neither letter nor syllable in it. Come along with the Lord, and see, and lay no more weight upon the Law, then your Christ hath laid upon it: if the Law's bill get an answer from Christ, the curses of it can do no more: And I hope, ye have resolved, that if he should grind you to powder, your dust and powder shall believe his salvation: And who can tell, what thoughts of love & peace our Lord hath to your children? I trust, he shall make them famous, in executing the written judgments upon the enemies of the Lord, *this honour have all his saints, Psal. 149. 9.* and that they shall bear stones on their shoulders, for building that city, that is called, *Ezek. 46. 35. The Lord is there:* and happy shall they be, who have a hand in the sacking of Babel, & come out in the year of vengeance, for the controversy of Zion, against the land of graven images. Therefore, *Madam*, let the Lord make out of your father's house any work, even of judgment, that he pleaseth: What is wrath to others, is mercy to you and your house. It is Faith's work, to claim and challenge loving kindness, out of all the roughest strokes of God. Do that for the Lord, which ye will do for time; time will calm your heart at that which God hath done, and let our Lord have it now. What love ye did bear to friends now dead, seeing they stand now in no need of it, let it fall as just legacy to Christ. O how sweet to put out many strange lovers, and to put in Christ! It is much for our half-slain affections to part with that, which we believe we have right unto; but the servant's will should be our will, and he is the best servant, who retaineth least of his own will, and most of his Master's. That much wisdom must be ascribed to our Lord, that he knoweth how to lead his own *in-through* & *out-through* the little time hells, and the pieces of time-during wraths, in this life; and yet keep safe his love, without any *blur* upon the old and great seal of free Election:

And seeing his mountains of brass; the mighty & strong decrees of free grace in Christ, stand sure, & the Covenant standeth fast forever as the dayes of heaven, let him strike and nurture; his *striking* must be a very act of *saving*; seeing strokes upon his secret ones, come from the soft and heavenly hand of the Mediatour, and his rods are steeped and watered in that flood and river of love, that cometh from the God-man's heart of our *soul-loving* and *soul-redeeming* Jesus. I hope ye are content to trist the Cautioner of mankind his own conquest, heaven, till he pay it you, and bring you to a state of glory, where he shall never *crook* a *finger* upon, nor lift a hand to you again: And be content, and withal greedily covetous of Grace, the interest & pledge of Glory. If I did not believe your crop to be on the ground, and your part of that heaven of the saints *heaven*, white and ruddy, fair, fair & beautiful Jesus, were come to the bloom & the flower, & near your hook, I would not write this; but seeing time's threed is short, & ye are upon the entry of heaven's harvest, & Christ, the field of heaven's glory, is white & ripe-like, the losses that I write of to your La: are but summer-showers, that will only wet your garments for an hour or two; & the Sun of the new *Jerusalem* shall quickly dry the wet coat; especially seeing rains of Affliction cannot stain the image of God, or cause Grace cast the colour: And since ye will not alter upon him, who will not change upon you, I durst in weakness think my self no *spiritual Seer*, if I should not prophesie, that day-light is near, when such a morning-darkness is upon you; and that this trial of your Christian mind towards him, whom ye dare not leave, howbeit he should slay you, shall close with a doubled mercy. It is time for faith to hold fast as much of Christ, as ever ye had, & to make the grip stronger, & to cleave closer to him, seeing Christ loves to be believed-in & trusted to: The glory of laying strength upon one, that is mighty to save, is more then we can think: That piece of service, of believing in a smiting Redeemer, is a precious part of obedience. O what glory to him, to lay over the burden of our heaven upon him, that purchased

chaused for us an eternal Kingdom! O blessed soul who can adore, & kiss his lovely free Grace. The rich grace of Christ be with your spirit.

St. Andrews, Octob. 15.

Yours at all obedience in

1640.

Christ Jesus, S. R.

TO AGNES Mc MATH.

Dear Sister,

IF our Lord hath taken away your child, your lease of him is expired; & seeing Christ would want him no longer, it is your part to hold your peace, & worship & adore the Sovereignty & Liberty, that the potter hath over the clay, & pieces of clay nothings, that he gave life unto: And what is man to call & summond the Almighty to his lower Court down here? For he giveth account of none of his doings: And if ye will take a loan of a child, & give him back again to our Lord, laughing, as his borrowed goods should return to him, believe, he is not gone away, but sent before; & that the change of the countrey should make you think, he is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, & that he is now before you, & that the dead in Christ shall be raised again. A going down star is not annihilat, but shall appear again. If he hath casten his bloom & flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven in Christ's lap; And as he was lent a while to Time, so is he given now to Eternity, which will take your self: And the difference of your shipping & his to heaven & Christ's shore, the land of life, is only in some few years, which weareth every day shorter, & some short & soon-reckoned summers will give you a meeting with him; but what? with him? Nay, with better company, with the chief & leader of the heavenly troupes, that are riding on white horses, that are triumphing in glory. If Death were asleep, that had no wakening, we might sorrow: But our Husband shall quickly be at the bed sides of all, that lie sleeping in the grave, & shall raise their mortal bodies: Christ was Death's Cautioner, who gave his word to come & loose all the clay-pawns, & set them at his own right hand: and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an Act of Law-surety upon Death, to render back his captives;

captives: And that Lord Jesus, who knows the turnings and windings, that is in that black trance of Death, has numbered all the steps of the stair up to heaven: he knows how long the *turnpile* is, or how many pair of stairs high it is; for he ascended that way himself: *Rev. 1. 18. I was dead and am alive.* And now he lives at the right hand of God, and his garments have not so much as a smell of death. Your afflictions smell of the childrens case, the bairns of the house are so nurtured, and Suffering is no new life, it is but the rent of the sons: bastards have not so much of the rent: take kindly & heartfully with his cross, who never yet slew a child with the cross: He brews your cup, therefore drink it patiently & with the better will. Stay and wait on, till Christ loose the knot, that fasteneth his cross on your back; for he is coming to deliver: and I pray you, *Sister*, learn to be worthy of his pains, who corrects; and let him wring, & be ye washed; for he has a Father's heart and a Father's hand, who is training you up, and making you meet for the high hall. This School of Suffering is a preparation for the King's higher house: and let all your visitations speak all the letters of your Lord's summons, They cry, 1. *O vain World!* 2. *O bitter Sin!* 3. *O short and uncertain Time!* 4. *O fair Eternity!* that is above sickness & Death! 5. *O Kingly and Princely Bridegroom!* Hasten Glorie's marriage, shorten Time's short-spun and soon-broken thread, and conquer Sin! 6. *O happy and blessed Death,* that golden bridge laid over by Christ my Lord, betwixt Time's clay-banks and heaven's shoar! and the Spirit and the Bride say Come, and answer ye with them, *Even so, come Lord Jesus!* Come quickly! Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Octob. 15.

1640.

Your Brother in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and dear Brother;

WHat am I to answer you? Alas! my books are all bare, & shew me little of God: I would fain go beyond books, in to his house of love, to himself. *Dear Brother*, neither ye, nor I, are parties worthy of his love or know-

knowledge. Ah! how has sin bewifted and blinded us, that we cannot see him? But for my poor self, I am pained & like to burst, because he will not take down the wall, & fetch his uncreated beauty, and bring his matchless, white & ruddy face out of heaven *one's errand*, that I may have heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in such a wonderful sight: ye know that Majesty & Love do humble, because homely love to sinners dwells in him with Majesty: Ye should give him all his own court-stiles, his high & heaven-names. What am I to shape conceptions of my highest Lord? How broad and how high & how deep he is, above and beyond what these conceptions are, I cannot tell: but for my own weak practice (which alas! can be no rule to one, so deep in love-sickness with Christ as ye are) I would fain add to my thoughts, and esteem of him, and make him more high, & would wish an heart and love ten thousand times wider, then the outmost circle and curtain, that goes about the heaven of heavens, to entertain him, in that heart and with that love. But that which is your pain, *my dear Brother*, is mine also. I am confounded with the thoughts of him. I know, God is casten (if I may speak so) in a sweet mould, & lovely image, in the person of that heaven's jewel, the Man Christ; and that the steps of that steep ascent and stair to the Godhead, is the flesh of Christ; the new and living way; and there is footing for faith, in that curious Ark of the *humanity*: therein dwelleth the Godhead-married upon our Humanity. I would be in heaven, suppose I had not another errand, but to see that *dainty* golden Ark, and God personally looking out at ears and eyes and a body, such as we sinners have, that I might wear my sinful mouth in kisses on him for evermore: and I know, all the Three blessed Persons should be well pleased, that my piece of saint and created love should first coast upon the Man Christ, I should see them all through him. I am called from writing by my great employments in this Town, & have said nothing: but what can I say of him? Let us go and see.

St. Address.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

1640.

To

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy & peace be to your La: I am heartily sorry that your La: is deprived of such an husband, & the Lord's Kirk of so active & faithful a friend. I know, your La: long ago made acquaintance with that, wherein Christ will have you joyned in a fellowship with himself, even with his own Cross, and hath taught you to stay your soul upon the Lord's good will, who giveth not account of his matters to any of us: When he hath led you through this water, that was in your way to glory, there are fewer behind: & his order in dismissing us, & sending us out of the market, one before another, is to be revered. One year's time of heaven shall swallow up all sorrows, even beyond all comparison: What then will not a duration of blessedness, so long as God shall live, fully & abundantly recompense? It is good that our Lord hath given a debtor, obliged by gracious promises, far more in Eternity, than Time can take from you: & I believe, your La: hath been now many years advising & thinking, what that Glory will be, which is abiding the pilgrims & strangers on the earth, when they come home, & which we may think of, love & thirst for, But we cannot comprehend it, nor conceive of it as it is, far less can we *over-think* or *over-love* it. O so long a Chapter, or rather, so long a Volume; as Christ is, in that Divinity of Glory! There is no more of him let down now to be seen & enjoyed by his children, but as much as may feed hunger in this life, but not satisfy it. Your La: is a debtor to the Son of God's Cross, that is wearing out love & affiance in the creature, out of your heart by degrees: or rather, the obligation stands to his free grace, who careth for your La: in this gracious dispensation; & who is preparing & making ready the garments of Salvation for you; & who calls you with a new name, that the mouth of the Lord hath named, & purposeth to make you a crown of glory & a royal diadem, in the hand of your God, *I/e* 62. 2, 3. Ye are obliged to frist him more then one heaven; & yet he craveth not a long day: it

is fast coming, & is sure payment though ye gave no hire for him, yet hath he given a great piece & ransom for you: & if the bargain were to make again, Christ would give no less for you, then what he hath already given: He is far from ruing. I shall wish you no more, till Time be gone out of the way, then the earnest of that, which he has purchased & prepared for you, which can never be fully preached, written or thought of, since it hath not entered into the heart to consider it. So recommending your La: to the rich grace of our Lord Jesus, I am & rest.

St. Andrews. Your La: as all respective observance in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To Mistress T A Y L O R.
MISTRESS;

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: Though I have no relation worldly or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the testimony & importunity of your Elder son now at London, where I am, but chiefly because I esteem Jesus Christ in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold in Christ to speak my poor thoughts to you, concerning your Son lately fallen asleep in the Lord (who was some time under the ministry of the worthy servant of Christ, my fellow-labourer Mr. Blair, & by whose ministry I hope he reaped no small advantage,) I know, grace rooteth not out the affections of a mother, but putteth them on his wheel, who maketh all things new, that they may be refined; therefore sorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by measure & ounce-weights: the redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion or Lordship over their sorrow & other affections, to lavish out Christ's goods at their pleasure; for ye are not your own, but bought with a price, and your sorrow is not your own, nor hath he redeemed you by halves, & therefore ye are not to make Christ's cross no cross. He commandeth you to weep, & that Princely one, who took up to heaven with him a man's heart, to be a compassionate high Priest, became your fellow & companion on earth, by weeping for the dead, Job. 11. 35. And therefore ye are to love that cross, because it was once on Christ's shoulders

ders before you; so that by his own practice he hath overgilded and covered your cross with the Mediator's lustre: The cup ye drink was at the lip of sweet Jesus, and he drank of it; and so it hath a smell of his breath: And I conceive ye love it not the worse, that it is thus sugared; therefore drink, and believe the resurrection of your Son's body; If one coal of hell could fall off the exalted head *Jesus*, Jesus the Prince of the Kings of the earth, and burn me to ashes, knowing I were a partner with Christ, and a fellow sharer with him, (tho' the unworthiest of men) I think I should die a lovely death in that fire, with him: The worst things of Christ, even his cross, have much of heaven from himself; & so hath your Christian sorrow, being of kin to Christ's in that kind: If your sorrow were a Bastard, & not of Christ's house (because of the relation ye have to him in conformity with his death and sufferings) I should the more compassionate your condition; but kind and compassionate Jesus, at every sigh ye give for the loss of your now-glorified child, (so I believe, as is meet) with a man's heart, cries, *half mine*. I was not a witness to his death, being called out of the Kingdom; but ye shall credit those whom I do credit, (and I dare not lye) he died comfortably: It is true, he died before he did so much service to Christ on earth, as I hope and heartily desire, your Son *Mr. Hugh* (very dear to me in Jesus Christ) shall do: But that were a real matter of sorrow, if this were not to counterballance it, that he has changed *service-houses*, but has not changed *service or master*, Rev. 22. 3. *And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God & of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him.* What he could have done in this lower house, he is now upon that same service in the higher house, and it is all one, it is the same service, and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions: And ye are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved Son, where he hath gold for copper and brass, Eternity for Time. I believe Christ has taught you (for I give credit to such a witness of you, as your Son *Mr. Hugh*) not to sorrow because he died: All the knot must be, *He died too soon, He died*

too young, *He died in the morning of his life*, this is all; but sovereignty must silence your thoughts. I was in your condition: I had but two children, and both are dead since I came hither. The supream and absolute former of all things giveth not an account of any of his matters: The good husband-man may pluck his roses, and gather in his Lillies at mid-summer, & for ought I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer moneth: and he may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun, and a more free air, at any season of the year: what is that to you or me? The goods are his own. The Creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature, in landing the passenger so early. They love the sea too well, who complain of a fair wind and a desirable Tide, and a speedy coming ashore, especially a coming ashore in that land, where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads: He cannot be too early in heaven: His twelve hours were not short hours: And withal, if ye consider this, had ye been at his bed-side, & should have seen Christ coming to him, ye would not, ye could not, have adjourned Christ's free love, who would want him no longer: And dying in another Land, where his mother could not close his eyes, is not much: who closed *Moses's* eyes? And who put on his winding-sheet? For ought I know, neither father nor mother nor friend, but God only: And there is as expedite, fair & easie a way, betwixt Scotland and heaven, as if he had died in the very bed he was born in: The whole earth is his Father's: Any corner of his Father's house is good enough to die in. It may be, the living child (I speak not of Mr. *Hugh*) is more grief to you, then the dead: Ye are to wait on, if at any time God shall give him repentance: Christ waited as long possibly on you & me, certainly longer on me: & if he should deny repentance to him, I could say something to that, but I hope better things of him: It seems that Christ will have this world your *step-dame*: I love not your condition the worse; it may be a proof, that ye are not a child of this lower house, but a stranger; Christ sees it not good only, but your

540 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 41.
your only good, to be led thus to heaven: & think this a
favour, that he hath bestowed upon you, *Free, free grace,*
that is mercy without hire, ye paid nothing for it: And
who can put a price upon any thing of Royal & Princely
Jesus Christ? And that God hath given to you to suffer
for him the spoiling of your goods, esteem it as an act of
free grace also: Ye are no loser, having himself: And I
perswade my self, if ye could prize Christ, nothing could
be bitter to you. Grace, grace be with you.

London, 1645.

Your Brother & Well-
wisher, S. R.

TO BARBARA HAMILTON.

Worthy Friend;

GRACE be to you: I do unwillingly write unto you
of that, which God hath done concerning your son
in law; only, I believe ye look not below Christ, & the
highest & most supream act of providence, which moves
all wheels. And certainly, what came down enacted &
concluded, in the great book before the throne, & signed
& subscribed with the hand which never did wrong,
should be kissed & adored by us. We see God's decrees,
when they bring forth their fruits, all actions, good &
ill, sweet & sour, in their time; But we see not presently
the after-birth of God's decree, *to wit,* his blessed end, &
the good that he bringeth out of the womb of his holy &
spotless counsel: we see his working, and we sorrow:
The end of his counsel & working lieth hidden & under-
neath the ground, & therefore we cannot believe: Even
amongst men, we see hewen stones, timber and an hun-
dred scattered parcels and pieces of an house, all under-
tools, hammers and axes and saws; yet the house, the
beauty and ease of so many lodgings & ease-rooms, we
neither see nor understand for the present: these are but
in the mind & head of the builder, as yet. Wee see red
earth, unbroken clods, furrows & stones; but we see not
summer-lilies, roses, & the beauty of a garden. If ye
give the Lord time to work, (as often he that believeth
not

Epist. 41.

L E T T E R S.

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not maketh haste, but not speed) his end is under the ground; & ye shall see, it was your good, that your Son hath changed dwelling places, but not his Master: Christ thought good to have no more of his service here, yet *Rev. 22. 3. His servants shall serve him*: He needeth not us nor our service, either in earth or in heaven: But ye are to look to him, who giveth the hireling both his leave and his wages, for his naked aim & purpose to serve Christ, as well as for his labours: it is put up in Christ's account, such a labourer did sweat forty years in Christ's vineyard; howbeit he got not leave to labour so long, because he who accepteth of the will for the deed, counteth so: None can teach the Lord to lay an account: He numbereth the drops of rain, & knoweth the stars by their names: It would take us much studying to give a name to every star in the firmament, great or small. See *Lev. 10. vers. 3. And Aaron held his peace*: Ye know his two Sons were slain, whilst they offered strange fire to the Lord. Command your thoughts to be silent: if the souldiers of Newcastle had done this, ye might have *stomached*, but the weapon was in another hand: Hear the rod what it preacheth, and see the name of God, *Micab. 6. 9.* And know that there is somewhat of God and Heaven in the rod. The Majesty of the unsearchable & bottomless ways and judgments of God is not seen in the rod, and the seeing of them requireth the eyes of the man of wisdom. If the sufferings of some other with you in that loss could ease you, ye want them not: But He can do no wrong, he cannot halt, his goings are equal, who hath done it. I know, our Lord aimeth at more mortification: let him not come in vain to your house, & lose the pains of a merciful visiter. God, the founder, never melteth in vain; howbeit to us, he seemeth often to lose both fire & mettall: But I know, ye are more in this work, then I can be: There is no cause to faint or weary, Grace be with you, & the rich consolations of Jesus Christ sweeten your cross, & support you under it. I rest,

London, Octob. 15.

1645.

Yours in the Lord and
Master, S. R.

To

To *Mistress* H U M E.*Loving Sister;*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: If ye have any thing better then the husband of your youth, ye are Jesus Christ's debtor for it: Pay not then your debts with grudging: Sorrow may diminish from the sweet fruit of righteousness; but quietness, silence, submission and faith, put a crown upon your sad losses: ye know whose voice the voice of a crying rod is, *Mtiah* 6. 9. The name and majesty of the Lord is written on the rod: read and be instructed: Let Christ have the room of the husband, he hath now no need of you, or of your love; for he enjoyeth as much of the love of Christ, as his heart can be capable of. I confess, it is a dear-bought experience, to teach you to undervalue the creature; yet it is not too dear, if Christ think it so. I know, that the disputing of your thoughts against his going thither, the way & manner of his death, the instruments, the place, the time, will not ease your spirits; except ye rise higher then second causes, and be silent because the Lord has done it: If we measure the goings of the Almighty and his ways, the bottom whereof see we not, we quite mistake God. O how little a portion of God see we! He is far above our ebb and narrow thoughts: He ruled the world in wisdom, ere we, creatures of yesterday, were born, and shall rule it, when we shall be lodging beside the worms and corruption. Only, learn heavenly wisdom, self-denial and mortification by this sad loss: I know, that it is not for nothing (except ye deny God to be wise in all he doth) that ye have lost one in earth: There has been too little of your love and heart in heaven, and therefore the jealousy of Christ has done this: It is a mercy, that he contends with you and all your lovers: I should desire no greater favour for my self, then that Christ laid a necessity, and took on such bonds upon himself; Such an one I must have, & such a Soul I cannot live in heaven without, *Iob*. 10. 16. And believe it, it is incomprehensible love, that Christ saith, *If I enjoy the glory of my Father, and the crown of Heaven far above Men and Angels,*

I must

I must use all means, tho never so violent, to have the company of such an One, forever & ever. If with the eyes of wisdom, as a child of wisdom, ye justify your mother, The wisdom of God, [whose child ye are] ye shall kiss and embrace this loss, and see much of Christ in it: Believe and submit, and refer the income of the consolations of Jesus, & the event of the trial, to your heavenly father; who numbereth all your hairs: And put Christ in his own room in your Love: it may be he has either been out of his own place, or in a place of love inferior to his worth. Repair Christ in all his wrongs done to him, and love him for a husband; and he, that is a husband to the widow, shall be that to you, which he hath taken from you. Grace be with you.

London, Octob. 15. 1645. Your sympathizing Brother, S. R.

TO BARBARA HAMILTON.

Loving Sister;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have heard with grief that Newcastle hath taken one more, in a bloody account, then before, even your *Son in Law*, and my friend. But I hope, ye have learned that much of Christ, as not to look to wheels rolled round about on earth: Earthen vessels are not to dispute with their Formers: pieces of sinning-clay may, by reasoning and contending with the Potter, mar the work of him, who has his fire in Zion and his furnace in Jerusalem; as bullocks, sweating and wrestling in the furrow, make their yoke more heavy. In quietness and rest ye shall be saved. If men do any thing contrary to our heart, we may ask both *who did it?* And *what is done?* And *why?* When God hath done any such thing, we are to enquire *who hath done it?* and to know, that this cometh from the Lord, *who is wonderful in counsel*: but we are not to ask *what* or *why*? If it be from the Lord [as certainly there is no evil in the city without him, *Amos 3. 6.*] it is enough, the fairest face of his spotless way is but coming, and ye are to believe his works, as well as his word. Violent death is a sharer with Christ in his death, which was violence: it maketh not much, what way we go to heaven: the happy home is all, where the roughness of the way shall

I shall be forgotten: He is gone home to a friend, & should and made welcome, and the race is ended: Time is, & is compensated with eternity, & copper with gold: God's order is in wisdom, the husband goes home before the wife, and the throng of the market shall be over, etc. it be long, and another generation where we now are; & at length an empty house, & not one of mankind shall be upon the earth, within the sixth part of an hour, after the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up with fire: I fear more that Christ is about to remove, when he carrieth home so much of his pleasing before hand: we cannot reach the Almighty knowledge, when he was directing the bullet against his Servant, to fetch out the soul, no wise man could cry to God, *Why art thou angry, Lord, for he is thine own*. There is no mist over his eyes, who is wonderful in counsel: if Zion be builded with your *sinners blood*, the Lord (deep in counsel) can glew together the stones of Zion with blood, and with that blood, which is precious in his eyes. Christ has fewer labourers in his vineyard then he had; but some more witnesses for his cause, and the Lord's Covenant with the three Nations. What is Christ's gain is not your loss: Let not that, which is his holy and wise will, be your unbelieving sorrow. Though I really judge, I had interest in his dead servant, yet because he now lives to Christ, I quit the hopes I had of his successful labouring in the ministry. I know, he now praiseth the grace that he was to preach: And if there were a better thing on his head now in heaven, then a crown, or any thing more excellent then heaven, he would cast it down before his feet, who sitteth on the throne: Give glory therefore to Christ, as he now doth, and say, *Thy will be done*. The grace & consolation of Christ be with you.

London, Nov. 15. 1645. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Virountess of KENMURE.

M A D A M;

Grace, mercy and peace be to your La: Tho Christ lose no time, yet when sinful men drive his chariot, the wheels of his chariot move slowly: The woman Zion as soon as she travelled brought forth her children; yea

1. *Before she travelled, she brought forth before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child.* Yet the deliverance of the people was with the woman, going with child seventy years, that is, more than nine months. There be many oppositions in carrying on the work, but I hope the Lord will build his own Zion, & evidence to us that it is done not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. *Adam,* I have heard of your infirmities of body & sickness: I know, the issue shall be mercy to you; & that God's purpose, which lies hidden under ground to you, is, to commend the sweetness of his love, & care to you from your youth. And if all the sad losses, trials, & troubles, infirmities, griefs, heaviness & inconstancy of the creature, be expounded (as sure I am they are) the rods of the jealousy of an husband in heaven, contending with all your lovers on earth, (if there were millions of them) for your love, to fetch more of your love home to heaven, to make it single, unmixed & chaste to the fairest in heaven & earth, to Jesus the Prince of ages, ye will forgive (to borrow that word) every rod of God, & not let the Sun go down on your wrath, against any messenger of your afflicting & correcting Father. Since your Love is not but see, that the mark, at which Christ hath aimed, these twenty four years and above, is, to have the company & fellowship of such a sinful creature, in heaven with him, for all eternity; and because he will not (such is the power of his love) enjoy his father's glory, & that crown, due to him by eternal generation, without you by name, *Joh. 17. 24. Joh. 10. 16. Joh. 14. v. 3.* Therefore, *Adam,* believe no evil of Christ; listen to no hard reports, that his rods make of him to you. He hath loved you, & washed you from your sins, & what would ye have more; is that too little, except he adjourn all crosses, till ye be where ye shall be out of all capacity, to sigh or to be crossed? I hope, ye can desire no more, no greater, nor more excellent love, than Christ, & the fellowship of the Lamb for evermore. And if that desire be answered in heaven, [as I am sure it is, & ye cannot deny but it is made sure to you] the want of these poor accidents of a living husband, of many children, of an healthful body, of a life of ease in the world, without one knot in the ruff, are nobly made

made up, and may be comfortably born. Grats, grace be
with your La: Your La: at all obedience

London, Octob. 16. 1645.

in Christ, S. R.

To a Christian Friend upon the death of his Wife.

Worthy Friend;

I Desire to suffer with you in the loss of a loving & good wife, now gone before, [according to the method and order of him, of whose understanding there is no searching out] whither ye are to follow: He that made yesterday to go before this day, and the former generation, in birth and life, to have been before this present generation; and has made some flowers to grow and die and wither in the month of May, and others in June, cannot be challenged, in the order he has made of things without souls; And some order he must keep also here, that one might bury another: Therefore I hope, ye shall be dumb and silent, because the Lord has done it: what creatures or under-causes do in sinful mistakes, are ordered in wisdom by your Father, at whose feet your own soul & your heaven lies, & so the dayes of your wife: If the place she has left, were any other then a prison of sin; and the home she is gone to, any other then where her Head and Saviour is King of the land, your grief had been more rational; But I trust, your faith of the resurrection of the dead in Christ to glory & immortality, will lead you to suspend your longing for her, till the morning & dawning of that day, when the Archangel shall descend with a shout, to gather all his prisoners out of the grave up to himself. To believe this is best for you; and to be silent, because he has done it, is your wisdom. It is much to come out of the Lord's School of trial, wiser and more experienced in the wayes of God. And it is our happiness, when Christ openeth a vein, he taketh nothing but ill blood from his sick ones. Christ hath skill to do [and if our corruption mar not] the art of mercy in correcting: we cannot of our selves take away the tin, the lead, and the scum that remaineth in us: And if Christ be not Master of work, and if the furnace go it's alone, he not standing nigh the melting of his own vessel, the labour were lost, and the foundery should melt in vain: God knows some of us have lost much fire, sweating and pains to our Lord Jesus, and the vessel is almost marred, the furnace & rod of God spilt, and

day light burnt, & the tebebut metal not taken away, so as some are to answer to the Majesty of God, for the abuse of many good crosses, & rich afflictions, lost without the quiet fruit of righteousness. And it is a sad thing, when the rod is cursed, that never fruit shall grow on it: & except Christ's dew fall down, and his summer-sun shine, and his grace follow afflictions, to cause them bring forth fruit to God, they are so fruitless to us, that our evil ground [saith and far enough for briars] casteth up a crop of noisome weeds: *The rod [as the prophet saith, Ezek. 7. 10, 11.] blossometh, pride buddeth forth, violence riseth up into a rod of wickedness,* and all this hath been my case under many rods, since I saw you. Grace be with you.

London, 1643. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Brother.

Reverend and beloved in the Lord;

IT may be I have been too long silent, but I hope ye will not impute it to forgetfulness of you. As I have heard of the death of your daughter, with heaviness of mind on your behalf, so am I much comforted, that she hath evidenced, to your self & other witnesses, the hope of the resurrection of the dead: as sown corn is not lost; (for there is more hope of that which is sown, than of that which is eaten, 1 Cor. 15. 42.) so also is it in the resurrection of the dead; the body is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. I hope ye wait for the crop and harvest, 1 Thes. 4. 14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him: then they are not lost, who are gathered in to that Congregation of the first-born, and the General Assembly of the Saints. The we cannot our-run nor overtake them, that are gone before; yet we shall quickly follow them, and the difference is, that she has the advantage of some months or years of the Crown, before you & her mother; & we do not take it ill, if our children our-run us in the life of grace; why then are we sad, if they outstrip us in the attainment of the life of glory? It would seem, that there is more reason to grieve, that children live behind us, than that they are glorified & die before us: all the difference is in some poor hungry accidents of time, less or more, sooner or later: so the godly child

the

tho young, died an hundred years old: & ye could not now have bestowed her better, tho the choise was Christ, & not yours. & I am sure, Sir, ye cannot now say, she is married against the will of her parents; she might more readily if alive, fall in the hand of a worse husband; but can ye think, that she could have fallen in the hands of one better; and if Christ marry with your house, it is your honour not any cause of grief, that Jesus should portion any of yours, ere she enjoy your portion, is it not great love, the patrimony is more, then any other could give; a good husband is impossible, to say a better, is blasphemie. The King & Prince of ages can keep them better, then ye can do. While she was alive, ye could intrust her to Christ, & recommend her to his keeping; now by an after faith ye have resigned her unto him, in whose bosom do sleep all that are dead in the Lord: ye would have sent her to glorifie the Lord upon earth, & he hath borrowed her (with promise to restore her again, 1 Cor. 15. 53. 1 Thess. 4. 15. 16.) to be an organ of the immediate glorifying of himself in heaven. Solets glorifying of God, is better then sinfull glorifying of him. And sure, your prayers concerning her are fulfilled. I shall & live, if the Lord shall be pleased the same way to dispose of her mother, that ye have the same mind. Christ cannot multiply injuries upon you, if the fountain be the love of God (as I hope it is) ye are enriched with losses. Ye know all I can say, better, before I was in Christ, then I can express it. Grace be with you.

London, Jan. 6. 1646.

Yours in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Gentlewoman.

MISTRESS;

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: If death, which is before you & us all, were any other thing, but a friendly dissolution, and a change, not a destruction of Life, it would seem a hard voyage, to go through such a sad and dark trance, so thorny a valley, as is the wages of sin: but I am confident, the way ye know, tho your foot never trod in that black shadow; the loss of life is gain to you: if Christ Jesus be the period, the end & lodging home, at the end of your journey, there is no fear, ye go to a friend:

and

Since ye have had communion with him in this life, & he hath a pawn & pledge of yours, even the largest share of your love & heart; ye may look Death in the face with joy. If he be in heaven, the remnant of you cannot be kept the prisoner of the second Death. But tho' He be the same Christ in the other life, ye found him to be here; yet he is so far in his excellency, beauty, sweetness, irradiations & beams of Majesty, above what he appeared here, when he is seen as he is, that ye shall miss him, and he shall appear a new Christ; & his kisses, breathings, embracements, the perfume, the ointment of his name poured out on you, shall appear to have more of God, & a stronger smell of heaven, of eternity, of a Godhead, of Majesty & glory there, then here. As water at the fountain, apples in the orchard & beside the tree, have more of their native sweetness, taste & beauty, then when transported to us, some hundred miles. I mean not that Christ can lose any of his sweetness in the carrying, nor that he, in his Godhead & loveliness of presence, can be changed to the worse, betwixt the little spot of the earth ye are in, and the right hand of the father, far above all heavens; but the change will be in you, when ye shall have new senses, and the soul shall be a more deep & more capacious vessel, to take in more of Christ; and when means, the chariot, the Gospel, that he is now carried in, and ordinances that convey him, shall be removed. Sure ye cannot now be said to see him face to face, or to drink of the wine of the highest fountain, or to take in seas and tides of fresh love, immediately, without vessels, messes or messengers, at the fountain it self, as ye shall do a few days hence; when ye shall be so near, as to be with Christ, *Luk. 23. 43. Job. 17. 24. Phil. 1. 23. 1 Thes. 4. 17.* ye would (no doubt) bestow a days journey, yea, many days journey on earth, to go up to heaven, and fetch down any thing of Christ; how much more may ye be willing to make a journey, to go in person to heaven, (it is not lost time, but gained eternity) to enjoy the full Godhead; & then in such a manner, as he is not there, in his week-days apparel, as he is here with us, in a drop or the tenth part of a night's dewing of grace & sweetness; but he is there in his Marriage robe of glory, richer, more costly, more

precious, in one hem or button of that garment of fountain-majesty, then a million of worlds. O the well is deep! ye shall then think that Preachers, and sinful Ambassadors on earth did but spill and mar his praises, when they spoke of him, and preached his beauty. Alas! we but make Christ black and less lovely, in making such insignificant, and dry, and cold, and low expressions of his highest and transcendent super-excellency, to the daughters of *Jerusalem*. Sure, I have often, for my own part, sinned in this thing. No doubt, Angels do not fulfil their task according to their obligation, in that Christ kept their feet from falling with the *Isot Devils*; tho I know, they are not behind in going; so the utmost of created power; but there is sin in our praising, and sin in the quantity, besides other sins. But I must leave this, it is too deep for me. Go and see, and we desire to go with you: But we are not masters of our own diet. If in that last journey, ye tread on a serpent in the way, and thereby wound your heel, as Jesus Christ did before you, the print of the wound shall not be known, at the resurrection of the just. Death is but an awsome step over Time & Sin, to sweet Jesus Christ, who knew and felt the worst of Death; for Death's teeth hurt him: We know, Death has no teeth now, no jaws; for they are broken: it is a free prison, Citizens pay nothing for the Grave: the Jaylor, who had the power of Death, is destroyed: praise and glory be to the first begotten of the dead. The worst possibly that may be, is, that ye leave behind you, children, husband, and the Church of God in miseries; but ye cannot get them to heaven with you for the present: ye shall not miss them, and Christ cannot miscount one of the poorest of his lambs: no lad, no girl, no poor one shall be amissing, ere ye see them again, in the day that the Son shall render up the Kingdom to his Father. The evening and the shadow of every poor hireling is coming; the Church of Christ's sun in this life is declining low: not a soul of the Militant company will be here, within few Generations: our Husband will send for them all. It is a rich mercy, we are not married to Time longer then the course be finished. Ye may rejoyce, that ye got not to heaven, till ye knew, that Jesus is there before you, that when

ye

ye come thither, at your first entry, ye may find the smell of his ointments, his Myrrhe, Aloës and Cassia: and this first salutation of his will make you find, it is no uncomfortable thing to die. Go & enjoy your gain, live on Christ's love, while ye are here, & all the way: as for the Church ye leave behind you, the Government is upon Christ's shoulders, and he will plead for the blood of his Saints: The bush has been burning above five thousand years, and we never yet saw the ashes of this fire: yet a little while and the vision shall not tarry, it shall speak and not lye. I am more afraid of my duty, then of the Head Christ's government: he cannot fail to bring judgment to victory. O that we could wait for our hidden life! O that Christ would remove the covering, draw aside the curtain of time, and rent the heavens and come down! O that shadows and night were gone, that the day would break, and he that feedeth among the lilies, would cry to his heavenly trumpeters, *make ready, let us go down and fold together the four corners of the world, and marry the Bride.* His grace be with you. Now if I have found favour with you, and if ye judge me faithful, my last sute to you is, that ye would leave me a legacy, and that is, that my name be at the very last in your prayers; as I desire also, it may be in the prayers of those of your Christian Acquaintance, with whom ye have been intimat.

London, Jan. 9.
1646.

Your Brother in his own Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: it is the least of the princely and royal bounty of Jesus Christ, to pay a King's debts, & not to have his servants at a loss. His gold is better then yours, & his hundred fold is the income & rent of heaven, & far above your revenues: ye are not the first who have casten up your accounts that way: better have Christ your factor, then any other; for he trades to the advantage of his poor servants. But if the hun-

dred fold in this life be so well told, as Christ cannot pay you with miscounting or deferred hope, O what must the rent of the Land be, which renders every day, & every hour of the years of long Eternity, the whole rent of a year, yea, of more then thousand thousands of ages, even the weighry in-come of a rich Kingdom, nor every summer once, but every moment! That sum of glory will take you & all the Angels telling. To be a Tenant to such a Land lord, where every berry & grape of the large field beareth no worse fruit then glory, fulness of joy and pleasures that endure for evermore, I leave it to your self to think what a summer, what a soil, what a garden, must be there, & what must be the commodities of that highest Land, where Sun & Moon are under the feet of the inhabitants. Surely the Land cannot be bought with gold, blood, banishment, loss of father & mother, husband, wife, children. We but dwell here because we can do no better; it is need, not virtue, to be sojourners in a prison; to weep & sigh, & Alas! to live 60 or 70 years in a land of tears: the fruits that grow here are all seasoned & salted with sin. O how sweet is it, that the company of the first born should be divided in two great bodies of an Army, & some in their countrey, & some in the way to their countrey! If it were no more but to see once the face of the Prince of this good land, & to be feasted for eternity with the fatness, sweetness, dainties of the rays & beams of matchless glory, & incomparable fountain love, it were a well spent journey, to creep hands & feet, through seven deaths & seven hells, to enjoy him up at the well-head. Only let us not weary, the miles to that Land are fewer & shorter, then when we first believed: Strangers are not wise to quarrel with their Host, & complain of their lodging: it is a foul way, but a fair home. O that I had but such grapes & clusters out of the Land, as I have sometime seen & tasted in the place, whereof your La: makes mention! but the hope of it in the end is an heartsome convoy in the way. If I see little more of the gold, till the race be ended, I dare not quarrel; it is the Lord: I hope his chariot shall go through these three Kingdoms, after our suffering shall be accomplished. Grace be with you.

London, Jan. 26. 1646. Your La: in Jesus Christ, S. R.

To Mr. J. G.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I shall with my soul desire the peace of these Kingdoms, & I do believe, it shall at last come, as a river & as the mighty waves of the sea; but O that we were ripe & in readiness to receive it! The preserving of two or three or four or five berries, in the outmost boughs of the Olive-tree, after the vintage, is like to be a great matter ere all be done: yet I know, a Cluster in both Kingdoms shall be saved; for a blessing is in it: but it is not (I fear) so near to the dawning of the day of Salvation, but that clouds must send down more showers of blood, to water the vineyard of the Lord, & to cause it to blossom. Scotland's scum is not yet removed; nor is England's dross & tin taken away, nor the filth of our blood purged by the Spirit of Judgment & the spirit of Burning: But I am too much on this sad subject. As for my self, I do esteem nothing out of heaven, & next to a communion with Jesus Christ, more, then to be in the hearts & prayers of the saints: I know, he feeds there amongst the lilies, till the day break: but I am at a low ebb, as to any sensible communion with Christ; yea, as low as any soul can be, & do scarce know where I am; & do now make it a Question, if any can go to him, who dwells in light inaccessible, through nothing but darkness. Sure, all that come to heaven have a stock in Christ; but I know not where mine is: it cannot be enough for me, to believe the Salvation of others, & to know Christ to be the honey-comb, the Rose of Sharon, the Paradise & Eden of the saints & first-born, written in heaven, & not to see afar the borders of that good land: But what shall I say? Either this is the Lord, making grace a new creation, where there is pure nothing & sinful nothing to work upon; or I am gone. I should count my soul engaged to your self, & others there with you, if ye would but carry to Christ for me a letter of ciphers & non-sense; (for I know not how to make language of my condition) only (showing that I have need of his love; for I know, many fair & washed ones stand now in white before the throne, who were once as black as I am. If Christ pass his word to wash a sinner, it is less to him, then a word to make fair Angels of black Devils: Only let the art of Free

Grace be engaged. I have not a Cautioner to give surety, nor doth a Mediator, such as he is in all perfection, need a Mediator: But what I need, he knows: only, it is his depth of wisdom, to let some pass millions of miles oyer score in debt, that they may stand between the winning and the losing, in need of more then ordinary free grace. Christ has been multiplying Grace & Mercy, above these 3 thousand years: & the latter born heirs have so much greater guiltiness, that Christ hath passed moe experiments & multiplied essays of heart-love on others, by misbelieving, after it is past all question, many hundreds of ages, that Christ is the undeniable & now uncontroverted Treasurer of multiplied redemptions, so now he is saying, The more of the disease there is, the more of the Physician's art, of Grace & tenderness, there must be: Only I know, no sinner can put infinit Grace to it, so as the Mediator shall have difficulty or much ado, to save this or that man: Millions of hells of sinners cannot come near to exhaust infinit Grace. I pray you, (remembering my love to your wife, and friends there) let me find that I have Solicitors there amongst your acquaintance, and forget not Scotland. *Lord. Jan. 30. 1646. Your Brother in Iesus Christ, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M,

IT is too like, the Lord's controversie with these two Nations is but yet beginning, and that we are ripened and white for the Lord's sickle. For the particular condition yout La: is in, another might speak (if they would say all) of more sad things. If there were not a fountain of free Grace, to water the dry ground, & an uncreated wind, to breath'on withered and dry bones, we were gone. The wheels of Christ's Chariot to pluck us out of the womb of many deaths, are winged like Eagles. All I have, is, to desire to believe, that Christ will shew all good-will to save: and as for your La: I know that the Lord Iesus carries on no design against you, but seeks to save and redeem you: He lies not in wait for your fall's, except it be to take you up: His way of redeeming is ravishing and taking: There are moe miracles of glorified sinners in heaven, then can be on the earth. Nothing of you, *Madam*, nay not your leaf,

leaf, can wither. Verily, it is a King's life to follow the Lamb. But when ye see him in his own country at home, ye will think ye never saw him before: *He shall be admired of all them that believe, 2 Thes. 1. 10.* Ye may judge how far all your now sad days and tossings, changes, losses, wants, conflicts, shall then be below you. Ye look to the Cross, now it is above your head, and seems to threaten Death, as having a Dominion; but it shall then be so far below your thoughts, or your thoughts so far above it, that ye shall have no leisure to lend one thought to old-dated crosses, in youth, in age, in this country or in that, from this instrument or from another; except it be to the heightning of your consolation; being now got above & beyond all these. Old age and *waxing old as a garment*, is written on the fairest face of the Creation, *Psal. 102. 16, 17.* Death, from *Adam* to the second *Adam's* appearance, playes the King, and reigns over all; the prime heir died, his children, which the Lord has given, follow him; and we may speak freely of the life which is here, were it heaven, there were not much gain in godliness: but there is a rest for the people of God. Christ-man possesses it now 1600 years, before many of his members; but it wears not out. Grace be with you.

London, Febr. 16.

1646.

Your La: in his sweet
Lord, S. R.

To the Lady ARDROSS.

M A D A M;

Grace, mercy & peace be to you: It has seemed good (as I hear) to him, who has appointed a bounds for the number of our moneths, to gather in a sheaf of ripe corn (in the death of your Christian Mother) into his garner: It is the more evident, that winter is near, when apples without violence of wind, do of their own accord fall off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour; only she enjoys him now without messengers, & in his own immediate presence, from whom she heard by letters & messengers before. I grant, Death is to her a very new thing, but Heaven was prepared of old: & Christ, as enjoyed in his highest throne,

& as loaded with glory, & incomparably exalted above men & Angels, having such a heavenly Circle of glorified harpers & Musicians above, compassing the throne with a song, is to her a new thing; but so new, as the first summer-rose or the first fruits of that heavenly field, or as a new Paradise to a traveller, broken & worn out of breath, with the sad occurrences of a long & dirty way. Ye may easily judge, *Madam*, what a large recompence is made to all her service; her walking with God; & her sorrows, with the first cast of the soul's eye upon the shining & admirably beautiful face of the Lamb, that is in the midst of that fair & white Army, that is there; & with the first draught & taste of the fountain of life, fresh & new at the well head: to say nothing of the enjoying of that face, without a date; for more then this term of life which we now enjoy. And it cost her no more to go thither, but to suffer Death to do her this piece of service: For by him, who was dead and is alive, she was delivered from the second death: What then is the first death to the second? Not a scratch of the hide of a finger, to the endless second death, And now she sits for eternity *meal free*, in a very considerable land, which has more then four summers in the year. O what Spring-time is there! Even the smelling of the odours of that great and eternally blooming Rose of *Sharon*, forever & ever? What a singing life is there? There is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breath out heaven, joy, glory, dominion, to the high Prince of that new found Land. And verily the Land is the sweeter, that Jesus Christ payed so dear a rent for it; and he is the glory of the Land. All which, I hope, doth not so much mitigate & allay your grief, for her part (& truly this should seem sufficient) as the unerring expectation of the dawning of that day upon your self, and the hope ye have of the fruition of that same King and Kingdom to your own soul: Certainly, the hope of it, when things look so dark like on both Kingdoms, must be an exceeding great quickning to languishing spirits, who are far from home while we are here. What misery, to have both a bad way all the day, & no hope of lodging at night! But He hath taken up your lodging for you. I can say no more now; but I pray, that the very God of

peace

peace may establish your heart to the end. I rest,

M. A. D. A. M.,

London, Febr. 24. Your La: at all respective obedience

1646. in the Lord, S. R.

To M. O.

Sir,

I Can write nothing for the present concerning these times (whatever others may think) but that which speaks wrath & judgment to these Kingdoms. If ever ye, or any of that Land, received the Gospel in the truth [as I am confident, ye & they did] there is here a great departure from that faith: our sufferings are not yet at an end. However, I dare testify & die for it, that once Christ was revealed in the power of his excellency & glory to the saints there, & in Scotland, of which I was a witness. I pray God none deceive you, or take the crown from you. Hell or the gates of Hell cannot ravel, mar, or undo what Christ has once done amongst you. It may be, that I am incapable of new light, & cannot receive that Spirit [whereof some vainly boast] but that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, & our hands have handled, even the word of life, 1 Joh. 1. 2, 3. has been declared to you: Thousands of thousands walking in that light & that good old way, have gone to heaven, & are now before the throne: Truth is but one, & has no numbers. Christ & Antichrist are both now in the camp, & are come to open blows: Christ's poor ship saileth in a sea of blood, the passengers are so sea-sick of a high fever, that they misseal one another; Christ (I hope) shall bring the broken bark to land: I had rather swim for life & death, on an old plank, or a broken board, to land with Christ, then enjoy the rotten peace we have hitherto had. It is like the Lord will take a severe course with us, to cause the children of the family agree together. I conceive, that Christ has a great design of free grace to these Lands; but his wheels must move over mountains & rocks: He never yet wooed a Bride on earth, but in blood, in fire, & in the wilderness. A cross of our own chusing, honeyed and sugared with consolations, we cannot have: I think not much of a cross, when all the children of the house weep with

with me & for me: and to suffer when we enjoy the communion of Saints, is not much; but it is hard when Saints rejoyce in the suffering of Saints, and redeemed ones hurt, yea, even go nigh to hate redeemed ones. I confess, I imagined, there had no more been such an affliction on earth, or in the world, then that one elect Angel should fight against another: but for contempt of the communion of Saints, we have need of new-born crosses, scarce ever heard of before: the Saints are not Christ, there is no misjudging in him, there is much in us: and a doubt it is, if we shall have fully one heart, till we enjoy one heaven: our star-light hideth us from our selves, & hideth us one from another, and Christ from us all; but he will not be hidden from us. I shall wish that all the sons of our father in that Land be of one mind, and that they be not shaken nor moved from the Truth once received. Christ was in that Gospel, and Christ is the same now that he was in the Prelates time: That Gospel cannot sink, it will make you free and bear you out. Christ, the subject of it, is the chosen of God, and comes from *Bozrah*, with garments dyed in blood. *Ireland* and *Scotland* both must be his field, in which he shall feed and gather lilies: suppose (which yet is impossible) that some had an eternity of Christ, in *Ireland*, and a sweet summer of the Gospel, and a feast of fat things for evermore in *Ireland*, & one should never come to heaven, it should be a desirable life; the King's Spikenard, Christ's perfume, his apples of love, his ointments, even down in this lower house of clay, are a choice heaven: O what then is the King in his own land! where there is such a throne, so many Kings palaces, ten thousand thousands of crowns of glory, that want heads yet to fill them: O so much leisure as shall be there to sing! O such a tree as grows there in the midst of that paradise, where the inhabitants sing eternally under its branches! To look in at a window, and see the branches burdened with the apples of life, to be the last man that shall come in thither, were too much for me. I pray you remember me to the Christians there, and remember our private Covenant. Grace be with you.

London, April 17.

1646.

Your Friend in the Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To

TO EARLESTOWN EMER.

Sir;

I know ye have learned long ago, ere I knew any thing of Christ, that if we had the Cross at our own election, we would either have law-surety for freedom from it, or then we would have it honeyed and sugared with comforts, so, as the sweet should over-master the gall and worm-wood. Christ knows how to breed the sons of his house, and ye will give him leave to take his own way of dispensation with you, and tho' it be rough, forgive him: he desireth you to have as much patience to him, as he has born to you. I am sure, there cannot a dram-weight of gall be less in your cup; & ye would not desire, he should both afflict you, and hurt your soul. When his people cannot have a Providence of silk and roses, they must be content with such an one as he carves out for them: ye would not go to heaven but with company, and ye may perceive that the way of those who went before you, was through blood, sufferings, and many afflictions: Nay, Christ, the Captain, went in over the door-threshold of Paradise, bleeding to death. I do not think but ye have learned to stoop, tho' ye (as others) be naturally stiff; and that ye have found, that the apples and sweet fruits, which grow on that crabbed-tree of the Cross, are as sweet as it is sour to bear it, especially considering that Christ hath born the whole compleat Cross, and his Saints bear but bits and chips, as the Apostle saith, *The remnants or leavings of the Cross*. I judge you ten thousand times happy, that ever ye was Grace's debtor, for certainly Christ has engaged you over head and ears to free Grace, and take the debt with you to Eternity, *Immanuel's* highest land, where ye find before you a house-ful of Christ's everlasting debtors, the less shame to you. Yea, and this lower Kingdom of Grace is but Christ's Hospital and Guest-house of sick folks, whom the brave and noble Physician Christ hath cured, upon a venture of life and death. And if ye be near the waterside (as I know ye are) all that I can say is this, Sir, that I feel by the smell of that land, which is before you, that it is a goodly Countrey, and it is well payed for to your hand; and he is before you who will heartily wel-

welcome you. O to suck those breasts of full consolation above, and to drink Christ's new wine up in his fathers house, is some greater matter then is believed: since it was brewed from eternity for the head of the house, & for many thousand crowned Kings & Rulers in the way, where the lodging is so good, its not much. He that brought again from the dead the great theif, & the sheep, by the blood of the eternal Covenant, establish you to the end.

London, May 13. 1645. Your friend and servant in
Christ Jesus, S. R.

To his reverend and worthy Brother,
Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE
Reverend and dear Brother

I Cannot speak to you: the way ye know, the passage is free & not stopped: the print of the footsteps of the fore-runner is clear and manifest; many have gone before you: Ye will not sleep long in the dust before the day break: it is a far shorter piece of the hinder end of the night to you, then to Abraham and Moses; beside all the time of their bodies resting under corruption: it is as long yet to their day, as to your morning light of awaking to glory; tho their spirits, having the advantage of yours, have had now the fore start of the shore before you. I dare say nothing against his dispensation: I hope to follow quickly: The heirs that are not there before you, are posting with haste after you, & none shall take your lodging over your head. Be not heavy, the life of faith is now called for; doing was never reckoned in your accounts, [tho Christ in & by you has done more, then by twenty, yea an hundred gray-haired & godly Pastors] believing now is your last: Look to that word, Gal. 1. v. 10. *Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me*: Ye know the I that lives, and the I that lives not: it is not single Ye that lives, Christ by law lives in the broken debtor: it is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ in you. If ye look to your self as divided from Christ, ye must be more then heavy. All your wants [dear Brother] be upon him; ye are his debtor. Grace must sum and subscribe your accounts as paid: stand not upon *Items*, and small or little Sanctification: ye know, *inherent* Holi-

Epist. 11.

2^d EPIST. BY W. R. 1741

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Holiness must stand by, when I wound with the sword. I fear the
city house is a rising down and underrunning, the
night dawning. Look in the East, the dawning of day
is near: your Guide is good company, and knows all the
rules, and the up and down's in the way; the nearer the
morning, the darker. Some traveller sees the city to
miles off, & at 20 miles, and yet within the eighth part of
a mile, he cannot see it. It is all keeping, that ye would
now have, till ye need it: and I fear the confusion comes
before the light. It is not your loss; let Christ tutor you,
and be think good, yet cannot be married nor miscarry in
his hand. What is an excellent qualification? O no money
service, to you who I know, dare not glory in your own
righteousness; it is better warrantable enough, to cast your
self upon him, who justifies the ungodly. Some
see the gold once, & never again fill the race; and
it is coming all in a summer together, when ye are in a
more gracious capacity to tell it than now. Ye are not
come to the Mount that burneth with fire, nor into blackness
darkness and tempest; but ye are come to Mount Zion, and the
city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; O to win
innumerable company of Angels, to the general Assembly
Church of the first born, which are written in heaven; O
to God the Judge of all, and the Spirits of just men made perfect,
to Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant; O to the blood of
sprinkling, &c. Ye must leave the wife to a more choice
husband, and the children to a better father: if ye leave
any testimony to the Lord's work and Covenant, against
both Malignants and Sectaries (which I suppose may be
needful) let it be under your hand, and subscribed before
faithful witnesses.

St. Andrews. Sept. 17.

Your loving and afflicted Bro-

1644.

ther, S. R.

To *Mistress* GILLESPIE.

Dear Sister,

I have heard how the Lord has visited you, in removing
the child *Archibald*. I hope ye see, the setting down
of the weight of your confidence and affection upon any
created thing, whether husband or child, is a deceiving
thing, and that the Creature is not able to bear your
weight

weight, but sinks down to very nothing under your confidence: and therefore ye are Christ's debtor for all providences of this kind; even in that he builds an hedge of thorns in your way; for so ye see, his gracious intention is to save you (if I may say so) whether ye will or not. It is a rich mercy that the Lord Christ will be Master of your will and of your delights, and that his way is so fair, for the landing of husband and children before-hand, in the country whither ye are journeying. No matter, how little ye be engaged to the world, since ye have such experience of cross dealing in it: had ye been a child of the house, the world would have dealt more warmly with its own: there is less of you out of heaven, than the child is there, and the husband is there, but much more that your Head, Kinsman & Redeemer does fetch home such, as are in danger to be lost: & from this time forward, fetch not your comforts from such broken cisterns and dry wells: if the Lord pull at the rest, ye must not be the creature, that shall hold when he draws. Truly, to me your case is more comfortable, than if the fire-side were well plentiful with ten children; the Lord saw ye was able by his grace, to bear the loss of husband and child; and that ye are that weak & tender, as not to be able to stand under the mercy of a gracious husband living, and flourishing in esteem with Authority, and in reputation for Godliness and Learning: for he knoweth, the weight of these mercies would crush you and break you: and as there is no searching out of his understanding, so he has skill to know, what providence will make Christ dearest to you: and let not your heart say, *it is an ill wailed dispensation*. Sure Christ, who hath seven eyes, had before him, the good of a living husband and children for Margaret Murray, and the good of a removed husband and children translated to glory; now he hath opened his decree to you, say, *Christ has made for me a wife and gracious choir, and I have not one word to say on the contrary*. Let not your heart charge any thing, nor unbelief libel injuries upon Christ; because he will not let you alone, nor give you leave to play the idolatress with such, as have not that right to your love that Christ has. I should wish, at the reading of this, that ye may fall down and make a surrender of those that are gone and these that are

yet

live, to him: and for you, let him have all, and were
in himself: for he will come & will not tarry: live by
faith, and the peace of God guard your heart: he cannot
die whole yeare. My wife suffers with you, and remem-
ber her love to you.

St. Paul. August. 14. 1649. Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To the worthy and much honored Colliard

G. K. E. R.

Adack benighted and truly worthy,

I Hope I shall not need to shew you, that ye are in greater
hazard from your self and your own spirit, which
would be watched over, (that your actings for God may
be clean, spiritual, purely for God, for the Prince of the
Kings of the earth) then ye can be in danger from your
enemies. O how hard is it to get the intentions so cut off
from, and raised above the creature, as to be without
mixture of creature and carnal-interests, and to have the
soul in heavenly actings only, only eying himself, and
acting from love to God, revealed to us in Jesus Christ! Ye
will find your self, your delights, your solid glory (far a-
bove the air & breathings of mouths, and the thin, shorr,
poor applauses of men) before you in God. All the crea-
tures, all the swords, all the hosts in *Brittain*, and in this
poor glob of the habitable world, are but under him
single ciphers making no number, the product being no-
thing, but painted men, and painted swords in a *board*,
without influence from him: And O what of God is in
Gideon's sword, when it is the sword of the Lord!! With a
sword from heaven to you, & orders from heaven to you
to go out, and as much peremptoriness of a heavenly will,
as to stay and abide by it, *I will not, I shall not go out, except
thou go with me.* I desire not to be rash in judging, but
I am a stranger to the mind of Christ, if your Adver-
saries, who have unjustly invaded us, be not now in
the camp of those, that make war with the Lamb;
but the *Lamb* shall overcome them at length, for he is
the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, and they who are
with him are called and chosen and faithful: and tho ye
and I see but the dark side of God's dispensations this day

to wards *Brittain*, ye the fix, beautiful & desirable close
 of it must be the confederacy of the nations of the world
 with *Brittain* & herd of Armies: and let me die in the com-
 forst of the faith of this, that a throne shall be set up for
 Christ in this Island of *Great Brittain* (which is & shall be a
 garden more fruitful of trees of righteousness, & ye &
 shall pay mee thousands to the Lord of the Vineyard, then
 is paid in shewing the bounds of *Great Brittain* upon the
 earth.) And then there can be neither *Popish*, *Prelate*, *Mali-*
giant, nor *Sectary*, who dare draw a sword against him,
 that sits upon the throne: *Sir* I shall withdraw my Army, so
 far as may be, that the shout of a King, who hath many
 crowns, may be among you, & that ye may fight in faith,
 and prevail with God first. I think it your glory to have a
 sword to act, & suffer, & die (if it please him) so being ye
 may add any thing to the declarative glory of Christ, the
 plant of renown, *Immanuel*, God with us: Happy & thrice
 blessed are they, by whose sdings, or blood, or pain, or
 loss, the diadems & rubies of his highest & glorious crown
 (whole ye are) shall glister and shine in this quarter of the
 habitable world: Tho he need not *G. K.* nor his sword;
 yet this honour have ye with his redeemed soldiers to call
 Christ *High Lord General*, of whom ye hope for pay, and
 all arrears well told: Go on, worthy *Sir*, in the courage of
 faith, following the Lamb: make not haste unbeliavingly,
 but in hope & silence keep the watch tower, and look out:
 he will come in his own time, his salvation shall not tar-
 ry, he shall place salvation in *Brittain*, *Zion*, for *Israel* his
 glory. His good will, who dwelt in the bush, and it burnt
 not, be yours, & with you: I am,

St. Andrews, August. 10.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1650.

John, S. R.

To the worthy & much honoured, Colonel G. K. E. R.

Much honoured & worthy *Sir*:

W^Hat I wrote to you before, I spake not upon any
 private warrant: I am where I was: *Cromwell* and
 his (I shall not say, but there may be & are, several sober
 & godly amongst them, who have either joyned through
 misinformation, or have gone along with the rest in the
 simplicitie of their hearts, not knowing any thing) fight

Epistle
 in an unjust cause, against the Lord's secret ones: know, of
 the trampling of the worthy of God, & persecuting the
 people of God in England & Ireland, he has brought upon his
 score, the blood of the people of God in Scotland. And now
 you desire, as ye desire to be serviceable to Christ, whose
 free grace prevented you, when ye were his enemy, go on
 without fainting, equally, cleaving all, with the
Seſſaries & Maligants; neither of the two shall ever be
 instrumental to save the Lords people, to build his house.
 And without prophesying or speaking further, then he,
 whose I am, & whom I desire to save in the Gospel
 of his son, shall warrant. I desire so, hope, & do believe,
 there is a glory, & a majesty of the Prince of the Kings of
 the earth, that shall shine & appear in great Britain, which
 shall darken all the glory of men, confound *Seſſaries* and
Maligants, & rejoice the spirits of the followers of the
 Lamb, & dazzle the eyes of beholders. Sir, I suppose, that
 Gods together *Maligants* & *Seſſaries*; etc all be done,
 as sheaves in a barn-floor, & to bid the Daughter of Zion,
 arise & thresh: I hope ye will mix with none of them. I
 am abundantly satisfied, that our Armie through the
 sinful miscarriage of men hath fallen; & dare say it is a bet-
 ter & a more comfortable dispensation, then if the Lord
 had given us the victory and the necks of the reproachers
 of the way of God; because he hath done it: For, 1. More
 blood, blasphemies, cruelty, treachery, must be upon the
 accounts of the men, whose land the Lord forbade us to
 invade. 2. Victory is such a burdening & weighty me-
 toy, that we have not strength to bear it as yet. 3. That was
 not the Army, nor Gideon's three hundred, by whom
 he is to save us. We must have one of the Lord's carrying.
 4. Our enemies on both sides, are not enough hardned,
 nor we enough mortified to multitude, valour, & Crea-
 tures. Grace, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Sept. 5. Your friend & servant in his
 1630. sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the worthy & much honoured Callonel G. K. E. R.
 Much honoured & worthy Sir,

IT is considerable, that the Lord may, & often does call
 to a work, & yet hide himself, & try the faith of his

PWD:

own: If I conceive aright, the Lord has called you, to act against that enemy, and the withdrawers of their sword, in my weak apprehension, and their seal unto, & take upon them the guilt of that unjust invasion of this Land, made by *Cromwell's Army*, and of the blood of the Lord's people in this Kingdom; since the sword put into the hand of his children, is to execute wrath and vengeance upon evil doers: the Lord's time of appearing for his broken Land, is reserved to the breathings of the Spirit of the Lord, such as came upon *Gideon* and *Sampson*; and that is an Act of princely and royal sovereignty in God. Ye are, *Sirs*, to lay hold on opportunities of providence, and to wait for him. As for your particular treating by your selves with the invaders of our land, I have no mind to it, and do look upon their way as carrying on of the mystery of iniquity (for *Babylon* is a seat of many names.) *Sir*, let this controversy stand undecided, till the second appearance of Jesus Christ, and our Appeal lye before the throne undiscussed till that day, I hope to lie down in the grave, in the faith of the justness of our cause. I speak nothing of the maintaining the greatness of men, not subordinate to the Prince of the Kings of the earth. I judge, that the blood of the witnesses of Jesus is found upon the skirts of this society, as well as in *Babylon's* skirts: I believe, the way of the Lord is *Coli Gilbert Ker's* strength, and glory, and I should be content to want my part of him, (which is, I confess, precious and dear in Christ) so he be spent in the service of him, who will anon make inquisition for the blood of the truly godly, which these men have shed, after fair warning that they were the godly of *Scotland*. *Worthy Sir*, believe, faint not, set your shoulder under the glory of Jesus, that is misprised in *Scotland*, and give a testimony for Him, he hath many names in *Scotland*, who shall walk with him in white: This despised Covenant shall ruin *Malignants*; *Seccaries* and *Atheists*: Yet a little while and behold he comes, and walks in the greatness of his strength, and his garments dyed with blood. Oh for the sad and terrible day of the Lord upon *England*, their ships of *Tarshis*, their fenced Cities, &c. because of a broken Covenant! A conference with the enemy, nor to hinder Acting, (O that the Lord would thereby, or some other

other way, remove the cloud that is over you) if authority would concur, were to be desired; but it can hardly be expected; however in the way of duty & in the silence of faith go on, if ye perish, ye are the first of the creation, with whom the Lord hath taken that dispensation. I should humbly advise you, Sir, to look to that, *Dying & behold we live, killed all the day long, & yet more than conquerors.* There shall be the heat & warmth of life in your graves, & buried bones: But look not for the Lord's coming the higher way only, for he may come the lower way: O how little of God do we see, & how mysterious is his Christ known in amongst the greatest secrets of God: Keep your self in the love of God, & in order to that, as far in obedience & subjection to the King, (whose salvation & true happiness my soul desireth) & to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, & to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, as your Lord requireth. Sir, ye are in the hearts & prayers of the Lord's people in this kingdom, & in the other two: The Lord hath said, *There is a blessing in the cluster of grapes, destroy it not.* Grace, grace be upon the head of him that is separated from his brethren, & the good will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Perth, 23. Nov. 1650.

Your servant in his secret

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the worthy & much honoured, Colonel G. K. E. R.

Much honoured & worthy Sir;

I know not, why the people of God should not take notice of the bonds of any, who have blood in readiness to be let out for his cause: And I judge it was not of you, that ye died not in the undecided controversy, which the Lord of the whole earth hath with the men, whom he hath sent against us. *Dear & much honoured in the Lord,* Let me intreat you, to be far from the thoughts of leaving this Land: I see it, & find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but tho I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland, beside angry Jesus Christ, knowing he mindeth no evil to us, then in any Eden or garden in the earth. If we can remain united with the Lord's remnant in the

A A

land,

land, he layes up wrath for all sorts of Adversaries in Britain. That I never see the glory of his glistering sword shining in Britain, I would be solaced in the innocent thoughts (far from revenge) that the saints shall dip their feet in the blood of the slau of the Lords: and truly Sir, I suppose, ye cannot but come to these thoughts & weak desires, before the hearer of prayers, for as little as ye think of, & value your self: for me, if I could mind you in your bonds, I purpose not to stand to the account ye give, or thoughts ye have, of your self; tho I know, ye are not a whit more or less before him (who weigheth his own according to the weight of impure & unrighteousness,) for my apprehensions. Christ cannot mistake you, men may, & the calculation & esteem of free grace maketh you so be what ye are. I hope to see you an everlastingly obliged debtor to him, whom ye shall praise, but never pay: And truly, ye have no riches but that debt: & I know, ye love to be engaged to Jesus Christ, the most excellent of creditors. Much joy & sweetness may ye have, in standing written in his book: I desire to do it my self, & I would have you also highly to esteem the design of Christ, who hath raised the riches of the glory of so much grace, above the Circle of the heaven of heavens, out of very nothings; & contrived his thoughts of love, so, that lumps of glorified clay, should stand before him for all ages, the burdens & loaden debtors of free, eternally free grace. Sir, ye cannot cast the count of the rents of your so great inheritance of glory. Grace be with you.

Edinb. May 18. 1651.

Your servant in his own
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the much honoured and truly worthy Callowel G. KER.

Habakkuk 2. Ver. 3, 4.

As much honoured and worthy Sir,

YOur chains now shine as much for Christ, the cause being his, as your sword was made famous, in acting for that cause: And blessed are such, as can willingly render to Christ both action & blood, doing & suffering: Resisting unto blood is little for that precious & never-enough exalted Redeemer, who, when ye were a buying, gave blood, somewhat dearer then ye gave for him, even the blood of God, *Act. 18. 28*, I know a man, who upon the

the receipt of a letter that ye were killed, & the people of
 God destroyed, wished that he might be quickly under the
 wall of the higher palace, from under the dint of the
 storm, & who longed to have the weather-beaten & crazed
 bark safely landed, in that harbour of eternal quietness.
 What farther service Christ hath for you, I know not: it
 is enough, that in your captivity ye offer your service to
 Christ; but if I see any thing, it looks like a merciful de-
 feat. I see the Nobles & the State falling off from Christ;
 & the night coming upon the Prophets, which we would
 pray to prevent; because it is a rare thing to see a fallen
 star win ever up again to the firmament to shine: And
 what if this be the thick darkness going before the break
 of day. Sure, *Sir*, the Sun shall rise upon Scotland; but if
 I shall see it, or how near it is to day, I leave that to him,
 even unto *Lehorah*, who creats upon every dwelling place in
 mount *Zion*, & upon her assembles a cloud, & a smoke by
 day, & the shining of a flaming fire by night. But, *Sir*, the
 wilderness shall rejoyce & blossom, as a rose: & happy he,
 who hath a bone or an arm, to put the Crown upon the
 head of our highest King, whose chariot is paved with
 love: Were there ten thousand millions of heavens created
 above these highest heavens, & again as many above
 them, & as many above them, till Angels were wearied
 with counting, it were but too low a seat to fix the princely
 throne of that Lord Jesus (whose ye are) above them
 all: Created heavens are too low a seat of majesty for him.
 Since then there is none equal to your Master & Prince,
 who hath chosen out for you, amongst many sufferings
 for sin, that onely cross, which cometh nearest in likenels
 to his own cross, watered with consolations, take com-
 rage, and comfort your self in him, who hath chosen you
 to glory hereafter, and to conformity with him here: We
 fools would have a cross of our own chusing, and would
 have our gall & wormwood sugared, our fire cold, & our
 death & grave warmed with heat of life; but he, who hath
 brought many children to glory & lost none, is our best
 Tutor. I wish when I am sick, that he may be keeper &
 comforter. I judge it a blessed fall, that we are forfeited
 Heirs, broken & out of credit, & that Christ is become a
 Tutor, in the place of *Freewill*, and that we are no more

A *...* your

our own. I am broken and wasted, with the wrath that is on the land, & have been much tempted with a design to have a Pass from Christ, which if I had, I would not stay to be a witness of our defection, for no mans intreatie, but I know, it is my loseness & weakness, who would ever be ashore, when a fit of sea-sickness cometh on; Tho I know, I shall come soon enough to that desirable countrey, & shall not be displaced, none shall take my lodging. Sir, many eyes are upon you, and the Godly are exceedingly refreshed, that ye listen not to the ways of many about you, who with fair words make marchandise of souls. Sir, if the way you are in be not the way of Christ, then woe to me, for I am eternally lost; but truly, the Lord Christ's dealing with Col: *Gilbert Kerr* hath proven to me, that the new testament & the covenant of grace is a piece, that a solemn meeting and assembly of all created Angels, joyn all their wits together, could not have devised: since Sir, ye payed nothing for the change that Christ made, & ye will take that debt of free grace to heaven with you, (for what was Christ Jesus indebted to you, more then to all your kindred and name?) Therefore since ye are made his own, follow no other way. What is my salvation tho I should lay it in pawn, (It is but a poor pledge) that this, this only is the way? but Christ is surety himself, that it is the way: the fore-runner went before you, and he is safely landed, & there is a fair company before you of such as have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, to whom these promises are now performed, *he that overcomes shall eat of the tree of life, that is in the midst of the Paradise of God: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, that is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall take them unto the living fountains of waters.* I may, Sir, possibly keep you from better work: The God of peace, that abrought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the eternal covenant, make you perfect. *St. Andrews Jan. 7. Yours in Iesus Christ.*

To the much honoured and truly worthy, Collorell G. KER,
Much honoured and worthy Sir,

I Have heard of your continued captivity in England, as well as in this afflicted land, but go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your shadow, which is broader then many Kingdoms: Ye change lodgings & countreys, but the same Lord is before you: if ye were carried away captive to the other side of the sea, or as far as the rising of the morning star, it is spoken to your Mother, who has yet received no bill of divorce, which was written to Israel, Mic. 4. 10. Be in pain and labour to bring forth, O Daughter of Zion, like a woman in travel: for now shalt thou go forth out of the city, and thou shalt dwell in the field, and thou shalt go even to Babylon, there shalt thou be delivered, there the Lord shall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies. England shall be countable for you, to render you back, Isai. 44. 6. I will say to the North give up, and to the South, keep not back. It is a sermon that flesh and blood laughs at, Ezek. 37. 4. Prophesie upon these dry bones, and say unto them. O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! It is a preaching to the cold grave. Thus saith the Lord unto the bones, behold I will cause breath enter into you, and ye shall live, and I will lay sinews upon you, and bring flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live. Rev. 20. 13. And the sea gave up the dead that were in it. Berwick must render back the Scottish captives, and Col: Gilbert Ker with them, Ma. 43. v. 14. For thus saith the Lord your Redeemer the holy one of Israel, for your sake I have sent to Babylon, and have brought down all their Nobles, and the Caldeans, whose cry is in the ships. Deut. 30. 4. If any of them be driven out to the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. Z-ch. 8. 7. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, behold I will save my People from the east countrey, and from the west countrey, & I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Ierusalem, and they shall be my People, and I will be their God, in truth & in righteousness. Sir, ye are booked by the Lord, who writes up the People, Ps. 87. 5. 6. And counted to the Lord as one of the house and stock, Ps. 22. 30. Fear not,

Yours

Must not, all your hairs are numbered. It is the desire of the People of God, that at your bonds hitherto have been exemplary, to the strengthening of the feeble, & to the stopping of the mouth of the Adversary, without any declining to the right or left hand, for your sufferings, in the place ye now go to, may be (as we are confident in the Lord of you, and in humility boast of his grace to you) satisfactory, convincing, and like unto this honourable cause, that will prevail in Brittain, contrary to all the machinations and counsels of Devils & men: & tho' there were no other ink in the pen I now write with, but some dewing of my last cooling blood, this I purpose (his grace, whose I am, enabling me) to stand to: Sir, we desire to adore no instruments; yet we conceive the shining & rays of grace, from the fountain Jesus Christ, the fulness of the Godhead, bestowed on sinful men, hold forth the good thoughts of Christ to this poor land, whose multiplied graves, and woe of souls under the Altar, slain by *Sectaries* & *Adulterants*, cry aloud to heaven. I see nothing, Sir, if the Lord be not near (tho' I dare not say how soon) to awake, for the year of Zion's controversy, *Isai.* 4. 5. *for my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold it shall come down upon England, and the residue of his enemies in Scotland.* Woe is me for England, that land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness: That pleasant land shall be a wilderness, & the dust of their land pitch: A judgment upon their walled towns, their pleasant fields, their strong ships, &c. if they do not repent. Ye have not, I conceive, seen such searching & trying times, as now these are, & yet the question will be drawn to a more narrow state, & multitudes will yet leave the cause, for we took all into the Covenant, that offered to build with us, but Christ must have but a small remnant: few Nobles if any, few Ministers, few Professors; tho' our way standeth unchanged, *2 Cor.* 6. 2. *by honour & dishonour, by good report and evil report, as deceivers & yet true, as unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and yet not killed.* Neither is this your condition alone, but the experienced lot of all the Saints that have gone before you. It is one & the same cross of Christ, but there be sundry faces, & divers circumstances

stances in the same manner, the sufferings of Christ, and yours. *Sir*, to be delivered to Soldiers, and in captivity, looks like his suffering, of whom *Isaiah* saith Chap. 53. 8. he was taken from prison, and from judgment: yea and taken bound, *Iob*. 18. 1. when the cause is the truth of God, the lustre & face of suffering is so much the more lovely, that it has the hue and colour of Christ's sufferings, who endured contradiction of sinners, and despised the shame; O it is a great word, *Christ shamed and Christ abused!* but thus was the Head and so are the members dealt with in the world: & truly any thing of Christ, even the worst of Him (to speak so) his reproach and shame are lovely. Tho' superstitious love to the material cross he suffered upon, be foolery; and doting upon the holy grave be cursed idolatry; yet is there a communion with him in his sufferings most desirable, *1 Pet.* 4. 13. *but rejoice in as much as ye are Partakers of Christ's sufferings*: in which sense, the cup that his lip touched, has the sweeter taste, even tho' death were in it: The grave, because He did lie in it, is so much the softer, and the more restful a bed of rest: And that part of the sky and clouds, that the Beloved shall break through and come to judgment, is as lovely a piece of the created heaven, as any is, if we may love the ground he goes on the better; But all this is to be understood in a spiritual manner. The Lord calls you, *Sir*, (upon whom the Spirit of God and his glory rests) to put your soul's *Amen* to this dispensation, and requites of us, that our desires follow the now declared decree of God, concerning the desolation of our sinful land; so many ways guilty of a *despised Gospel* & a *broken Covenant*, & that with all submission: Certainly no man has failed more in this thing, then he who writes to you; for I have brought my health in great hazard, and tormented my spirit with excessive grief, for our present provocations and the rentings of our Kirk; and I see, it is a challenging of, and a bold pleading against him, upon whose shoulder the government is, *Isa.* 22. 22. The Father hath put a glorious trust upon Christ, *7. 23.* and I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place, and he shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house. *Ver.* 24. And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of

*small quantity, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of
 flasks.* Our unbelieving apprehensions do so quarrel at
 the prosperity of enemies in an evil cause, that we wrinkle
 with defeats, spoiling, captivity of the Godly, killing of
 his people, the wasting of our land, starving & famishing
 of the Kingdom, which is worse then the sword; but this
 is a sinful contradicting of the Lord's revealed decree: His
 wisdom saith, *Spoiling and desolation is best for Scotland,* and
 we say, *Not,* & so accuse Christ of misgovernment, & of
 not being true to the trust put upon him: But since he
 doth not drag the government at his heels, but hath it
 upon his shoulder; & since the nail fastned in a sure place
 cannot be broken, nor can the smallest vessel fail to find
 sweet security, in dependence upon him, since all the
 weight of heaven & earth, of redeemed saints & confir-
 med Angels, is upon his shoulder, I am a fool and brutish
 to imagin, that I can add any thing, to Christ's special
 care of & tenderness to his people: He who keepeth the
 basins & knives of his house, and bringeth the vessels
 back again to the second Temple, *Ezra 1.8, 9, 10.* must
 have a more tender care of his redeemed ones, then of a
 spoon, or of *Peter's* old shoes, which yet must not be lost
 in his captivity, *Act. 12. 8.* O for grace to suffer Christ
 to tutor his own Minors & young Heirs! But we cannot
 endure to be under the actings of his government: We
 love too much to be our own: O how sweet to be wholly
 Christ's, and wholly in Christ! To be out of the creatures
 owning, & made compleat in Christ; to live by faith in
 Christ, and to be once for all clothed with the created
 Majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein he makes
 all his friends and followers sharers! To dwell in *Imma-
 nuel's* high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air,
 where no wind bloweth, but the breathings of the Holy
 Ghost; No seas or floods flow, but the pure water of life,
 that proceeds from under the throne and from the Lamb;
 No planting but the tree of life, that yieldeth twelve
 manner of fruits every moneth! What do we here but sin
 and suffer! O when shall the night be gone, the shadows
 flee away, & the morning of that long, long day, without
 eloud or night, dawn! The Spirit and the Bride say *Come,*
 O when shall the Lamb's wife be ready, & the Bridegroom
 say

*ay Come! Worthy Sir, I mind you to the heare of prayer.
O help me in that kind! The Spirit of Jesus be with your
Spirit.*

S. Andrews, May 14.

1651.

Yours in his only, only

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M,

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: We are fallen in win-
nowing & trying times; I am glad, that your breath
serveth you to run to the end, in the same condition &
way, wherein ye have walked these twenty years past: It is
either the way of peace, or we are yet in our sins, & have
missed the way: the Lord (it is true) has stained the pride of
all our glory: and now last of all, the sun hath gone down
upon many of the Prophets; but stumble not; men are
men, & God appeareth more & more to be God, & Christ
is still Christ. *Madam*, stronger then I am, had almost
stumbled me & cast me down; But O what mercy is it,
to discern betwixt what is Christ's & what is man's, and
what way the hew, colour & lustre of gifts and grace,
dazle & deceive our weak eyes! Oh to be dead to all things
that are below Christ, were it even a created heaven and
created grace! Holiness is not Christ, nor are the blossoms
& flowers of the tree of life, the tree it self. Men & crea-
tures may wind themselves in between us and Christ,
and therefore the Lord hath done much to take out
of the way all betwixt him & us: There are not in our
way now, Kings, or Armies, or Nobles, or Judicatories,
or strong Holds, or Watchmen, or godly Professors:
The fairest things & most eminent in *Brittain* are stained,
& have lost their lustre: Only, only Christ keeps his
greenness & beauty, & remaineth what he was: Oh! If he
were more & more excellent to our apprehensions, then
ever he was (whose excellency is above all apprehensions),
& still more & more sweet to our taste. I care for nothing,
if so be I were nearer to him, & yet he flyeth not from
me: I flee from him, but he pursueth. I hear your La-
hath the same esteem of the despised cause & Covenant of
our Lord; ye had before: *Madam*, hold you there: I darst
& would gladly breath out my spirit in that way, with e-

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nearer communion & fellowship with the Father & the Son, and would seek no more, but that I might die believing: And also I would hope, that the earth shall not cover the blood of the Godly slain in Scotland; but that the Lord will make inquisition for their blood, when the sufferings of the saints in these lands shall be fulfilled. The good will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Glasgow, Sept. 28.

1651.

Your La: at all observance in the
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I know, ye think of an out-going, and that your quartering in Time, and your abode in this life is short; *for we flee away as a shadow*: the declining of the Sun, & the lengthning of the shadow saith, our journey is short & near the end: I speak yet because I have warnings of my removal. *Madam*, I know not any, against whom the Lord is not: for he is against the proud and lofty, the day of the Lord is upon all the Cedars, upon all the high mountains, upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures. I know not any thing comparable to a nearness and spiritual communion with the Father and the Son Christ: there is much deadness and witheredness upon many spirits, sometimes near to God: and I with the Lord have not more to say, and to do against the Land. Ye have, *Madam*, in your accounts, mercies, deliverances, rods, warnings, plenty of means, consolations, when refuge failed you, when ye looked on the right hand, and behold no man would know you nor care for your soul, when young and weak, manifestations of God, the out-goings of the Lord for you, experiences, answers from the Lord, by all which, ye may be comforted now, & confirmed in the certain hope, that Grace, free Grace, in a fixed and established surety, shall perfect that good work in you: happy they who see not and yet believe! Grace, grace eternally in our Lord Jesus be with you.

Edinburgh, May 27.

1651.

Yours in the Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M;

I Have been so long silent, that I am almost ashamed now to speak. I hear of your weakly condition of body, which speaks some warning to you, to look for a longer life, where ye shall have more leisure to praise, when Time can give you here: it shall be a loss to many, but sure, your self, *Madam*, shall be only free of any loss. And truly, considering what days we are now fallen into, if sailing were not serving of the Lord, (which I can hardly attain) a calm harbour were very good, when storms are so high: The fore-runner, who has landed first, must help to bring the sea-beaten vessel safe to the port, and the sick passengers, who are following the fore-runner, safe ashore. Much deadness prevails over some; but there is much life in him, who is *the resurrection and the life*, to quicken. O what of our hid life is without us, and how little and poor a stock is in the hand of some! The only wise God supply what is wanting: the more ye want, and the more your joy has run on, the more is owing to you by the promise of Grace: by-gones of waterings from heaven, which your La: wanted in *Kenmure, Rusco, the West, Glasgow, Edinburgh, England, etc.* shall all come, in a great sum together: the marriage supper of the Lamb must not be marred with too large a *four-hours-refreshment*. Know, *Madam*, he who has tutoured you from the breasts, knows how to time his own day-shinings and love-visits. Grace, that runs on, be with you.

St. Andrews. Yours in the Lord at all observance, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

M A D A M,

I Confess I have cause to be grieved at my long silence, or Laziness in writing: I am also afflicted to hear, that such who were debtors to your La: for better dealing, have served you with such prevarication: Ye know, crookedness is neither strong nor long-enduring: and ye know likewise, that these things spring not out of the dust: It is sweet to look upon the lawless and sinful stirrings of the creatures, as ordered by a most holy hand in

heaven. Oſt ſome ſhould make peace with God! It would be our wiſdom, & afford us much ſweet peace, if oppreſſours were looked upon as paſſive inſtruments, like the ſaw or ax in the Carpenters hand; they are *bidden* (if ſuch a diſtinction may be admitted) but not commanded of God (as *Shimei* was, 2 Sam. 16. 10.) to do what they do. *Madam*, theſe many years the Lord has been teaching you, to read and ſtudy well the book of holy, holy and ſpotleſs ſovereignty, in ſuffering from ſome nigh hand and ſome far off: Whoever be the inſtruments, the replying of clay to the Potter, the Former of all, is unbeſeeming the nothing creature: I hope he ſhall clear you, but when *Zion's* publiſh evils lie not nigh ſome of us, and leave no impreſſion upon our hearts, it is no wonder that we be exerciſed with domeſtick troubles; but I know ye are taught of God to prefer *Jeruſalem* to your chiefeſt joy. *Madam*, there is no cauſe of fainting: Wait upon the not-tarrying viſion, for it will ſpeak. The only wiſe God be with you, and God even your own God bleſs you.

St. Andrews, June.

Yours at all obſervance in

1657

God, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

I Should not forget you; but my deadneſs under a threatening ſtroke, both of a falling Church, a broken Covenant, a deſpiſed remnant, and crazineſs of body (that I cannot get a piece ſickly clay carryed about from one houſe or town to another) lies moſt heavy on me: The Lord has removed *Scotland's* crown, for we owned not his crown; we fretted at his Catholick Government of the world, & fretted that he would not be ruled and led by us, in breaking our adverſaries; and he makes us ſuffer & pine away in our iniquities, under the broken Government of his houſe. It is like, it would be our ſnare, to be tryed with the honour of a peaceable Reformation, we might mar the carved work of his houſe, worſe then thoſe againſt whom we cry out. It's like he has bidden us lie on our left ſide three hundred & ninetie dayes, & yet ſo aſtoniſhing is our ſtupiditie, that we moan not our ſore ſide: Our gold is become dim, the viſage of our *Nazarites* is become black, the

Sun

Sun is gone down on our Sins, the crown is fallen from our head, we roar like bears. Lord save us from that, *He that made them will not have mercy on them.* The heart of the Scribe meditates terror. Oh, *Madam*, if the Lord would help to more self-judging, and to make sure an interest in Christ! Ah, we forget eternity, and it approacheth quickly. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 10 Nov.

*Your La: at all obedience
in the Lord, S. R.*

1657.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

I Am ashamed of my long silence to your La: Your tossings and wanderings are known to him, upon whom ye have been cast from the breasts, and who has been your God of old. The temporal loss of creatures, dear to you there, may be the more easily endured, that the gain of one, who only has immortality, groweth. There is an universal complaint of deadness of spirit on all that know God: he that writes to you, *Madam*, is as deep in this as any, and is afraid of a strong and hot barrel, before time be at a close; but no matter if the Lord crown all with the victorious triumphing of faith. God teacheth us by terrible things in righteousness: we see many things, but we observe nothing. Our drink is sour, gray hairs are here and there on us, and we change many Lords and Rulers; but the same bondage of soul and body remains. We live little by faith, but much by sense, according to the times, and by human policy. The watch-men sleep, and the people perish for lack of knowledge. How can we be enlightened, when we turn our back on the Sun? And must we not be withered, when we leave the fountain? It should be my only desire to be a minister, gifted with the white stone & the new name written on it. I judge it were fit (now when tall Professors, and when many stars fall from heaven, and God poureth the Isle of great Britain from vessel to vessel, and yet we sit and are settled on our lees) to consider, (as sometimes I do, but ah! rarely) how irrecoverable a woe it is, to be under a beguile, in the matter of eternity: and what if I, who can have a subscribed testimonial of many, who shall stand at the right

land of the judge, shall miss Christ's approving testimony, and be set upon the left hand among the goats? there is such a beguile, *Matth. 7. 21. Matth. 23. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Luke 13. 25, 26.* And it befalls many: and what if it befall me, who have but too much art to coosen my own soul and others, with the flourish of ministerial or Country-holiness. *Dear Lady*, I am afraid of prevailing security: we watch little, (I have mainly relation to my self,) we wrestle little: I am like one travelling in the night, who sees a Spirit, and sweats for fear, and dare not tell it to his fellow, for fear of encreasing his own fear; however, I am sure, when the Master is nigh his coming, it were safe to write over a double and a new copy of our accounts, of the sins of nature, childhood, youth, riper years, and old age. What if Christ have another written representation of me, then I have of my self? sure his is right: and if it contradict my mistaking and sinfully erroneous account of my self, ah! where am I then? But *Madam*, I discourage none, I know Christ has made a new marriage-contract of love, and sealed it with his blood, and the trembling believer shall not be confounded. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, May 26.

1659.

*Yours at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM;

I Should be glad, that the Lord would be pleased to lengthen our more time to you, that ye might yet, before your eyes be shut, see more of the work of the right hand of the Lord, in reviving a now-swooning and crushed Land and Church. Tho I was lately knocking at death's gate, yet could I not get in, but was sent back for a time. It is well, if I could yet do any service to him, But ah what deadness lies upon the spirit! & deadness breeds distance from God: *Madam*. These many years the Lord has let you see a clear difference, betwixt those who serve God, and love his name, and those who serve him not: and I judge ye look upon the way of Christ, as the only best way, and that ye would not exchange Christ for the world's God, or their Mammon, and that ye can give
Christ

Christ a testimony of chief among ten thousand : True it
 is, that many of us have fallen from our first love, but
 Christ has renewed his first love of our espousals to him-
 self, and multiplied the seekers of God, all the countrey o-
 ver, even where Christ was scarce named, East and West
 and South and North, above the number that our fathers
 ever knew. But ah! *Adam*, what shall be done or said
 of many fallen stars, and many near to God complying
 wofully, and sailing to the nearest shore? Yea, and we
 are consumed in the furnace but not melted, burnt but
 not purged, our dross is not removed, but our scum re-
 mains in us: and in the furnace we fret, we faint, and
 [which is more strange] we slumber: The fire burneth
 round about us, and we lay it not to heart: Gray hairs are
 upon us, and we know it not. It were now a desirable
 life to send away our love to heaven, and well becomes it
 us, to wait on for the appointed change, yet so as we
 should be meditating thus; Is there a new world above
 the Sun and moon? and is there such a blessed company,
 harping and singing *Hallelujahs* to the lamb up above?
 Why then are we taken with a vain life of fighting and sin-
 ning? O where is our wisdom, that we sit still laughing,
 eating, sleeping prisoners, and do not pack up all our best
 things for the journey, desiring always to be clothed with
 our house from above, not made with hands! Ah, we fa-
 vour not the things that are above, nor do we smell of
 glory, ere we come thither; but we transact and agree
 with Time for a new lease of clay-mansions: Behold he
 comes, we sleep, and turn all the work of duties into adif-
 pute of events for deliverance; but the greatest haste, to be
 humbled for a broken and a buried Covenant, is first and
 last forgotten: And all our grief is, the Lord *sings*, ene-
 mies triumph, Godly ones suffer, Atheists blaspheme.
 Ah! we pray not, but wonder that Christ comes not the
 higher way, by might, by power, by garments rolled in
 blood. What if he come the lower way! sure, we sin in
 putting the book in his hand, as if we could teach the
 Almighty knowledge: we make haste, we believe not:
 Let the only wise God alone, he stirs well, he draws
 straight lines, tho we think and say they are crooked: it is
 right that some should die and their breasts full of milk,
 and

362 **MR. RUTHERFORD'S** Epist. 69.
and yet we are angry that God dealeth so with them. O
if I could adore him in his hidden ways, when there is
darkness under his feet, and darkness is his pavilion, and
clouds are about his throne! Madam, hoping, believing,
patient praying is our life: he loses no time. The Lord
Jesus be with your Spirit!

St. Andrews, 12 Sept.

*Yours at all obliged observance
in Christ, S. R.*

1659.

*To his reverend and dear Brethren,
Mr. GUTHRIE, Mr. TRAIL,
And the rest of their Brethren imprisoned,
in the Castle of Edinburgh.*

*Reverend, Very dear, and now much honoured
Prisoners for Christ;*

I Am, as to the point of light, at the out-most of perswa-
sion in that kind, that this is the cause of Christ ye
now suffer for, and not mens interest: if it be for me,
let us leave it; but if we plead for God, our own personal
safety, and man's deliverance will not be peace. There is
a *salvation* called the *salvation of God*, which is cleanly,
pure, spiritual, unmixed, near to the holy Word of God;
it is that which we would seek, even the favour of God
that he bears to his people, not simple gladness, but the
gladness and goodness of the Lord's chosen. And sure
(tho I be the weakest of his witnesses, and unworthy to
be among the meanest of them, and am afraid the Cause
be hurt [but it cannot be lost] by my unbelieving faint-
ness) I should not desire a deliverance separated from the
deliverance of the Lord's Cause and People: It is enough
to me to sing when *Zion* sings; and to triumph when
Christ triumpheth: I should judge it an unhappy joy, to
rejoyce when *Zion* fighteth. Not one hoof, will be your
peace. If Christ does own me, let me be in the grave in a
bloody winding-sheet; and go from the scaffold in four
quarters to grave, or no grave, I am his debtor, to seal
with sufferings this precious truth; but oh! when it
comes to the push, I dare say nothing, considering my
weakness, wickedness & faintness. But fear not ye, ye are
not, ye shall not be alone, the Father is with you: It was
not

not an unreasonable, but a reasonable and necessary duty ye were about. Fear him who is Sovereign, Christ is Captain of the Castle, and Lord of the keys. The cooling well-spring and refreshment from the promises, is more then the frowning of the furnace. I see snates and temptations in capitulating, composing, ceding, mincing with distinctions of circumstances, formalities, complements & extenuations, in the Cause of Christ: A long spoon, the broth is hell's hott: Hold a distance from carnal compositions, and much nearness to the fountain, to the favour and refreshing light from the Father of lights, speaking in his oracles; this is sound health and salvation. Angels, Men, Zion's Elders eye us; but what of all these, Christ is by us, and looks on us, and writes up all. Let us pray more and look less to men. Remember me to Mr. Scot and all the rest. Blessings be upon the head of such as are separated from their Brethren: Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Your loving Brother & Companion in the Kingdom & patience of Jesus Christ, S.R.
1640.

TO MR. ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

YE know this is a time, in which all men almost seek their own things, & not the things of Jesus Christ: ye are your alone, as a beacon on the top of a mountain; but faint not, Christ is a numerous multitude himself, yea millions; tho all the nations were convened against him round about, yet doubt not but he will at last arise for the cry of the poor and needy. For me, I am now near to eternity, and for ten thousand worlds, I dare not adventure, to pass from the Protestation against the corruptions of the time, nor go along with the shameless apostacy of the many silent and dumb watchmen of Scotland: but I think it my last duty, to enter a Protestation in heaven, before the righteous Judge, against the practical and legal breach of Covenant, and all Oaths imposed on the consciences of the Lord's people, and all Popish,

Popish, superstitious and idolatrous mandates of men. Know that the overthrow of the sworn Reformation, the introducing of Popery and the Mystery of Iniquity, is now set on foot in the three Kingdoms, and whosoever would keep their garments clean, are under that command, *Touch not, taste not, handle not.* The Lord calls you, *Dear Brother,* to be still *stedfast, unmovable, and abounding in the work of the Lord.* Our royal Kingly Master is upon his journey, & will come, & will not tarry, & blessed is the servant, who shall be found watching, when he comes: fear not men, for the Lord is your light & salvation. It is true, it is somewhat sad and comfortless, that ye are your alone; but so it was with our precious Master: not are ye your alone, for the father is with you. It is possible, I shall not be an eye-witness to it in the flesh; but I believe he comes quickly, who will remove our darkness, and will shine gloriously in the *Isle of Britain*, as a crowned King, either in a formally sworn Covenant, or in his own glorious way, which I leave to the determination of his infinite wisdom and goodness: and this is the hope and confidence of a dying man, who is longing and fainting for the salvation of God. Beware of the enlarding bonds and obligations, by any hand, writ or other wayes, to give unlimited obedience to any authority, but only in the Lord: for all innocent self-defence (which is according to the Covenant, the Word of God, & the laudable example of the Reformed Churches) is now intended to be utterly subverted and condemned: and what is taken from Christ, as the flower of his *Prerogative Royal*, is now put upon the head of a mortal power, which must be that great *Idol of indignation*, that provoketh the eyes of his glory. *Dear Brother,* let us mind the rich promises, that are made to those that overcome, knowing that those that endure to the end shall be saved. Thus recommending you to the rich grace of God, I remain.

St. Andrews,
1661.

Your affectionat Brother
in Christ, S. R.

The

1614. 1. 2.

THIRD PART.

Containing

Some more Letters of the same Author from *Am-
burgh & Edinburgh*, before his confinement at *Aberdeen*;
from *Aberdeen* during his confinement, and from
St. Andrews, &c. after his enlargement.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

My dear and dear Sister,

M

Y love in Christ remembered: I have sent to
you your Daughter *Giselle* with *Robert Gar-
den*, who came to fetch her: I am in good
hope, that the seed of God is in her, and
one born of God, and Gods seed will come
to Gods harvest: I have her promise, she shall be *Christ*;
for I have told her she may promise much in his worthy
name, for he becomes caution to his Father for all such
as resolve & promise to serve him: I will remember her to
God: I trust you will acquaint her with good company, &
be diligent to know with whom she loves to haunt: Re-
member *Zion*, and our necessities. I bless your Daughter
from our Lord, and pray the Lord to give you joy and
comfort of her: Remember my love to your *Husband*,
to *William & Samuel* your Sons: The Lord Jesus be with
your Spirit.

Amburgh, June 6. 1614.

*Yours at all power in the
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

My dear and dear Sister,

I f ever you would pleasure me, intreat the Lord for me
now, when I am so comfortless, and so full of hea-
viness, that I am not able to stand under the burthen any
longer. The Almighty has doubled his stripes upon me;
for my Wife is so sore tormented, night and day, that I
have wondered why the Lord carries so long: My life is
bitter unto me, and I fear the Lord be my contrair partie.

It is (as I now know by experience) hard to keep sight of God in a storm, especially when he hides himself, for the trial of his children. If he would be pleased to remove his hand, I have a purpose to seek him more then I have done: Happy are they that can win away with their soul; I am afraid of his judgments. I bless my God, that there is a death, and a heaven; I would weary to begin again to be a Christian, so bitter is it to drink of the cup that Christ drank of, if I knew not that there is no poison in it. God give us not of it while we vomit again, for we have sick souls when Gods physick works not. Pray that God would not lead my Wife into temptation. Wo is my heart, that I have done so little against the Kingdom of Satan, in my calling; for he would fain attempt to make me blaspheme God in his face. I believe, I believe, in the strength of him who hath put me in his work, he shall fail in that which he seeks; I have comfort in this, that my Captain Christ hath said, I must fight, & overcome the world, *Iohn. 16. v. 33.* & with a weak, spoiled weaponless Devil. *Iohn. 14. v. 30.* The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. Desire *Mr. Robert* to remember me, if he love me. Grace, grace be with you, and all yours. Remember Zion. There is a letter procured from the King by *Mr. John Maxwell* to urge conformity, to give the communion at Christmalls in *Edinburgh*. Hold fast that which you have, that no man take the crown from you. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Armath, Nov. 17. 1629. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Wellbeloved and dear Sister;

MY love in the Lord Jesus remembered, I understand that you are still under the Lords visitation, in your former business, with your enemies, which is Gods dealing: For till he take his children out of the furnace, that knoweth how long they should be tried, there is no deliverance; but after Gods highest and fullest ryde, that the sea of trouble is gone over the souls of his children, then comes the gracious, long hoped-for eb- bing, and drying up of the waters. Dear Sister, do

not

not faint; the wicked may hold the bitter cup to your head, but God mixeth it, and there is no poison in it: They strike, but God moveth the rod: *Shimei* curs-eth, but it is because the Lord bids him: I tell you, and I have it from him, before whom I stand for Gods people, there is a decreet given out in the great court of the highest heavens, that your present troubles shall be dispersed as the morning cloud; and God shall bring forth your righteousness, as the light of the noon tide of the day: Let me intreat you in Christs name, to keep a good conscience in your proceedings in this matter, and beware of your self; your self is a more dangerous enemy, then I, or any without you; Innocence, and an upright cause is a good advocate before God; and shall plead for you, and win your cause: and count much of your masters approbation, and his smiling. He is now as the king that is gone to a farr country. God seems to be from home (if I may say so,) yet he sees the ill servants, who say our master deferreth his coming, and so strike their fellow servants; But patience, my beloved, Christ the king is coming home, the evening is at hand, and he will aske an account of his servants; make a fair clear count to him: So carry your self, as at night you may say Master, I have wronged none, behold you have your own with advantage: O! your soul then will esteeme much of one of Gods kisses & embracements, in the testimonie of a good conscience: The wicked, howbeit they be casting many evil thoughts, bitter words, and sinful deeds behind their back, yet they are in so doing clerks to their own process, and doing nothing all their life, but gathering straws against themselves: For God is angry at the wicked every day: and I hope your present processe shall be cited one day by him, who knoweth your just cause: and the bloody tongues, crafty foxes, double ingrain- ed hypocrites, shall appear as they are before his majesty, when he shall take the mask off their faces; and O thrice happy shall your soul be then, when God finds you covered with nothing, but the white robe of the saints innocence, and the righteousness of Jesus Christ. You have been of late in the Kings wine cellar, where you were

were released by the Lord of the lincet, upon a condition that you would walk in love; put on love, and brotherly kindness, & long-suffering; wait all long upon the favour and turned hearts of your enemies, as your Christ waited upon you, and as dear Jesus stood at your souls door, with dewy and rainy locks, the long cold night: be angry, but sin not: I perswade my self, that holy unction within you, which teaches you all things, is also saying, overcome evil with good: if that had not spoken in your soul: at the tears of your aged pastor, you would not have agreed. & forgiven his foolish son, who wronged you; but my master bid me tell you, Gods blessing shall be upon you for it; & from him I say, grace, grace, grace, & everlasting peace be upon you: It is my prayer for you, that your carriage may grace & adorn the gospel of that Lord who has graced you. I heard your husband also was sick, but I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus, welcome every rod of God; for I find not in the whole book of God, a greater note of the child of God, then to fall down, & kiss the feet of an angry God; and when he seems to put you away from him, & loose your hands that grip him, to look up in faith, and say, I shall not, I will not be put away from thee; howbeit thy Majesty draw, to free thy self of me, yet Lord give me leave to hold, & cleave unto thy self. I will pray, that your husband may return in peace. Your decret comes from heaven, look up thither, for many (says Solomon) seek the face of the ruler, but every mans judgment comes of the Lord: and be glad that it is so; for Christ is the clerk of your process, & will see that all go right; & I perswade my self, he is saying, yonder servants of mine are wronged, for my blood, Father, give them justice. Think you not, dear Sister, but our high Priest, our Jesus, the master of requests, presents our bills of complaint to the great Lord justice? yea I believe it, since he is our advocat, and Daniel calls him the spokesman, whose hand presents all to the Father. For other businesses, I say nothing, while the Lord give me to see your face. I am credibly informed, that multitudes of England, and especially worthy preachers, & silenced preachers of London, are gone to New-England; & I know one learned holy preacher, who has written against the Arminians, who

who is gone thither. Our blessed Lord Jesus, who cannot
 get leave to sleep with his spouse in this land, is going to
 seek an inn, where he will be better entertained; and
 what marvel, wearied Jesus, after he had travelled from
Geneva, by the ministry of worthy *M^r. Knox*, and was
 laid down in his bed, and reformation begun; & the cur-
 taines drawn, he had not gotten his dear eyes well
 together, when irreverent Bishops came in, and with the
 din, and noise of ceremonies, holy days, and other romish
 corruptions, they awake our beloved; others came to his
 bed side, and drew the curtains, and put hands on his ser-
 vants, banished, deprived and confined them, and for the
 pulpit they got a stool and a cold fire in the *Blackness*, and
 the nobility drew the covering off him, and have made
 him a poor naked Christ, in spoiling his servant of the
 ricks, and kirk-rents, and now there is such a noise of
 crying sins in the land, as the want of the knowledge of
 God of mercy, and truth; such swearing, whoring, lying
 and blood touching blood, that Christ is putting on his
 cloaths, and making him like an ill handled stranger, to
 go to other lands. Pray him, *Sister*, to lie down again with
 his beloved. Remember my dearest love to *John Gordon*,
 to whom I will write when I am strong, & to *John Brown*,
Grifsel, *Samuel*, & *William*; grace upon them. As you love
 Christ, keep Christs favour, and put not upon him when
 he sleeps, to awake him before he please; the Lord Jesus
 be with your spirit.

Amwell, July 21. 1639. Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister;

I Have been thinking, since my departure from you, of
 the pride, and malice of your adversaries; and ye may
 not (since ye have heard the book of the *Psalmes* so often)
 take hardly with this: for *Dauids* enemies snuffed at him,
 and through the pride of their heart, said, the Lord will not
 require it, *Ps. 10. ver. 13*. I beseech you therefore, in the
 bowels of Christ, set before your eyes the patience of
 your fore-runner Jesus, who, when he was reviled, re-
 viled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but
 committed himself to him who judgeth righteously.

a Pet.

1 Pet. 2. ver. 23. And since your Lord and redeemer with patience received many a black stroke, on his glorious body, and many a buffet of the unbelieving world, and sayes of himself, *Iſa. 50. ver. 6. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.* Follow him, and think not hard, that you receive a blow with your Lord, take part with Jesus of his suffering, and glory in the marks of Christ. If this storm were over, you must prepare your self for a new wound: for five thousand years ago, our Lord proclaimed deadly war betwixt the seed of the woman, & the seed of the serpent: and marvel not that one town cannot keep the children of God, and the children of the devil, for one belly could not keep Jacob, and *Eſau*, one house could not keep peaceably together *Iſaac* the son of the promise, and *Iſmael* the son of the hand-maid, be you upon Christs side of it, and care not what flesh can do, hold your self fast by your Saviour, howbeit you be buffeted, and those that follow him, yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: see 1 Cor. 4. ver. 8. *We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair: y. 9. persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed.* If you can possess your soul in patience, their day is coming. Worthy and dear Sister, know to carry your self in trouble, and when you are hated and reproached, the Lord shews it to you *Pſ. 44. ver. 17. All this is come upon us, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant: Pſ. 119. ver. 92. Unless thy law had been my delight, I had perished in mine afflictions.* Keep Gods covenant in your trials. Hold you by his blessed word, and sin not: see anger, wrath, grudging, envying, fretting, forgive an hundred pence to your fellow-servant, because your Lord hath forgiven you ten thousand talents: For, I assure you by the Lord, your adversaries shall get no advantage against you, except you sin, and offend your Lord in your sufferings: But the way to overcome, is by patience, forgiving, and praying for your enemies, in doing wherewith you heap coals upon their heads, and your Lord shall open a door to you in your trouble: wait upon him, as the night watch waiteth for the morning; he will not tarry, go up

to your watch tower, and come not down, but by prayer, and faith, and hope wait on; when the sea is full, it will ebb again: and so soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride, and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching: they that believe make not haste. Remember Zion, forget her not: for her enemies are many; for the nations are gathered together against her, but they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they his counsel, for he shall gather them as the sheaves, into the floor, arise and thresh O daughter of Zion, Mic. 4. v. 11, 13. Behold God hath gathered his enemies together, as sheaves to the threshing, let us stay and rest upon these promises. Now again, I trust in our Lord you shall by faith sustain your self, and comfort your self in your Lord, and be strong in his power, for you are in the beaten and common way to heaven, when you are under our Lords crosses; you have reason to rejoyce in it, more then in a crown of gold, and rejoyce, and be glad to bear the reproaches of Christ. I rest, recommending you and yours forever to the grace and mercy of God.

Albion, Feb. 11. 1611.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved in the Lord;

YOU are not unacquainted with the day of our communion; I intreat therefore the aid of your prayers for that great work, which is one of our feast days, wherein our welbeloved Jesus rejoyceth, & is merrie with his friends: good cause have we to wonder at his love, since the day of his death was such a sorrowful day to him, even the day when his mother the kirk crowned him with thorns, and he had many against him, and compeared his alone in the fields against them all; yet he delights with us to remember that day: let us love him, and be glad and rejoyce in his salvation. I am confident, that you shall see the son of God that day, and I dare in his name invite you to his banquet: Many a time you have been well entertained in his house, and he changes not upon his friends, nor chides them for too great kindness; yet I speak not this to make you leave off to

B B

pray

pray for me, who have nothing of my self, but in so far as dayly I receive from him, who is made of his father a running over fountain, at which I and others may come with thirsty souls, and fill our vessels, long hath this well been standing open to us; Lord Jesus lock it not up again upon us. I am sorry for our desolate kirk, yet I dare not but trust, so long as there be any of Gods lost money here, he shall not blow out the candle. Lord make fair candlesticks in his house, and remove the blind lights. I have been this time by past thinking much of the in-coming of the kirk of the *Lew*; Pray for them: when they were in their Lords house, at their fathers elbow, they were longing for the in-coming of their little Sister, the kirk of the *Gentiles*. They said to their Lord, Cant. 8. ver. 2. *We have a little Sister, and she hath no breasts, what shall we do for our Sister, in the day when she is spoken for? Let us give them a meeting, what shall we do for our elder Sister the Lew?* Lord Jesus give them breasts. That were a glad day, to see us and them both set down to one table, and Christ at the head of the table. Then would our Lord come shortly with his fair guard, to hold his great court. Dear Sister, be patient for the Lords sake, under the wrongs that you suffer of the wicked: Your Lord shall make you see your desire on your enemies, some of them shall be cut off, Job 11. v. 33. *They shall shake off their unripe grapes as the vine, and cast off their flower as the olive*; God shall make them like unripe sour grapes, shaken off the tree with the blast of Gods wrath, and therefore pity them, and pray for them, others of them must remain to exercise you; God hath said of them, let the tares grow up while harvest, Mat. 13. It proves you to be your Lord's wheat. Be patient; Christ went to heaven with many a wrong. His visage & countenance was all marred more then the sons of men: you may not be above your master, many a black stroke received innocent Jesus, and he received no mends, but referred them all to the great court day, when all things shall be righted. I desire to hear from you, within a day or two, if Mr. Robert remain in his purpose, to come and help us. God shall give you joy of your children. I pray for them by their names, I bless you from our Lord, your Husband and Children: grace, grace, and mercy

mercy be multiplied upon you.

Edinburgh, May 7. 1633. Yours in the Lord
forever, S. B.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Beloved Sister,

MY love in Christ remembered, I have received a letter from Edinburgh, certainly informing me, that the *English service*, and the *organs*, and *King James his Psalms* are to be imposed upon our kirk, and the Bishops are dealing for a general assembly. *A. R.* hath confirmed the newes also, and sayes, he spake with *Sir William Alexander*, who is to come down with his *Princes warrant* for that effect. I am desired in the received letter, to acquaint the best affected about me with this storm: therefore I intreat you, & charge you in the Lords name, pray, but do not communicate this to any, while I see you. My heart is broken at the remembrance of it, and it was my fear, & answereth to my last letter except one, that I wrote unto you: dearly beloved, be not cast down, but let us, as our Lords doves, take us to our wings, for other armour we have none, & see us to the hole of the rock. It is true *A. R.* sayes, the worstest men in England are banished, & silenced, above the number of sixteen or seventeen choise Gospel Preachers, and the persecution is already begun; howbeit I do not write this unto you with a dry face; yet I am confident in the Lords strength, Christ and his side shall overcome, and you shall be assured, the kirk were not a kirk, if it were not so: as our dear husband, in wooing his kirk, received many a black stroke; so his bride, in wooing him, gets many blows, and in this wooing there are strokes upon both sides; least be so, the devil will not make the marriage go back, neither can he tear the contract, the end shall be mercy: Yet, notwithstanding of all this, we have no warrant of God to leave off all lawful means. I have been writing unto you the counsels, & draughts of men against the kirk, but they know not, as *Micah* sayes, the counsel of *Ishovah*. The great men of the world may make ready the fiery furnace for Zion; but know ye, that they can cause the fire to burn no. He that made the fire,

I trust, shall not say amen to their decrees. I trust in my Lord, God has not subscribed their bill, & their conclusions have not yet past our great Kings seal. Therefore if ye think good, address your self first to the Lord, & then to A. R. assent the business that you know. I am most unkindly handled by the Presbytery, & as if I had been a stranger, & not a member of that seat, to sit in judgment with them. I was summoned by their order as a witness against S. A. but they have got no advantage in that matter. Other particulars you shall hear God willing, at meeting. As for the matter between you & I. E. I remember it to God. I trust you in the Lord, be submissive to his will, for the higher that their pride mount up, they are the nearer a fall; the Lord will more & more discover that man. Let your husband in all matters of judgment take Christ's part, for the defence of the poor, & needy, & the oppressed, for the maintenance of equity and justice in the town. And take you no fear: He shall take your part, & then you are strong enough. What? howbeit you receive indignities for your Lords sake, let it be so, when he shall put his holy hand up to your face in heaven, & dry your face, & wipe thier tears from your eyes, judge ye, if ye will not have cause then to rejoyce. Assent other particulars if you would speak with me, appoint any of the first three dayes of the next week in Carleton, when Carleton is at home, and acquaint me with your desires, & remember me to God, and my dearest affection to your husband, and for Zion's sake hold not your peace. The grace of our Lord Jesus be with you, and your husband, and children.

Amst. Jun. 2. 1631.

Yours in the Lord, S. R.

For M A R I O N M c K N A U G H T.

Dear Sister,

I Have not time this day to write to you, but God, knowing my present state, & necessities of my calling, I hope, will spare my mothers life for a time, for the which I have cause to thank my Lord. I am ear you be not cast down, for that which I writ before to you, assent the planting of a minister in your town. Believe, and you shall see the salvation of God. I write this, because when you suffer, my heart suffereth with you. I do believe your soul shall have joy in your labours and holy desires for that work.

grace

grace upon you, and your Husband, and children.

Answe. Yours ever in Christ, S. R.

For M A R T I N M C K N A U G H T.

Beloved Address,

My dearest love in Christ remembered to you: know
that *Adv.* Abraham (hewed me, there is to be a
meeting of the Bishops at Edinburgh thordy, the causes are
known to themselves: it is our part to hold up our hands
for Zion. Howbeit it is reported, they came sid from
court. It is our Lords wisdom, that his Kirk should ever
hang by a threed, and yet the threed breakeh not; being
hanged upon him, who is the sure nail in Davids house,
Isa. 22. v. 22. upon whom all the vessels, great and small,
do hang, and the nail (God be thanked) is not crooked,
not can be broken: Jesus, that flower of Joseph, without
hands, getteth many a blast, and yet withereth not, because
he is his fathers noble rose, casting a sweet smell athrough
heaven and earth, and most gloriously, and in the same
garden with him grow the laines, Gods fait and beauty-
ful lillies, under wind and rain and all sun-burned, and
yet life remaineth at the root: Keep within his garden,
and you shall grow with them, till the great Husband-
man, our dear master gardiner, come, and transplant
you from the lower part of his vineyard, up to the high-
er, to the very heart of his garden, above the wrongs of
the rain, sun, or wind; and then wait upon the times
of the blowing of the sweet south, and north wind of
his gracions spirit, that may make you cast a sweet smell
in your beloved's nostrils, and bid your beloved come
down to his garden, and eat of his pleasant fruits, Cant.

4. v. 16. and he will come: you will get no more but
this, until you come up to the well head, where you shall
put up your hand, and take down the apples of the tree
of life, and eat under the shadow of that tree: these ap-
ples are sweeter up beside the tree, then they are down
here, in this piece of a clay prison house. I have no
joy but in the thoughts of these times. Doubt not of
your Lords part, and the spouses part, the shall be in
good case. That word shall stand, *Hos.* 14. v. 5. I shall
be as the dove in Israel, he shall grow up as the lilly, and
cast out his roots at Lebanon, *Jer.* 6. his branches shall

spread, his beauty shall be as the olive tree, & his smell as Lebanon, Isa. 61. ver. 12. Christ shall set up his colours, and his ensigns for the nations, and shall gather together the out-casts of Israel, Ezek. 37. ver. 11. Then the Lord said to me, son of man these dead bones are the whole house of Israel: behold they say, our bones are dried, our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts, ver. 12. Therefore prophesy unto them, and say, thus saith the Lord God, behold O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel: These promises are not wind, but the breasts of our beloved Christ, which we must suck, and draw comfort out of: we have cause to pity those poor creatures that stand out against Christ, and the building of this house: Silly men, they have but a feeble & silly heaven, nothing but meat & cloth, & laugh a day or two in the world, & then in a moment go down to the grave, and they shall not be able to hinder Christs building: He that is master of work will lead stones to the wall over their belly: and for that present tumult, that the children of this world raise, against the planting of your town with a pastor, believe, and stay upon God (as you still shame us all in believing) go forward in the strength of the Lord, and from my Lord I say, before whom I stand, have your eyes upon none but the Lord of armies, and the Lord shall either let you see what you long to see, or then fulfil your joy more abundantly another way. You, and yones, and the children of God whom you care for in that town, shall have as much of the Son of God's Supper, cut and laid down upon your trenchers, be who he will that carveth, as shall feed you to eternal life: and be not cast down for all that is done, your reward is laid up with God. I hope to see you laugh and leap for joy. Will the temple be built without din, and tumult? No, Gods stones of his house in Germany are laid with blood, and the Son of God no sooner begins to chop, and hew stones with his hammer, but as soon the sword is drawn. If the work were of men, the world would set their shoulders to yours, but in Christs work, two or three must fight against a Presbytery, (tho his own court,) & a City: This proves that it is Christs errand, and therefore that it shall thrive:

thrive: let them lay iron chains cross over the door, slay, and believe and wait, while the lyon of the tribe of Judah come, and he that comes from heaven clothed with the raim-bow, and hath the little book in his hand, when he takes a grip of their chains, he will lay the door on the broad side, and come in, and go up to the pulpit, and take the man with him, whom he has chosen for his work: Therefore let me hear from you, whether you be in heaviness, or rejoycing under hope, that I may take part of your grief, and bear it with you, and get part of your joy, which is to me also as my own joy. And as to what are your fears, anent the health or life of your dear children, lay it upon Christs shoulders, let him bear all, loose your grips of them all, and when your dear Lord pulleth, let them go with faith, and joy: It is a tried faith, to kiss a Lord that is taking from you: Let them be careful, during the short time that they are here, to run, and get a gripe of the prize, Christ is standing in the end of their way, holding up the garland of endless glory to their eyes, and is crying, run fast, and come, and receive. Happy are they, if their breath serve them to run, and not to weary, while their Lord with his own dear hand put the crown upon their head. It is not long days, but good days, that make the life glorious and happy: and our dear Lord is gracious to us, who shorteneth, and hath made the way to glory shorter than it was: So that the crown that Naab did fight for five hundred years, children now may obtain it in fifteen years: and heaven is in some sort better for us now, then it was to Naab: For the man Christ is there now, who was not come in the flesh in Naabs days: You shall shew this to your children, whom my soul in Christ blesseth, and intreat them by the mercies of God, and the bowels of Jesus Christ, to covenant with Jesus Christ to be his, and to make up the bond of friendship, betwixt their souls and their Christ, that they may have acquaintance in heaven, and a friend at Gods right-hand, such a friend at court is much worth: Now I take my leave of you, praying my Christ, and your Christ, to fulfil your joy, and more graces, and blessings from our sweet Lord Jesus to your soul, your

Husbands, and Children, then ever I wrote of letters of
A. B. C. to you: grace, grace be with you.

*Answerd, March 9, 1632. Yours in my sweet Master
Jesus Christ. S. R.*

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Dearly beloved Mistress.

MY love in Christ remembered: You are not igno-
rant, what our Lord in his love-visitation hath
been doing with your soul, even letting you see a little
sight of that dark trance, you must go thorow ere you
come to glory. Your life has been near the grave, & you
was at the door, and you found the door shut fast. Your
dear Christ thinking it not time to open these gates to
you, while you have sought some longer in his
camp: And therefore he willeth you to put on your
armour again, and to take no trace with the Devil,
of this present world, you are little obliged to any of the
two: but I rejoyce in this, that when any of the two
come to suit your soul in marriage, you have an an-
swer in readiness to tell them, You are too long a com-
ing. I have many a year since promised my soul to ano-
ther, even to my dearest Lord Jesus, to whom I must be
true: And therefore you are come back to us again, to
help us to pray for Christs fair bride, a marrow dear
to him. Be not cast down in heart, to hear that the
world barketh at Christs strangers, both in *Ireland*,
and in this land: they do it because their Lord hath cho-
sen them out of this world: And this is one of our Lords
reproaches, to be hated and ill intreated by men: The
silly stranger in an uncouth countrey must take
with a smoaky innes, and coorse chear, and a hard
bed, and a barking ill-tongued host. It is not long
to day, and he will to his journey upon the mor-
row, and leave them all: Indeed our fair morning
is at hand, the day-star is near the rising, and we are
not many miles from home, what matter of ill intertain-
ment in the smoaky innes of this miserable life, we are
not to stay here, and we will be dearly welcome to him
whom we go to; and I hope, when I shall see you cloa-
thed in white raiment, washen in the blood of the lamb,
and shall see you even at the elbow of your dearest Lord

and Redeemer, and a crown upon your head; and following our lamb, and lovely Lord, whither ever he goeth, you will think nothing of all these dayes, and you shall then rejoyce, & no man shall take your joy from you: And it is certain, there is not much land to run in your Lords sand-glass, and that day is at hand, and till then your Lord in this life is giving you some little feasts: It is true, you see him not now, as you shall see him then; your welbeloved standeth now behind the wall, looking out at the window, Cant. 2. ver. 9. and you see but a little of his face: then you shall see all his face, & all the Saviour, a long and high and broad Lord Jesus, the most loveliest person among the children of men, O! joy of joys, that our souls know there is such a great supper preparing for us, even howbeit we be but half-hungered of Christ here, and many a time dine behind noon, yet the supper of the lamb will come in time, and will be set before us, before we famish, and lose our stomachs. You have cause to hold up your heart in remembrance, and hope of that fair long summer day; for in this night of your life, wherein you are in the body, absent from the Lord, Christs fair moon-light in his word, and Sacraments, in prayer, feeling, and holy conference hath shined upon you, to let you see the way to the city. I confess our diet here is but sparing, we get but tastings of our Lords comforts; but the cause of that is not, because our steward Jesus is a niggard, and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are weak, and we are narrow-hearted: but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged, and the chambers of them made fair and wide, to take in the great Lord Jesus: come in then Lord Jesus to hungry souls gaping for thee. In this journey take the Bridegroom, as you may have him, and be greedy of his smallest crumbs: but dear *Mistress*, buy none of Christs delicats spiritual with sin, or sailing against your weak body: remember you are in the body, and it is the lodging house, and you may not without offending the Lord suffer the old walls of that house to fall down, through want of necessary food, your body is the dwelling house of the spirit: & therefore for the love you carry to the sweet guest, give a due regard

480 Mr. RUTHENFORD'S Epist. 10.
to his house of clay: when he looseth the wall, why not,
welcome Lord Jesus; but it is a fearful sin in us, by hurt-
ing the body by fasting, to loose one stone, or the least
piece of timber in it; for the house is not our own: the
bridegroom is with you yet; so fast as that also you may
feast, and rejoyce in him. I think upon your Magistrates,
but he that is cloathed in linning, and has the writers ink-
horn by his side, has written up their names in heaven
already: pray, and be content with his will. God has a
counsel house in heaven, and the end will be mercy unto
you. For the planting of your Town with a godly Mi-
nister, have your eye upon the Lord of the harvest: I dare
promise you, God in this life shall fill your soul with the
farness of his house, for your care to see Christs bairns
fed, and your posterity shall know it, to whom I pray for
mercy, and that they may get a name amongst the living
in *Jerusalem*, and if God portion them with his bairns,
their tent is fair, and I hope it shall be so. The Lord Jesus
be with your Spirit.

Amwoth, Sept. 19. 1632.

Yours ever in Christ, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister in Christ;

YOU shall understand, I have received a letter from
Edinburgh, that it is suspected that there will be a
General assembly, or then some meeting of the Bishops,
and that at this Synod there will be some commissioners
chosen by the Bishop; which news have so taken up my
mind, that I am not so seled for studies, as I have been
before, and therefore was never in such fear for the
work: but because it is written to me as a secret, I dare
not reveal it to any, but to your self, whom I know:
and therefore I intreat you, not for any comfort of mine,
who am but one man, but for the glory and honour of
Jesus Christ, the master of the banquet, be more earnest
with God, and in general shew others of your Christian
acquaintance my fears for my self. I can be content of
shame in that work, if my Lord and master be honoured;
and therefore petition our Lord, especially to see to his
own glory, and to give bread to his hungry bairns, how-
beit I go hungry away from the feast: Request Mr.
Robert from me, if he come not, to remember us to our

Lord. I have neither time, nor a free disposed mind to write to you, anent your own case. Send me word if all your children and your husband be well: Seeing they are not yours, but your dear Lords; esteem them but as borrowed, and lay them down at Gods feet: your Christ to you is better then they all: you will pardon my unaccustomed short letter, and remember me, and that honourable feast to our Lord Jesus. He was with us before; I hope he will not change upon us, but I fear I have changed upon him; but Lord, let old kindness stand Jesus Christ be with your Spirit.

Amoth.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT:

Wellbeloved and dear Sister;

MY tender affection in Christ remembered: I left you in as great heaviness, as I was in since I came to this countrey: but I know you doubt not, but (as the truth in Christ is) my soul is knit to your soul, and to the soul of all yours, and would, if I could, send you the largest part of my heart inclosed in this letter: but by fervent calling upon my Lord, I have attained some Victory over my heart, which runneth often not knowing whither, and of my beguiling hopes, which I know now better then I did; and trust in my Lord, to hold aloof from the inticings of a seducing heart, by which I am daily cosened; and mind not by his grace, who hath called me according to his eternal purpose, to come so far within the grips of my foolish mind, griping about any folly coming its way, as the woodbind or ivie goeth about the tree. I adore and kiss the providence of my Lord, who knoweth well what is most expedient for me, and for you, and your children; and I think of you as of my self, that the Lord; who turneth (in his deep wisdom) about all the wheels and turnings of such changes, shall also dispose of that for the best to you, and yours. In the presence of my Lord, I am not able, howbeit I would, to conceive amiss of you, in that matter; grace, grace forever upon you and your seed; and it shall be your portion, in despite of all the powers of darkness: do not make more question of

his. But the Lord saw a nail in my heart loose, and he hath now fastened it, honour be to his Majesty. I hear your son is entered to the school; if I had known of the day, I would have begged from our Lord, that he would have put the book in his hand, with his own hand: I trust in my Lord it is so: and I conceive hope, to see him a star to give Light in some room of our Lords house, and purpose by the Lords grace, as I am able, (if our Lord call you to rest before me) when you are at your home, to do to the uttermost of my power to help him every way, in grace and learning, and his Brother, and all your children: and I hope you would expect that of me. Further you shall know, that *Mr. W. D.* is come home, who saith it is a miracle, that your Husband, in this process before the Council escaped both discredit & damage: Let it not be forgotten, he was, in our apprehension to our grief cast down and humbled in the Lords work, in that matter betwixt him and the Bailzy: now the Lord hath honoured him, and made him famous for virtue, honesty, and integrity. two several times before the nobles of this Kingdom: your Lord liveth: we will go to his throne of grace again, his arm is not shortened. The King is certainly expected. Ill is feared; we have cause for our sins, to fear that the Bridegroom shall be taken from us. By our sins we have rent his fair garments, and we have stirred up and awakened our beloved; pray him to tarry, or then to take us with him: it were good that we should knock and rap at our Lords door. We may not tire to knock oftener then twice or thrice: he knoweth the knock of his friends. I am still what I was ever to your dear children, tendering their souls happiness, and praying that grace, grace, grace, mercy, and peace, from God, even God our father, & from our Lord Jesus, may be their portion, and that now while they are green and young, their hearts may take band with Jesus, the corner stone, and win once in, in our Lord and Saviours house, and then they will not get leave to sit: pray for me, and especially for humility and thankfulness: I have always remembrance of you, and your Husband, and dear children: The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Ameth.

*Yours evermore in my dear
Lord Jesus and yours, S. R. To*

TO MARION McKNAUGHT.

Wellbeloved and dear Sister;

MY Love in Christ remembered; God hath brought me home from a place, where I have been exercised with great heaviness; and I have found at home new matter of heaviness; yet dare not but in all things give thanks: In my business in *Edinburgh*, I have not sinned, nor wronged my party, by his own confession and by the confession of his friends; I have given of my goods for peace, and the saving of my Lords truth from reproaches, which is dearer to me than all I have. My Mother is weak, and I think shall leave me alone; but I am not alone, because Christ's Father is with me. For your business about your Town, I see great evidences; but Sathan and his Instruments are against it, and few set their shoulders to Christ's shoulder to help him; but he will do all his alone, and I dare not but exhort you to believe, and perswade you, that the hungry in your city shall be fed, and the rest that want a stomach, the pareings of Gods loaf will suffice them: And therefore, believe it shall be well. I may not Leave my mother, to come and confer with you of all particulars. I have given such directions to our dear friend as I can; but the event is in our Lords hands. Gods *Zion* abroad flourisheth, & his arm is not shortened with us, if we could believe. There is scarcity and a famine of the word of God in *Edinburgh*, your sister *I.* laboureth mightily in our business; but hath not as yet gotten an answer from *J. P.* Mr *A. C.* will work what he can; my Lady saith, she can do little, and that it sureth not her nor her Husband well, to speak in such an affair: I told her my mind plainly; I long to know of your estate; remember me heartily to your dear Husband; grace be the portion of your bairns. I know you are mindful of the green wound of our Sister kirk in *Ireland*, bid our Lord lay a plaister to it; he hath good skill to do so; and set others to work: Grace, grace upon your soul, and body and all yours.

Amwoth.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNIGHT.

Wellbelov'd and Dear Sister,

I Know your heart is cast down, for the desolation like to come upon this Kirk, and the appearance, that an hireling shall be thrust in upon Christ's flock, in that town; but send a heavy heart up to Christ, it will be welcome. These who are with the beast and the Dragon, must make war with the lamb; but the lamb shall overcome them, for he is Lord of Lords, & King of Kings, and they who are with him, are called, and chosen, and faithful, *Rev. 17. ver. 14.* Our ten days will have an end; all the former things shall be forgotten, when we shall be up before the throne. Christ hath been ever thus in the world, he hath always the defenders part, and hath been still in the camp, fighting the Churches battels. The enemies of the Son of God will be fed with their own flesh, and shall drink their own blood; and therefore their part of it shall, at last, be found hard enough: so that we may look forward and pity them; until the number of the Elect be fulfilled, Christs garments must be rolled in blood: He cometh from Edom, from the slaughter of his enemies, *Isa. 63. ver. 1.* Clothed with dyed garments, glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength: Who is this (saith he) that appears in this glorious posture? our great He, that He, who is mighty to save, whose glory shineth, while he sprinkleth the blood of his adversaries upon his garments, and staineth all his raiment. The glory of his righteous revenges shineth forth, in these stains. But seeing our world is not here away, we poor children, far from home, must steal thorow many waters, weeping as we go, and withal believing, that we do the Lords faithfulness no wrong, seeing he hath said, *Isa. 51. ver. 12.* *I, even I am he, that comforteth you; who art thou that art afraid of a man that shall die, and of the Son of man that shall be made as grass? Isa. 43. ver. 2.* *When thou passest thorow the waters, I will be with thee; And thorow the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: When thou walkest thorow the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.* There is a cloud gathering, and a storm coming. This land shall be turned

ned up-side down, and if ever the Lord spake to me, (think on it) Christ's bride will be glad of a hole to hide her head in, and the dragon may so far prevail, as to chase the woman and her man-child over sea, but there shall be a gleanings, two or three berries left, in the top of the olive tree, of whom God shall say, *Destroy them not, for there is a blessing in them*: Thereafter there shall be a fair sun-blink, on Christ's old spouse, and a clear skie, and she shall sing as in the days of her youth. The Antichrist and the great red Dragon will lop Christ's branches, and bring his vine to a low stump, under the feet of those who carry the mark of the beast, but the plant of renown, the man whose name is the *branch*, will bud forth again, and blossom as the rose, and there shall be fair white floorishes again with most pleasant fruits upon that tree of life: A fair season may He have I grace, grace be upon that blessed and beautiful tree! under whose shadow we shall sit, and his fruit shall be sweet to our taste. But Christ shall wooe his handful in the fire, and choose his own in the furnace of affliction: but be it so, he dow not, he will no slay his children: Love will not let him make a full end: The Covenant will canse him hold his hand. Fear not then, (saith the first and the last, he who was dead & is alive) We see not Christ sharpening and furbishing his sword, for his enemies; and therefore our faithless hearts say, as Zion did, *the Lord hath forsaken me*. But God reproveth her, and saith, *well, well, Zion, is that well said? Think again on it: You are in the wrong to me? Isa. 49. ver. 13. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? yea, she may; yet will I not forget thee: ver. 16. behold, I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands*. You break your heart and grow heavy, and forget that Christ has your name engraven on the palms of his hands in great letters. In the name of the son of God believe, buried Scotland, dead and buried with her dear Bridegroom, shall rise the third day again, and there shall be a new growth, after the old timber is cut down. I recommend you and your burdens, and heavy heart to the supportings of his grace, and good will, who dwelt in the bush, to him who was separated from his brethren: Tey
your

your husband afar off, to see if he can be induced to think upon going to *America*. O to see the sight, next to Christs coming in the clouds the most joyful ! our elder brethren the Jews and Christ fall upon one anothers necks, & kiss each other ; they have been long asunder, they will be kind to one another when they meet. O day ! O longed for and lovely day dawn ! O sweet Jesus, let me see that sight, which will be as life from the dead, Thee and thy ancient people in mutual embraces ! Desire your daughter to close with Christ, upon terms of suffering for him ; for the cross is an old mealing, and plot of ground, that lyeth to Christs house. Our dear Chief, had ay that rent lying to his inheritance, but tell her, the day is near the dawning, the skie is riving, our beloved will be on us, ere ever we be aware, the *Antichrist* and death and hell, and Christs enemies and ours will be bound, & cast into the bottomless pit. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Annoth, April: 22. 1655. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

TO MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister,

FOR *Zions* sake hold not your peace, neither be discouraged, for ongoing of this persecution, Jehovah is in this burning bush. The floods may swell and roar; but our Ark shall swim above the waters; it cannot sink, because a Saviour is in it. Because our beloved was not let in by his spouse, when he stood at the door, with his wet and frozen head; therefore, he will have us to seek him a while; and while we are seeking, the watch-men, that go about the walls, have stricken the poor woman, and have taken away her vail from her; but yet a little while and our Lord will come again. *Scotlands* skie will clear again, her moment must go over. I dare in faith say and write, (I am not now dreaming) Christ is but seeking (what he will have and make) a clean glistering bride out of the fire. God send him his errand: but he cannot want what he seeks. In the mean time, one way or other, he shall find, or make a nest for his mourning dove: What is this we are doing, breaking the neck of our faith? We are not come as yet to the mouth of the red sea; and howbeit we were, for his honours sake he must drie it up. It is our part to die.

die griping, and holding fast his faithful promise. If the beast should get leave to ride through the land, to seal such as are his, he will not get one lamb with him, for these are secured and sealed as the servants of God. In Gods name, let Christ take his barn floor, and all that is in it to a hull, and winnow it; Let him sit his corn, and sweep his house, and seek his lost gold. The Lord shall cogg the rambling wheels, or turn them; for the remainder of wrath doth he restrain. He can loose the belt of Kings; to God their belt, wherewith they are girt, is knit with a single draw knot. As for a Pastor to your town, your conscience can bear you witness, you have done your part: let the master of the vineyard now see to his garden, seeing you have gone on, till he hath said, stand still. The will of the Lord be done. But a trial is not, to give up with God and believe no more. I thank my God in Christ, I find the force of my temptation abated, and its edge blunted, since I spoke you last. I know not, if the tempter be *bovering*, until he find the dam again, and me more secure, but it hath been my burden, and I am yet more confident, the Lord will succour and deliver. I intend, God willing, that our communion shall be celebrat the first Sabbath after pasche. Our Lord, that great master of the feast, send us one hearty and heartsome supper, for I look it shall be the last: But we expect, when the shadows shall flee away, & the day dawn, & our Lord shall come to his garden, that he shall feed us in green pastures, without fear. The dogs shall not then be *hounded-out* amongst the I heep. I earnestly desire your prayers, for assistance at our work, and put others with you to do the same. Remember me to your Husband, and desire your daughter, to be kind to Christ, and seek to win near him, he will give her a welcome into his house of wine, and bring her into the Kings Chambers. O how will the sight of his face, & the smell of his garments allure & ravish the heart! Now the love of the lovely Son of God be with you.

Amwoth, 1635. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus. S.R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT. *Misses*

MY love in Christ remembered, having appointed a meeting with M. D. D. and knowing that B. will not keep

keep the Presbytery, I cannot see you now: Continued my journey to God. My soul blesteth you for your last letter. Be not discouraged, Christ will not want the *issuers*, the *issies* shall wait for his Law: We are his inheritance, and He will sell no part of his inheritance; for the sins of this Land, and our breach of the Covenant, contempt of the Gospel, and our defection from the truth, He hath set up a burning furnace in our mount Zion; But I say it, and will bide by it, the grass shall yet grow green on our mount Zion: There shall be dew all the night upon the Lillies, amongst which Christ feedeth, until the day break, and the shadows flee away: And the moth shall eat up the enemies of Christ; Isa. 6. ver. 9. Let them make a fire of their own, and walk in the light thereof, it shall not let them see to go to their bed; but they shall lie down in sorrow: Therefore rejoyce and believe, Thus in haste, Grace, grace be with you and yours.

Amath.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Living and dear Sister;

I fear that you be moved and cast down, because of the late wrong that your Husband received in your Town-Council: But I pray you, comfort your self in the Lord; for a just cause bides under the water, only as long as wicked men hold their hand above it: their arm will weary, and then the just cause shall swim above, and the right, that is sown for the righteous, shall spring & grow up. If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you, 1 Cor. 5. v. 8. You shall see all the windings & turnings that are in your way to Heaven, out of Gods Word: for he will not lead you to the Kingdom at the nearest, but you must go thorow honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers, and yet true, *Per. 9.* As unknown and yet well known, as dying, and behold we live, as chastened, and not killed, *Per. 10.* As sorrowful, and yet always rejoycing. The world is full of the enemies, that we have to fight with; but a vanquished and overcome enemy, and like a beaten and foretorn soldier; for our Jesus hath taken the armour from

from it: Let me then speak to you in his words: Be of good courage, saith the captain of our salvation, for I have overcome the world. You shall neither be free of the scourge of the tongue, nor of disgraces, even if it were buffetings & spurrings upon the face, as was our Saviours case, if you follow Jesus Christ: I beseech you in the bowels of our Lord Jesus, keep a good conscience (as I trust you do:) you live not upon mens opinion: gold may be gold, and have the Kings stamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men: Happy are you, if when the world trampleth upon you in your credit, and good name; yet you are the Lords gold; stamped with the King of heavens image, and sealed by his spirit unto the day of your redemption: Pray for the spirit of love, for 1 Cor. 13. ver. 7. Love beareth all things, it believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things. And I pray you and your Husband, yea I charge you before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect Angels, pray for these your adversaries. And read this to your Husband from me, and let both of you put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies. And, Sister, remember how many thousands of talents of sin, your master hath forgiven you. Forgive ye therefore your fellow servants one talent. Follow Gods command in this, and seek not after your own heart, and after your own eyes, in this matter, as the spirit speaks, Numb. 32. ver. 10. Ask never the counsel of your own heart here, the world will blow up your heart now, & cause it to fall: except the grace of God cause it fall: Jesus, even Jesus, the eternal wisdom of the Father, give you wisdom. I trust God shall be glorified in you. And a door shall be opened unto you, as to the Lords prisoners of hope, as *Zachariah* speaks: it is a benefit to you, that the wicked are Gods sin to purge you. And I hope they shall blow away no corn, or spiritual graces, but only your chaff: I pray you in your pursuit, have no recourse to the law of men, that you wander not from the law of God. Be not cast down, if you saw him who is standing on the shore, holding out his arms to welcome you on land, you would not only wade therew a sea of wrongs, but thorow hell itself to be at him. And I trust in God you see him
some-

Sometimes. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit and
all yours. *Worthy and Dear Mistress,*
Your Brother in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Worthy and Dear Mistress,
MY dearest love in Christ remembered. As to that
business, which I know you would so fain have
taking effect, my earnest desire is, that you stand still, haste
not, and you shall see the salvation of God. The great ma-
ster gardner, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in a
wonderful providence, with his own hand, I dare, if it
were to edification, swear it, planted me here, where by
his grace, in this part of his vineyard, I grow. I dare not
say, but Satan and the world (one of his pages, whom he
sends his errands) have said otherwise, and here I will
abide, till the great master of the vineyard think fit to
transplant me: but when he sees meet to loose me at the
root, and to plant me where I may be more useful, both
as to fruit and shadow, and when he who planted pleaseth
up, that he may transplant, who dare put to their hand
and hinder it if they do, God shall break their arm at the
shoulder-blade, and do his turn. When our Lord is going
west, the devil & world go east: and do you not know,
that it hath been ever this way betwixt God and the
world, God drawing, and they holding; God, yea, and
the world, say: but they fall on their back, & are frustrat,
and our Lord holdeth his grip. Wherefore doth the
word say, that our Christ, the good man of this house,
his dear kirk, hath feet like fine brass as if they burned
in a furnace? *Rev. 1. ver. 15.* For no other cause; but
because, where our Lord setteth down his brasen feet, he
will foreward, and whithersoever he looketh, he will
follow his look, and his feet burn all under them, like
as fire doth stubble and thorns. I think He hath now
given the world a proof of his exceeding great power,
when he is doing such great things, wherein Zion is con-
cerned, by the sword of the Swedish King, as of a Gideon.
As you love the glory of God pray instantly, (yea engage
all your praying acquaintance, & take their faithful pro-
mise to do the like) for this King, and every one that Zi-
ons King

King cometh; to execute the which vengeance on Babylon: Our Lord hath begun to loose some of Babylon's cornerstones, pray him to hold on; for that city must fall, & the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth must make a banquet of Babylon; for he hath invited them to eat the flesh of that whore; and to drink her blood: and the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto her, & shameful spewing shall be upon her glory: He, whose word must stand, hath said, *Take this cup at the hand of the Lord, and drink and be drunken; and spew and fall, and rise no more.* Jer. 51. ver. 27. Our Jesus setting up himself, as his Father's ensign; Isa. 61. ver. 10. as Gods fair white colours, that his souldiers may all flock about him: Long, long may these colours stand! It is long since he dislaid a banner against Babylon, in the sight of men and angels: Let us rejoyce and triumph in our God, the victory is certain, for when Christ and Babel wrestle, then angels and saints may prepare themselves to sing, *Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen.* blowbeit that Prince of renown, precious Jesus, and benow weeping and bleeding in his members; yet Christ will laugh again, and it is time enough for us to laugh, when our Lord Christ laugheth, and that will be shortly: For when we hear of wars and rumours of wars, the judge's feet are then before the door, and he must be in heaven, giving order to the Angels to make themselves ready, and prepare their hooks and scies for that great harvest: Christ will be upon us in haste, watch but a little, and ere long the skies will rive, and that fair lovely person, Jesus, shall come in the clouds, fraughted and loaded with glory; and then all these *knives* and *foxes*, that destroyed the vines, shall call to the hills, and cry to the mountains to cover them, and hide them from the face of him, who sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb: Remember me to your Husband, and desire him from me to help Christ, and to take his part; and in judgment side ever with him, and receive a blow patiently for his sake; for he is worthy to be suffered for, not only to blows, but also to blood: He shall find, that innocency and uprightness in judgment shall hold its feet, and make him happy, when

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(52) Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 18.
young will needs is: I speak thus, because a person said
 to me, I pray God, the country be not in worse case now,
 when the Provost and Baylies are agreed, then for a while
 to whom I replied, I trust the Provost is agreed with the
 man's person, but not with his faults. I pray for you,
 with my whole soul and desire, that your children may
 walk in the truth, and that the Lord may shine upon
 them, and make their faces to shine, when the faces of o-
 thers shall blush, I dare promise them in his name, whose
 truth I preach, if they will but try Gods service, that they
 shall find him the sweetest master that ever they served,
 and desire them from me, but to try for a while the ser-
 vice of this blessed master, and then if his service be not
 sweet, if it afford not what is pleasant to the soul's taste,
 change him upon tryal, and seek a better: Christ is an
 unknown Christ to young ones: and therefore they seek
 him not, because they know him not. Bid them come &
 see, and seek a kiss of his mouth, and then they will find
 his mouth is so sweet, that they will be everlastingly
 chained unto him, by their own consent: if I have any
 credit with your children, I entreat them in Christs name,
 to try what truth and reality is in what I say, and leave not
 his service, till they have found me a lyar: I gave you,
 your Husband and them to his keeping, to whom I have,
 and dare venture my self and soul, even to our dear friend
 Jesus Christ, in whom I am.

Amos. Tu. noqu se illu. *Yours. S. R.*

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Wellbeloved Sister

My dearest love in Christ remembered to you: Know
 that I am in great heaviness, for the piteous case of
 our Lords Kirk: I hear the cause why D. Burton is com-
 mitted to prison, is, his writing and preaching against the
Arminians: I therefore entreat the aid of your prayers
 for my self, and the Lords captives of hope, and for Zion.
 The Lord hath and daily lets me see clearly, how deep
 furrows *Arminianism* and the followers of it, shall draw
 upon the back of Gods Israel (but our Lord eat the seeds
 of the wicked!) Isa. 49. ver. 14. But Zion said, the Lord
 hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Lam. 1.

ver.

ver. 2. Zion weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks: amongst all her lovers she has none to comfort her, all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, and are become her enemies. Isa. 1. ver. 22. Our silver is become dross, our wine mixed with water. Lam. 4. ver. 1. How is the gold become dim? how is the most fine gold changed? the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street. Ver. 2. The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the Potter. It is time now for the Lord's secret ones, who favour the dust of Zion, to cry, how long Lord. And to go up to their watch tower, and to stay there, and not to come down, until the vision speak, for it will speak Hab. 2. In the meantime, the just shall live by faith. Let us wait on, & not weary. I have not a threed to hang upon & rest, but this one, Isa. 49 v. 15. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. V. 16. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me. For all outward helps do fail, it is time therefore for us to hang our selves, as our Lords vessels, upon the nail, that is fastned in a sure place. We would make stakes of our own fastning, but they will break. Our Lord will have Zion on his own nail, Edam is busy within us, and Babel without us, against the handful of Jacob's seed. It were best that we were upon Christs side of it, for his enemies will get the stakes to keep (as the proverb is:) our greatest difficulty will be, to win on upon the rock now, when the wind and waves of persecution are so lofty and proud. Let sweet Jesus take us by the hand: neither must we think, that it will be otherwise, for it is told to the souls under the altar, Rev. 6. That their fellow servants must be killed as they were. Surely, it cannot be long to day. Nay, hear him say, behold I come, my dear bride, think not long. I shall be at you at once. I hear you, and am coming. Amen, even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly. For the prisoners of hope are looking out at the prison windows, to see if they can behold the Kings ambassadour coming, with the Kings warrant, and the keys. I write not to you by guess now, because I have a warrant to say unto you, the garments of Christ's

Christ's spouse must be once again dyed in blood, as long ago, her Husband was. But our Father sees his bleeding son. What I write unto you, shew it to I. G. Grace, grace, grace, and mercy be with you, your Husband and children.

Answer.

Yours in the Lord. S. R.

For MARION ME KNAUGHT.

Wellbelov'd and dear Sister in Christ,

I Could not get an answer written to your letter till now, in respect of my wife's distale, and she is yet mightily pained. I hope all shall end in Gods mercy. I know that an afflicted life looks very like the way, that leads to the kingdom; for the Apostle, *Acts 14. 22.* hath drawn the line and the King's mercat way, *Through much tribulation, to the kingdom.* The Lord grant us the whole armour of God. Ye write to me concerning your peoples disposition, how their hearts are inclined toward the man ye know, and whom ye desire most earnestly your self. He would most gladly have the Lords call for transplantation; for he knows, all Gods plants set by his own hand thrive well; and if the work be of God, he can make a stepping-stone of the devil himself, for setting forward the work. For your self, I would advise you, to ask of God a submissive heart. Your reward shall be with the Lord, although the people be not gathered; (as the prophet speaks) & suppose the work do not prosper, God shall account you *A repairer of the breaches.* And take Christ caution, ye shall not lose your reward. Hold your grip fast. If ye knew the mind of the glorified in heaven, they think heaven come to their hand at an easy mercat, when they have got it for three-score or four-score years wrestling with God. When ye are come thither, ye shall think, all I did, in respect of my rich reward now enjoyed of free grace, was too little. Now then, for the love of the Prince of your salvation, who is standing at the end of your way, holding up in his hand the prize and the garland to the race runners; forward, forward; Faint not. Take as many to heaven with you, as ye are able to draw. The more ye draw with you, ye shall be the welcomer your self. Be no Niggard or sparing churl of the grace of God;

God, and employ all your endeavours for establishing an honest Ministry in your Town, now when ye have so few to speak a good word for you. I have many a grieved heart dayly in my calling. I would be undone, if I had not access to the King's chamber of presence, to shew him all the business. The devil rages and is mad, to see the water drawn from his own mill: but would to God, we could be the Lord's instruments to build the son of God's house: pray for me: If the Lord furnish not new timber from Lebanon, to build the house, the work will cease. I look to him, who hath begun well with me. I have his hand write, He will not change. Your daughter is well, and longs for a Bible. The Lord establish you in peace. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Amwoth.

Yours at all power in Christ, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Mistress;

MY love in Christ remembred. Our communion is on Sabbath come eight dayes. I will intreat you to recommend it to God, and to pray for me in that work. I have mo sins upon me now, than the last time. Therefore I will beseech you in Christ, seek this petition to me from God, that the Lord would give me grace to vow and perform new obedience. I have cause to suit this of you, and shew it to *Thomas Carsen, Fergus and Jean Brown*; for I have been and am exceedingly cast down, and am fighting against a malicious devil, of whom I can win little ground. And I would think a spoil, plucked from him and his trusty servant, *sin*, a lawful and just conquest. And it were no sin to take from him, in the name of the good man of our house, our King Jesus: I invite you to the banquet. He saith, ye shall be dearly welcome to him. And I desire to believe, (howbeit nor without great fear) he shall be as hearty in his own house, as he has been before. For me, it is but small reckoning, but I would fain have our Father and Lord to break the great fair loaf, *Christ*, and to distribute his slain son amongst the bairns of his house. And that if any were a *step-bairn*, in respect of comfort and sense, it

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were

were rather my self than his poor bairns. Therefore bid our welbeloved come to his garden, and feed among the lillies. And as concerning *Zion*, I hope, our Lord, who *Zach. 2.* sent his angel with a measuring line in his hand, to measure the length and breadth of *Jerusalem*, in token he would not want a foot length or inch of his own free heritage, shall take order with those, who have taken away many acres of his own land from him. And God will build *Jerusalem* in the old sted and place, where it was before: in this hope rejoyce and be glad. Christ's garment was not dipt in blood for nothing, but for his bride, whom he bought with strokes. I will desire you to remember my old suits to God, God's glory & the increase of light, that I dry not up. For your town, hope and believe, that the Lord will gather in his loose sheaves among you to his barn, and send one with a wel-tooth'd sharp hook, and strong gardies, to reap his harvest. And the Lord Jesus be Husband-man, and oversee the growing. Remember my love to your Husband and to *Samuel*: grace upon you and your children; Lord make them corner-stones in *Jerusalem*; and give them grace in their youth, to take band with the fair chief corner-stone, who was hewed out of the mountain without hands, and got many a knock with his Father's fore-hammer, and endured them all, and the stone did neither cleave nor break, upon that stone make your soul to lye. King Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth.

*Your friend in his welbeloved
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Much honoured and dear Mistress;

MY love in Christ remembred. I am grieved at the heart to write any thing to you, to breed heaviness to you. And what I have written, I wrote it with much heaviness. But I intreat you in Christ's name, when my soul is under wrestlings, and seeking direction from our Lord, (to whom his vineyard belongeth) whither I shall go, give me liberty to advise, and try all airts and paths, to see whether he goes before me and leadeth me. For if I were assured of God's call to your Town, let my arm fall

fall from my shoulder blade and lose power, and my right eye be dried up, which is the judgment of the idol shepherd, *Zach. 11. 17.* if I would not swim through the water, without a boat, ere I sat *his bidding*. But if ye knew my doubtings and fears in that, ye would suffer with me. Whether they be temptations, or impediments cast in by God, I know not, but you have now cause to thank God. For seeing the *Bishop* hath given you such a promise, he will give you an honest man, more willingly than he will permit me to come to you. And, as I ever intreated you, put the business out of your hand in the Lord's reverence: and, try of him, if ye have warrant of him to seek no man in the world, but one only when there are choice of good men to be had: howbeit they be too scarce, ye they are. And what God saith to me in the business, I resolve by his grace to do; for I know not what he will do with me, but God shall fill you with joy, ere the business be ended. For I perswade my self, our Lord Jesus hath stirred you up already to do good in the business, and ye shall not lose your reward. I have heard your *Husband & Samuel* have been sick. The man who is called *the branch & God's fellow*, who standeth before his Father, will be your stay & help, *Zach. 13. v. 7.* I would I were able to comfort your soul: but have patience & stand still: he that believeth maketh not haste. This matter of *Crawmond* cast in at this time, is either a temptation, having fallen out at this time, or then it will clear all my doubts, and let you see the Lords will. But I never knew my own part in the business till now. I thought I was more willing to have embraced the charge in your Town, than I am, or am able to win to. I know, ye pray that God would resolve me what to do; and will interpret me, as love biddeth you, which thinketh not ill, and believeth all things, and hopeth all things. Would ye have more than the Son of God, and ye have him already, and ye shall be fed by the carver of the meat, be who he will. And these who are hungry look more to the meat, than to the carver. I cannot see you the next week, if *my lady* come home, I must visit her. The week thereafter there will be a Presbytery at *Girtoun*. God will dispose of the

Cc 2

meeting.

meeting, Grace upon you, and your seed & husband: the Lord Iesus be with your spirit.

Answer,

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION Mc. KNAUGHT.

Worthy and welbelov'd Mistrifs;

MY love in Christ remembred. I have sent you a letter from Mr. David Dickson, concerning the placing of Mr. Hugh Makail with themselves; therefore I write to you now, only to intreat you in Christ, not to be discouraged the least: be submissive to the will of your dear Lord, who knoweth best what is good for your soul and your town both; for God can come over greater mountains than these, we believe; for he worketh his greatest works, contrary to carnal reason and means. *My ways are not, saith our Lord, as your ways; neither are my thoughts as your thoughts, Isa. 55.* I am no whit put from my belief for all that; believe, pray and use means. We shall cause Mr. John Ker, who conveyed my self to Lochinvar, to use means to seek a man, if Mr. Hugh fail us. Our Lord has a little bride among you, and I trust he will send one to wooe her to our sweet Lord Iesus. He will not want his wife for the suiting: and he has means abundance in his hand, to open all the slots and bars, that Satan draws over the door: he cometh to his bride leaping over the mountains, and skipping over the hills: his way to his spouse is full of stones, mountains and waters; yet he putterh in his foot and wadeth through: he will not want her; and therefore refresh me with two words, concerning your confidence and courage in our Lord, both about that and about his own Zion; for he wooeth his wife in the burning bush: and for the good will of him that dwelleth in the bush, the bush is not consumed. It is better to weep with *Jerusalem* in the forenoon, than to weep with *Babel* after-noon, in the end of the day. Our day of laughter and rejoycing is coming: yet a little while and ye shall see the salvation of God. I long to see you, and to hear how your children are, especially *Samuel*. Grace be their heritage and portion from the Lord; and the Lord be their lot, and then their inheritance shall please

please them well: Remember my love to your *Husbands*:
the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answoth.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For M A R I O N M c K N A U G H T.

Welbeloved Sister;

MY love in Iesus Christ remembred: Your daughter
is well, thanks be to God; I trust in him, ye shall
have joy of her. The Lord bless her. I am now presently
going about catechising. The bearer is in haste: forget not
poor Zion, and the Lord remember you; for we shall be
shortly winnowed; *Iesus pray for us, that our faith fail not.*
I would wish to see you a Sabbath with us, and we shall
stir up one another, God willing, to seek the Lord; for it
may be he hide himself from us ere it be long; Keep that
which you have, ye will get more in heaven. The Lord
send us to the shoar out of all the storms, with our silly
souls whole and sound with us: For if liberty of conscience
come, as is rumored, the best of us all will be put to our
wits, to seek how to be freed. But we shall be with those,
who have their chamber to go in unto, spoken of *I/sa. 26.*
10. Read the place your self, and keep you within your
house, while the storm be past. If you can learn a ditty
against C. try, and cause try, that we may see the Lords
righteous judgment upon the devils instruments. We are
not much obliged to his kindness. I wish all such wicked
doers were cut off. These in haste: I bless you in Gods
name and all yours: your daughter desires a Bible and a
Gown: I hope she shall use the Bible well, which if she
do, the Gown is the better bestowed. The Lord Jesus be
with your spirit.

Answoth.

Yours forever in Christ, S. R.

For M A R I O N M c K N A U G H T.

Missress;

MY love in Iesus Christ remembred: I am in good
health, honour to my Lord; but my wife's disease
increases dayly, to her great torment and pain night and
day, she has not been in Gods house, since our communion,
neither out of her bed: I have hired a man to *Edinburgh*
to doctor *Ieally* and to *John Hamilton*. I can hardly

Cc 3

believe

believe her disease is ordinary; for her life is bitter to her: She sleeps none, but cries, as a woman travelling in birth: what will be the event, he that hath the keys of the grave knows: I have been many times, since I saw you, that I have besought the Lord to loose her out of the body, and to take her to her rest. I believe the Lords tide of afflictions will ebb again; but at present I am exercised with the wrestlings of God, being affraid of nothing more than this; that God has let loose the tempter upon my house. *God rebuke him and his instruments.* Because Saran is not cast out but by fasting and prayer. I intreat you remember our estate to our Lord, and intreat all good Christians, whom ye know, but especially your pastor, to do the same: it becomes us still to knock, and to lye at the Lords door, while we die knocking. If he will not open, it is more then he has said in his word; but he is faithful. I look not to win away to my home, without wounds and blood. Welcome, welcome trofs of Christ, if Christ be with it. I have not a calm spirit in the work of my calling here, being dayly chastised; yet God hath not put out my candle, as he does to the wicked. Grace, grace be with you and all yours.

Amnoth.

Yours in his Lord, S. R.

TO MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Worthy and wellbeloved Mistress;

MY love in Christ remembered. I know ye have heard of the purpose of my adversaries, to try what they can do against me at this Synod, for the work of God in your town, when I was at your communion. They intend to call me in question at the Synod, for treasonable doctrine. Therefore help me with your prayers, and desire your acquaintance to help me also. Your ears heard how Christ was there. If he suffer his servant to get a broken head, in his own kingly service, and not either help or revenge the wrong, I never saw the like of it. There is not a night-drunkard, time-serving, idle, idol shepherd to be spoken against, I am the only man; and because it is so, and I know God will not help them, lest they be proud, I am confident their process shall fall asunder. Only be ye earnest with God for hearing, for an open ear, and reading of

of the bill, that he may in heaven hear both parties, and judge accordingly; and doubt not, fear not, they shall not, who now ride highest, put Christ out of his kingly possession in Scotland. The pride of man & his rage shall turn to the praise of our Lord. It is an old feud, that the rulers of the earth, the Dragon and his angels, have carryed to the lamb and his followers; but the followers of the lamb shall overcome by the word of God; and believe this, and wait on a little, till they have got their wombful of clay and gravel, and they shall know, howbeit stolen waters be sweet, *Esau's* portion is not worth his hunting. Commend me to your *Husband*, and send me word how *Grizel* is. The Son of God lead her through the water. The Lord Iesus be with your spirit.

Amwith.

*Yours in his only, only
Lord Iesus, S. R.*

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Mistress;

MY love in Christ remembred. At the desire of this bearer, whom I love, I thought to request you, if ye can help his wife with your advice, for she is in a most dangerous and deadly like condition; for I have thought, she was far changed in her carriage and life, this time by past, and had hope that God would have brought her home, and now by appearance she will depart this life, and leave a number of children behind her. If ye can be intreated to help her, it is a work of mercy. My own wife is still in exceeding great torment night and day. Pray for us, for my life was never so wearisome to me. God hath filled me with gall and wormwood; but I believe (which holds up my head above the water.) *It is good for a man (saith the spirit of God, Lam 3.) that he bear the yoke in his youth.* I do remember you. I pray you, be humble and believe: & I intreat you in Iesus Christ, pray for *Iohn Sinart* and his wife; and desire your *Husband* to do the same. Remember me heartily to *lean Brown*; desire her to pray for me and my wife: I do remember her. Forget not *Zion*. Grace, grace upon them and peace that pray for *Zion*. She is the ship we sail in to *Canaan*. If she be broken on a rock, we will be cast over board to

Cc 4.

swim

swim to land betwixt death and life. The grace of Jesus
be with your Husband and children.

Amwoth.

Yours in our Christ, S.R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Dear Sister,

I Longed much to have conferred with you at this time;
I am grieved at any thing in your house that grieveth
you; and shall, by my Lords grace, suit my Lord to help
you to bear your burden, and to come in behind you, and
give you, and your burdens a put up the mountain. Know
you not that Christ wooeth his wife in the furnace, *Isa. 48.*
ver. 10. Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have
chosen thee in the furnace of affliction; He casteth his love
on you, when you are in the furnace of affliction: you
might indeed be casten down, if he brought you in and
left you there; but when he leadeth you thorow the wa-
ters, think ye not that he has a sweet soft hand? you know
his love-grip already; you shall be delivered, wait on;
Jesus will make a road, and come and fetch home the
captive; you shall not die in prison, but your strokes are
such as were your Husbands, who was wounded in the
house of his friends, strokes were not *newings* to him, &
neither are they to you: But your winter night is near
spent; it is near hand the dawning; I will see you leap for
joy: the kirk shall be delivered: This wilderness shall bud
and grow up like a rose; Christ got a charter of Scotland
from his father, & who will bereave him of his heritage,
or put our Redeemer out of his *maiking*, until his tack be
run out. I must have you praying for me; I am *black*
shan'd for evermore now with Christs goodness; and
in privat, on the 17 and 18 of *august*, I got a full answer
of my Lord, to be a graced minister, and a chosen arrow
hidden in his own quiver. But know, this assurance is not
keept but by watching and prayer; and therefore, *dear*
Mistress, help me; I have gotten now, honour to my Lord,
the gate to open the store, and shut the bar of his door:
and I think it easy to get any thing from the King by
prayer, and to use holy violence with him. Christ was in
Casfarne kirk, and opened the peoples hearts wonderfully;
Jesus is looking up that water; and minting to dwell
amongst

ft. 27.
Jesus
R.

Epist. 18.

LETTERS.

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amongst them. I would we could give him his welcome home to the Moors. Now peace and grace be upon you and all yours.

Amboth, Aug. 10. 1633.

Yours in Christ. S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered; I am incare and fear for this work of our Lords, now near approachings, because of the danger of the times, and I duranot for my soul be silent, to see my Lords house burning, and not cry, fire, fire; therefore seek from our Lord wisdom spiritual, not black policy, to speak with liberty our Lords truth. I am cast down, and would fain have access and presence to the King, that day, even howbeit I should break up iron doors. I believe you will not forget me; & you will desire *lean Brown, Thomas Carfen, and Adam Carfen* to help me. Pray for well-cooked meat, and an heartsome Saviour with joy, crying, *welcome, in my Fathers name.* I am confident, Zion shall be well; the bush shall burn and not consume, for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. But the Lord is making on a fire in *Jerusalem*, and purposeth to blow the bellows, and to melt the tin and brass, and bring out a fair beautiful bride out of the furnace, that will be married over again, upon the new Husband, and sing as in the dayes of her youth, when the contract of marriage is written over again; but I fear the bride be hidden for a time from the Dragon, that pursueth the woman with child; but what howbeit we go & lurk in the wilderness for a time; for the Lord will take his kisk to the wilderness, & speak to her heart: nothing casteth me down, but only I fear the Lord will cast down the shepherds tents, and feed his own in a secret place; But let us, however matters frame, cast over the affairs of the bride upon the bridegroom; the government is upon his shoulders, and hee doe bear us all well enough; that fallen star, the Prince of the bottomless pit, knoweth, it is near the time when he shall be tormented, and now in his evening he has gather-

Cc 5

ed

his armies, to win one battel or two, in the edge of the evening, at the sun going down; and when our Lord has been watering his vineyards, in France and Germany and Bohemia, how can we think our selves Christs Sisters, if we be not like him, and our other great Sisters; I cannot but think, seeing the ends of the earth are given to Christ, P^s. 2. ver. 8. and Scotland is the end of the earth, (and so we are in Christs Charter-Tailzie) but our Lord will keep his possession, we fall by promise and law to Christ: He wan us with the sweat of his brows (if I may say so), his Father promised him his liferent of Scotland: glory, glory to our King, long may he wear his crown! O Lord let us never see another King. O let him come down like rain upon the new mown grass, I had you in remembrance on Saturday in the morning last, in a great measure and was brought thrice on end, in remembrance of you, in my prayer to God. Grace, grace be your portion.

Adams, March. 2.

Yours in his sweet Lord

IN DUB. 1634. How to be saved, Jesus, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Mistress.

MY love in Christ remembred, please you understand, to my grief, our communion is delayed till Sabbath come eight days: for the laird and lady have earnestly desired me to delay it, because the laird is sick, and he fears, he be not able to travel, because he has lately taken physick. The Lord bless that work: commend it to God as you love me. For I love not Satans thorns cast in the Lords way: the Lord rebuke him. I trust in Gods mercy, Satan has gotten but a delay, but no free discharge, that his kingdom shall not be hurt. Commend the Laird to your God, I pray you advertise your people, that they be not disappointed in coming here. Show such of them as you love in Christ from me, that Jesus Christ will be welcomer when he comes in, that he has sharpened their desires for eight days space. Your daughter is well, I hope, every way. Forget not Gods kirk: they are but bastards, and not sons and daughters, that mourn not for Zion: Lord hear us. No further, Jesus Christ be with your spirit, I shall remember you and your new house.

Lord

Lord Jesus go from the one house to the other.

Anwoth.

Yours at all power in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Mistress;

MY love in Christ remembred; I hear this day, your Town is to choose a Commissioner for the Parliament, and I was written to from *Edinburgh*, to see that good men should be chosen in your bounds. And I have heard this day, that *Robert Glendoning* or *John Ewart* look to be chosen. I beseech you see this be not; the Lords cause craveth other witnesses to speak for him, than such men; and therefore let it not be said, that *Kirkcudbright*, which is spoken of in this kingdom for their religion, has sent a man to be their mouth that will speak against Christ. Such a time as this will not fall out once in half an age. I would entreat your Husband to take it upon him, it is an honourable & necessary service for Christ: & shew him, that I wrote unto you for that effect. I fear *William Glendoning* hath not skill and authority. I am in great heaviness; pray for me, for we must take our life in our hand, in this ill time. Let us stir up our selves, to lay our Lords bride and her wrongs before our Husband and Lord. Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth, May 20. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister;

MY old and dearest love in Christ remembred; know that I have been visiting my lady *Kennure*: her child is with the Lord: I entreat you, visit her; and desire the goodwife of *Barcapple* to visit her, and *Knockbreck*, if you see him in the town. My Lord her Husband is absent, and I think she will be heavy; you know what Mr. *W. Dalgleish*, and I desired you to deal for, at my Lord *Kirkcudbrights* hand. Send me word, if you obtained any thing at my Lords hands, anent the giving up of our names to the *high commission*; for I hear it is not for nothing, that the *Bishop* hath taken that course: our Lord knows best what is good for an old kirk, that is fallen from her first love, and hath forgotten her Husband.

dayes without number; a tryal is like to come on; but I am sure, our Husband-man Christ shall lose chaff, but no corn at all. Yet there is a dry wind coming, but neither to fan nor to purge. Happy are they who are not blown away with the chaff; for we will but suffer temptation for ten dayes; but those who are faithful to the death, shall receive the crown of life. I hear dayly what hath been spoken of my self, most unjust and falsly; & no marvel, the Dragon with the *swing of his tail*, hath made the third part of the stars to fall from heaven, and the fallen stars would have many to fall with them. If ever Satan was busy, now, when he knoweth his time is thort, he is busy; yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, & will not tarry. I know, ere it be long the Lord shall come and ridd all plea's, betwixt us and his enemies: now welcome Lord Iesus, go fast. Send me word about Grizel your daughter, whom I remember in Christ, and desire her to cast her self in his arms, who was born of a woman, and being the ancient of dayes was made a young weeping child. It was not for nothing, that our Brother Iesus was an infant; It was, that he might pity infants of believers, who were to come out of the womb into the world; I believe our Lord Iesus shall be waiting on, with mercy, mercy, mercy, to the end of that bat-tel, and bring her through with life and peace, and a sign of Gods favour. I will expect advertisement from you, and especially if you feat her *Mistress*: you remember that I said to you, anent your love to me and my Brother begun in Christ; you know we are here but strangers, and you have not yet found us a dry well, as others have been: Be not overcome of any suspicion; I trust in God, the Lord, who knit us together, shall keep us together. It is time now, that the lambs of Iesus should all run together, when the wolf is barking at them; yet I know, ere Gods *bairns* want a cross, their love amongst themselves shall be a cross, but our Lord giveth love for another end. I know, you will with love cover infirmities: and our Lord give you wisdom in all things; I think love hath broad shoulders, and will bear many things, and yet neither faint, nor sweet, nor fall under the burden. Commend me to your Husband and dear

Grizel

Grizel. I think on her, Lord Jesus be in the furnace with her, and then she will not smoke, and not burn: desire Mr. Robert, to excuse my not seeing of him at his house: I have my own reasons therefore. Grace, mercy & peace be with you.

Arwuth, April 23. 1634.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S.R.*

TO MARION McKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY dearest love in Christ remembred, I entreat you charge your soul to return to rest, and to glorify your dearest Lord in believing; and know, that for the good will of him that dwelleth in the bush, the burning kirk shall not be consumed to ashes; but *Deut. 33. v. 16.* Blessing shall come on the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separat from his brethren? And are not the saints separat from their brethren, and sold and hated? for *Gen. 44. ver. 23.* The archers have sorely grieved Joseph, and shot at him and hated him. *Ver. 24.* but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. From him is the shepherd and the stone of Israel: the stone of Israel shall not be broken in pieces; It is hammered upon by the children of this world, and we shall live and not die. Our Lord has done all this, to see if we will believe, and not give over; and I am perswaded, you must of necessity stick by your work. The eye of Christ hath been upon all this business; and he taketh good heed too, who is for him, and who is against him. Let us do our part, as we would be approved of Christ. The Son of God is near to his enemies; if they were not deaf, they may hear the din of his feet, and he will come with a flarr upon his weeping bairns, and take them on his knee, and lay their head in his bosome, and dry their watery eyes; and this day is fast coming. Yet a little time and the vision will speak, it will not tarry, *Hab. 2.* These questions betwixt us and our adversaries will all be decided, in yonder day, when the Son of God shall come, and ridd all pleas: and it will be seen, whether we or they have been for Christ, and

who have been pleading for *Scot*: It is not known what we are now, but when our life shall appear in glory, then we shall see who laughs lastest, that day; therefore we must possess our souls in patience, & go into our chamber, and rest, while the indignation be past. We shall not weep long, when our Lord shall take us up, in the day that he gathereth his jewels: and *Mal. 3. ver. 16.* *They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another, and the Lord hearkned and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name.* And I shall never be of another faith, but our Lord is heating a furnace for the enemies of his kirk in *Scotland*. It is true, the spouse of Christ hath play'd the harlot, and hath left her first Husband, and the enemies think they offend not, for we have sinned against the Lord, but they shall get the devil to their thanks; the rod shall be cast into the fire, that we may sing, as in the days of our youth. My dear friend, therefore lay down your head upon Christ's breast. Weep not, the lyon of the tribe of Judah will arise. The sun is gone down upon the prophets, and our gold is become dim, and the Lord feedeth his people with waters of gall and wormwood; yet Christ standeth but behind the wall, his bowels are moved for *Scotland*; he waiteth (as *Isaiah* saith) that he may shew mercy. If we could go home, and take our brethren with us, weeping, with our face toward *Zion*, asking the way thitherward, he would bring back our captivity. We may not think that God has no care of his own honour: while men tread it under their feet, he will cloath himself with vengeance, as with a cloak, and appear against our enemies for our deliverance. Ye were never yet beguiled, and God will not now begin with you, wrestle still with the angel of the Covenant, and you shall get the blessing; fight, he delighteth to be overcome by wrestling: commend me to *Grizel*; desire her to learn to know the adversaries of the Lord, and to take them as her adversaries, and to learn to know the right gate in to the Son of God; O but acquaintance with the son of God, to say, *my welbeloved is mine, and I am his*, is a sweet and glorious course of life, that none know, but those who are sealed & marked in the fore-head with Christ's mark, and

and the new name, that Christ writteth upon his own.
Grace, grace and mercy be with you.

Amoth, Sept. 25. 1634.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Mistris;

I Charge you in the name of the Son of God, to rest upon your rock, that is higher than your self; be not afraid of a man who is a worm, nor for the Son of man, who shall die, let God be your fear. Encourage your Husband. I would counsel you to write to *Edinburgh* to some advised lawyers, to understand what your Husband, as the head magistrat, may do in opposing any intruded minister; and in his carriage toward the new *Prelat*, if he command him to imprison or lay hands upon any; and, in a word, how far he may in his office disobey a *Prelat*, without danger of law; for if the *Bishop* come to your Town, and find not obedience to his heart, it is like he will command the *Provost* to assist him, against God and the truth; ye will have more courage under the persecution; fear not, take Christ caution, who said, *Luk. 21. 18. There shall not one hair of your head perish.* Christ will not be in your common to have you giving out any thing for him, and not give you all incomes with advantage. It is his honour, his servants should not be *herried* and undone in his service; you were never honoured till now. And if your Husband be the first Magistrat, who shall suffer for Christs name in this persecution, he may rejoyce that Christ hath put the first garland upon his head, & upon yours. Truth will yet keep the crown of the *Cassie* in Scotland. Christ and truth are strong enough. They judge us now, we shall one day judge them, and sit on twelve thrones and judge the twelve tribes. Believe, believe, for they dare not pray, they dare not look Christ in the face; they have been false to Christ, and he will not sit with the wrong; ye know, it is not our cause, for if we would quit our Lord, we might sleep for the present in a sound skin, and keep our place, means and honour, and be dear to them also. But let us once put all we have over in Christs hand; fear not for my papers, I shall dispatch them, but ye will be examined for them, the spirit of Jesus give you inward peace,

670 Mr. RUTHERFORD'S Epist. 34.
peace, desire your Husband from me to prove honest to
Christ, he shall not be a loser at Christ's hand.

Anwoth, July 8. 1635.

Yours ever in his sweet

Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

MY love in Christ remembered. I hear of good news
anent our kirk; but I fear that our King will
not be resisted; & therefore let us not be secure & careless.
I do wonder if this kirk come not through our Lord's fan,
since there is so much chaff in it; howbeit I perswade
my self, the Son of Gods wheat will not be blown away.
Let us be putting on Gods armour, and be strong in the
Lord. If the devil and Zions enemies strick a hole in
that armour, let our Lord see to that, let us put it on,
and stand. We have Jesus on our side, and they are
not worthy such a Captain, who would not take a blow
at his back. We are in sight of his colours. His ban-
ner over us is love. Look up to that white banner and
stand, I perswade you in the Lord of victory. My Brother
writeth to me of your heaviness, and of temptations that
press you sore. I am content it be so: you bear about
with you the marks of the Lord Jesus: so was it with
our Lords Apostle, when he was to come with the gospel
to Macedonia, 2 Cor. 7. 5. His flesh had no rest; he was
troubled on every side, and knew not what side to turn
him unto, without were fightings, and within were
fears. In the great work of our redemption, your lovely,
beautiful, and glorious friend, & welbeloved Jesus, was
brought to tears and strong cries; so as his face was wet
with tears, and blood, arising from a holy fear and the
weight of the curse. Take a drink of the Son of Gods
cup, and love it the better, that he drank of it before
you. There is no poyson in it. I wonder many times,
that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, con-
sidering what their Lord is preparing for them. Is your
mind troubled anent that business, that we have now in
hand in *Edinb*? I trust in my Lord, the Lord shall in the end
give to you your hearts desire, even howbeit the business
frame not; the Lord shall feed your soul & all the hungry
souls.

souls in that Town, therefore I request you in the Lord, pray for a submissive will, and pray as your Lord Jesus bids you, *thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven*: And let it be, that your faith be brangled with temptations, Believe ye, that there is a tree in our Lords garden, that is not often shaken with wind from all the four airts; surely there is none. Rebuke your soul, as the Lords Prophet doth *Psaln 42. Why art thou cast down O my soul! why art thou disquieted within me!* That was the word of a man, who was at the very overgoing of the brae, and mountain, but God held a grip of him. Swin through your temptations and troubles, to be at that lovely amiable person Jesus, to whom your soul is dear. In your temptations run to the promises; they be our Lords branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's silly half-drowned children may take a grip of them: If you let that grip go, you will to the ground: Are you troubled with the case of Gods Kirk? our Lord will evermore have her betwixt the sinking and the swimming: He will have her going through a thousand deaths, and through hell as a cteple woman, halting, and wanting the power of her one side, *Micah 4. 6, 7.* that God may be her staff; That broken ship will come to land, because Jesus is the Pilot: faint not, you shall see the salvation of God; else say, that God never spake his word by my mouth; and I had rather never have been born, ere it were so with me; but my Lord hath sealed me. I dare not deny, I have also been in heaviness, since I came from you, fearing for my unthankfulness, that I be deserted; but the Lord will be kind to me, whether I will or not. I repose that much in his rich grace, that he will be loath to change upon me. As you love me, pray for me in this particular. After advising with *Carletoun*, I have writtten to Mr. *David Dickson* anent Mr. *Hugh McKail*; and desired him to write his mind to *Carletoun*; and *Carletoun* to *Edinburgh*, that they may particularly remember Mr. *Hugh* to the Lords, and I happened upon a convenient trusty bearer by Gods wonderful providence. No further, I recommend you to the Lords grace, and your husband and children. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Edinburgh. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

A Post.

A Postscript.

Mistress,

I Had not time to give my advice to your Daughter *Grizel*; You shall carry my words therefore to her: Show her now, that in respect of her tender age, she is in a manner as clean paper, ready to receive either good or ill; and that it were a sweet and glorious thing for her, to give her self up to Christ, that he may write upon her his fathers name, and his own new name: And desire her to acquaint her self with the book of God: the promises, that our Lord writes upon his own, and performeth in them and for them, are contained there. I perswade you, when I think that she is in the company of such parents, and hath occasion to learn Christ, I think Christ is wooing her soul: And I pray God, she may not refuse such a husband: and therefore I charge her, and beseech her by the mercies of God, by the wounds and blood of Him who died for her, by the worth of truth, which she hears and can read, by the coming of the Son of God to judge the World, that she would fulfil your joy, and learn Christ, and walk in Christ: She shall think this the truth of God, many years after this: and I will promise to my self, in respect of the beginnings that I have seen, that she shall give her self to him, that gave himself for her: Let her begin at prayer: for if she remember her Creator in the days of her youth, he will claim kindness to her in her old age: It shall be a part of my prayers, that this may be effectuat in her, by him who is able to do exceeding abundantly: to whose grace again I recommend you, & her, and all yours.

For M A R I O N M c K N A U G H T.

Wellbelov'd Sister,

I Know you have heard of the success of our business in *Edinburgh*. I do every presbytery day see the faces of my brethren smiling upon me, but their tongues convey reproaches and lies of me a hundred miles off, and have made me odious to the *Bishop of Saint Andrews*, who said to Mr. W. D. that Ministers in *Galloway* were his informers; whereupon no letter of favour could be procured

Epist. 5.

LETTERS.

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cured from him, for effectuating of our business; only I am brought in the mouth of men, who otherwise knew me not, and have power (if God shall permit) to harm me; yet I entreat you, in the bowels of Christ Jesus, be not cast down, I fear your sorrow exceed because of this; and I am not so careful for my self in the matter, as for you. Take courage, your dearest Lord shall light your candle, which the wicked would fain blow out: & as sure as our Lord liveth, your soul shall find joy and comfort in this business. Howbeit you see all the hounds in hell let loose to mar it. Their Iron chains to our dear and mighty Lord are but straws, which he can easily break. Let not this temptation stick in your throat, swallow it, and let it go down, our Lord give you a drink of the consolations of his spirit, that is may digest: you never knew one in Gods book who put to their hand to the Lords work for his kirk, but the world and Satan did bark against them, and bite also where they had power. You will not lay one stone on Zions wall, but they will labour to cast it down again: and for my self, the Lord letteth me see now greater evidences of a calling to K. then ever he did before, and therefore pray, and possess your soul in patience. These that were doers in the business have good hopes that it will yet go forward and prosper. As for the death of the King of Sweden (which is thought to be too true) we can do nothing else, but reverence our Lord, who does not ordinarily hold Zion on her rock by the sword, and arm of flesh and blood; but by his own mighty, and outstretched arm. Her King, that reigneth in Zion, yet liveth, & they are plucking him round about, to pull him off his throne; but his Father has crowned him; and who dare say, *it is ill done*? the Lords bride will be up and down, above the water swimming, and under the water sinking, until her lovely and mighty Redeemer and Husband set his head thorow these skies, and come with his fair court, to rid all their plea's, and give them the hoped for inheritance, and then we shall lay down our swords and triumph, and fight no more: but do not think for all this, that our Lord & chief shepherd will want one weak sheep, or the silliest dying lamb, that he has redeemed. He will tell his flock, and gather them all

all together, & make a faithful account of them to the Father, who gave them to him. Let us now learn to turn our eyes off men, that our whorish hearts dote not on them, & wooe our old Husband, & make him our darling; for *Ier. 25. 27.* Thus saith the Lord to the enemies of Zion, drink ye & be drunk, & spue & fall, and rise no more, because of the sword that I send amongst you. *V. 28.* & it shall be, if they refuse to take the cup in thy hand to drink, then shall thou say to them, thus saith the Lord of hosts, ye shall certainly drink. You see our Lord brewing a cup of poyson for his enemies, which they must drink, & because of this have sore bowels & sick stomachs, yea burst: But *Ier. 30. 4.* when Zions captivity is at an end, The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Iudah together, going and weeping, they shall go, and seek the Lord their God. *V. 5.* they shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, saying, come, & let us joyn our selves to the Lord, in an everlasting Covenant that shall not be forgotten. This is spoken to us, & for us, who with woe hearts ask, what is the way to Zion. It is our part, who know how to go to our Lords door, & to knock by prayer, & how to lift Christs blot, & shut the bar of his chamber door, to complain & tell him, how the world handles us, and how our Kings business goes, that he may get up, & lend them a blow, who are tiggling, and playing with Christ and his spouse. You have also, Dear Mistress, house troubles, in sickness of your Husband and bairns, and in spoiling of your house by thieves; take these rods in patience from your Lord, he must still move you from vessel to vessel, & grind you as our Lords wheat, to be bread in his house, but when all these strokes are over your head, what will you say, to see your welbeloved Christs white & ruddy face, even his face, who is worthy to bear the colours amongst ten thousand, *Cant. 5.* Hope & believe to the end. Grace for evermore be multiplied upon you, your Husband, and children.

Edinburgh. Your own in his dearest Lord Iesus, S. R.

To M A R I O N M c K N A U G H T.

My dear and welbeloved in Christ;

I Am yet under trial, and have appeared before Christs forbidden Lords, for a testimony against them.

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The *Chancellor* and the rest tempted me with questions, nothing belonging to my summons, which I wholly declined, notwithstanding of his threats. My newly printed book against *Arminians* was one challenge; not lording the prelates another: the most part of the *Bishops*, when I came in, looked more astonished than I, & heard me with silence. Some spoke for me; but my Lord ruled it so, as I am filled with joy in my sufferings, and I find Christ's cross sweet. What they intend against the next day, I know not. Be not secure, but pray. Our *Bishop* of *Galloway* said, if the *Commission* should not give him his will of me, with an oath (he said) he would write to the King. The *Chancellor* summoned me in judgment, to appear that day eight days. My Lord has brought me a friend from the high lands of *Argyl*, my Lord of *Lorn*, who hath done as much as was within the compass of his power. God gave me favour in his eyes. Mr. *Robert Glendoning* is silenced, till he accept a colleague. We hope to deal yet for him. Christ is worthy to be intrusted: your Husband will get an easy and good way of his business. Ye and I both shall see the salvation of God upon *Joseph*, separat from his brethren. Grace be with you.

Edinburgh.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MCKNAUGHT.

Honoured and dearest in the Lord;

GRACE, mercy & peace be to you: I am well, & my soul prospers: I find Christ with me. I burden no man; I want nothing; no face looks on me, but it laughs on me. Sweet, sweet is the Lord's cross. I overcome my heaviness. My bridegrooms love-blinks fatten my weary soul. I go on to my King's palace at *Aberdeen*: tongue, and pen, & wit cannot express my joy. Remember my love to *Iean Gordon*, to my Sister, *Iean Brown*, to *Grizel*, to your Husband: thus in haste, grace be with you.

Edinburgh, April 5. 1636. Yours in his only, only Lord
Jesus, S. R.

A Postscript.

MY charge is to you to believe, rejoyce, sing and triumph. Christ has said to me, mercy, mercy, grace and peace for *Marion Macknaught*.

For

Worthy and dearest in our Lord;

I Rejoyce, you are a partaker of the sufferings of Christ: faint not; Keep breath; believe, howbeit men and Husband and friends prove weak, yet your strength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning man to grip to the rock. It is your glory to lay hold on your rock. O woman greatly beloved! I testifie, and I avouch it in my Lord, the prayers, you sent to heaven these many years by gone, are come up before the Lord, and shall not be forgotten. What it is that will come I cannot tell; but I know, as the Lord lives, these cryes shall bring down mercy. I charge you, & these people with you, to go on without fainting or fear, & still believe, and take no nay-say. If you leave off, the field is lost; if you continue, our enemies shall be like a tottering wall and a bowing fence. I write it, (and keep this letter) utter, utter desolation shall be to your adversaries, and to the haters of the virgin daughter of Scotland. The bride shall yet sing, as in the days of her youth. Salvation shall be her walls and bulwarks. The dry olive tree shall bud again, & the dry dead bones shall live, for the Lord shall prophecy to the dry bones, & the spirit shall come upon them, & we shall live. I rejoyce to hear of John Carsen; I shall not forget him. Remember me to Grizel and Jean Brown. Your Husband hath made me heavy. But be couragious in the Lord. I send blessings to Samuel and William. Shew them, that I will them to seek God in their youth. Grace is yours.

Aberd. July 8. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Iesus, S.R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Much honoured and dearest in our sweet Lord Iesus;

Grace mercy & peace from God our Father & from our Lord Iesus. I know the Lord will do for your Town. I hear the Bishop is affraid to come amongst you; for so it is spoken in this Town, and many here rejoyce now to pen a supplication to the Council, for bringing me home to my place, and for repairing other wrongs done in the country, and see if you can procure that three or four hundred in the country, noblemen, gentlemen, countrymen and Citizens subscribe it, the more the better. It may be it affright the Bishop, and by law no advantage

can be taken against you for it. I have not time to write to *Carleton* and *Knox*, but I would you did speak them in it, and let them advise with *Carleton*. Mr. *A.* thinketh well of it, and I think others shall approve it. I am still in good case with Christ, my court is no less then it was, the door of the Bridegroom's house of wine is open, when such a poor stranger as I come a shore. I change, but Christ abides still the same. They have put out my one poor eye, my only joy, to preach Christ, and to go errands betwixt him and his bride. What my Lord will do with me I know not. It is like I shall not winter in *Aberdeen*; but where it shall be else I know not. There are some blossoming of Christ's kingdom in this Town, and the smother is rising and the Ministers are raging; but I love a rumbling & a roaring devil best. I beseech you in the Lord, my dear Sister, wait for the salvation of God. Slack not your hands in meeting to pray. Fear not flesh and blood. We have been all over-seared, and that gave *lownes* the confidence, to shut me out of *Galloway*. Remember my love to *John Carsen* & Mr. *John Brown*. I never could get my love off that man; I think Christ hath something to do with him. Desire your Husband from me, not to think ill of Christ for his cross. Many mis-ken Christ, because he hath the cross on his back; but he will cause us all laugh yet. I beseech you, as ye would do any thing for me, remember my lady *Marshall* to God, and her son the *Earl of Marshall*, especially her Christian daughter, my lady *Pittsligo*. I shall go to death with it, that Christ will return again to *Scotland*, with salvation in his wings, and to *Galloway*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO MARION McKNAUGHT.

Zach. 12. 3. And in that day, I will make Ierusalem a burdensome stone for all people, all that burthen themselves with it shall be cut in pieces; though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it.

O Beloved Sister;

I have been sparing to write unto you, because I was heavy at the proceeding of our late *Parliament*, where law should

should have been. They would not give our Lord Jesus fair law and justice, nor the benefit of the house, to hear either the just grievances, or the humble supplications of the servants of God: nothing rests but that we lay our grievances before our crowned King Jesus, who reigns in Zion. And howbeit it be true, that the acts of *Perth assembly* for conformity are established, and the Kings power, to impose *surplice* and other mass apparel upon Ministers, be confirmed; yet what men conclude is not scripture. Kings have short arms to overturn Christs throne, and our Lord hath been waking and standing upon his feet, at this *Parliaments* when *fifteen Earls* and *Lords* and *forty four commissioners* for burrows, with some *Barrons* have voted for our kirk, in face of a King, who with much awe and terrour, with his own hand wrote up the voters for, or against himself. Long before this kirk, in the 1 *Psalm*, the ends of the earth, *Scotland* and *England*, were gifted of the Father to his son Christ; and that is an old act of *Parliament*, decreed by our Lord, and printed four thousand years ago. Their acts are but yet printing. The first act shall stand, let the Potentates of the world, who love Christs room better than himself, rage as they please. Tho the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet there is a river that cometh out of the sanctuary, and the streams of it refresh the city of God. That well is not yet cried down in *Scotland*, nor can it dry up; therefore still believe, and trust in Gods salvation. If you knew the whole proceedings, it is the Lords mercy, that matters have gone at our Parliament, as they have gone. The Lord Jesus, in our Kings ears, to his great provocation and grief, hath gotten many witnesses; and we saw in all, the son of God overturning their policy, and making the world know, how well he loves his poor sun-burnt bride in *Scotland*. The Lord liveth, & blessed be the God of our salvation. For the matter betwixt your *Husband* and C. I trust in God it shall be removed: it hath grieved me exceedingly. I have dealt with *Carletown*, and shall deal; put it off your self upon the Lord, that it burthen you not. I have heard of your *Daughter's* marriage, I pray the Lord Jesus to subscribe the contract, and be at the banquet, as he was at the marriage

in *Cana of Galily*. Show her from me, that tho it be true, that Gods children have prayed for her, yet the promise of God is made to her prayers & faith especially, & therefore I would entreat her, to seek the Lord to be at the wedding. Let her give Christ the love of her virginity & espousals, and choose him first, as her Husband, and that match shall bless the other. It is a new world she entereth into, and therefore hath need of new acquaintance with the Son of God, & of a renewing of her love to him, whose love is better then wine. 1 Cor. 7. 29. *The time is short, let the married be as tho they were not married. Ver. 30. they that weep, as tho they weeped not; they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not; they that buy, as tho they possessed not, Ver. 31. They that use this world as tho they used it not; for the fashion of the world passed away.* Grace, grace be her portion from the Lord. I know you have a care on you of it, that all be right; but let Christ bear all, you need not pity him (if I may say so) put him to it, he is strong enough. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus be with you.

Aberdeen.

Your friend in his dearest friend

Christ Jesus, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

My dear and wellbeloved Sister;

GRACE mercy and peace be to you. I am well, honour to God. I have been before a court set up within me of errors and challenges; but my sweet Lord Iesus hath taken the mask off his face, and said *kiss thy fill*; and I will not smother nor conceal my King Iesus his kindness: he hath broken in upon the poor prisoners soul, like the swelling of Jordan. I am bank and brim-ful, a great high spring tide of the consolations of Christ, hath overflowed me. I would not give my weeping, for the fourteen Prelats laughter, they have sent me here to feast with my King. His spiknard casteth a sweet smell. The bridegrooms love hath run away with my heart. O love, love, love! O sweet are my royal Kings chains. I care not for fire nor torture. How sweet were it to me, to swim the salt sea for my new lover, my second Husband, my first Lord. I charge you in the name

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of God, not to fear the wild beasts, that entered into the vineyard of the Lord of hosts, the false prophet is the rail. God shall cut the rail from Scotland. Take your comfort and droup not, despond not; pray for my poor flock. I would take a pennance on my soul for their salvation. I fear, the entering of a hireling upon my labours there cut off my life with sorrow. There I wrestled with the angel and prevailed: wood, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses, I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and Anwoth. My love to your Husband, to dear Carletoun, to my beloved Brother Knockbrex: forget not Christ's Prisoner: I long for a letter under your own hand.

Aberdeen, Nov. 22. Your Friend and Christ's Prisoner, S.R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

My dearly beloved Sister;

GRACE Mercy and Peace to you; I complain that Glasgow is not kind to me in paper: I have received no letters these sixteen weeks but two: I am well, my prison is a palace to me, and Christ's banqueting-house. My Lord Jesus is as kind as they call him: Oh that all Scotland knew my case, and had part of my feast! I charge you in the name of God, I charge you to believe; Fear not the sons of men, the worms shall eat them. To pray and believe now, when Christ seems to give you a nay-say, is more then it was before; Die believing, die and Christ's promise in your hand. I desire, I request, I charge your Husband and that town, to stand for the truth of the gospel. Contend with Christ's enemies; and I pray you, show all professors, you know, my case. Help me to praise. The Ministers here invie me, they will have my prison changed. My mother hath born me a man of contention, and one that striveth with the whole earth. Remember my love to your Husband. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Jan. 3. 1637. Yours in the Lord, S.R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister;

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: Your Letter hath refreshed my soul: You shall not have my advice to make haste to go out of that town; for if you remove out

of

of Kirkcudbright, they will easily undoe all: You are at Gods work, and in his way there: be strong in the Lord: the Devil is weaker then you are, because stronger is he that is in you, than he that is in the World: Your care of and love shewed towards me, now a prisoner of Christ, is laid up for you in Heaven, and you shall know, that it is come up in remembrance before God. Pray, pray for my desolat flock, & give them your counsel, when you meet with any of them. It shall be my grief to hear, that a wolf enter in upon my labours, but if the Lord permit it, I must be silent. My skie will clear, for Christ layeth my head in his bosome, & admitteth me to lean there. I never knew before, what his love was in such a measure: If he leave me, he leaves me in pain, and sick of love, and yet my sickness is my life & health: I have a fire within me: I despise all the Devils in hell, and all the Prelats in Scotland, to cast water on it: I rejoyce at your courage & faith. Pray still, as if I were on my journey to come, & be your Pastor: What iron gates or bars are able to stand it out against Christ? For when he bloweth, they open to him. I remember your Husband. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberdeen, March. 11. 1637.

Yours in his sweet
Lord Iesus, S. R.

For GRISSAL FULLERTOWN.

Mistress;

Remembering well what relation I had to your (now blessed and perfected with glory) dear Mother, and being confident your self looks that way, which (except I be eternally lost) is the way of peace and of life, I should be ungrate to forget those, whom by the Covenant of the Lord I cannot but remember to God, I will speak nothing to you of the present sad differences; but if I have, or ever had any nearness to God, that other way, which I trust I shall never follow, is the way of man; & for the present powers, I suffer from them, and look for more: God hath a controversy with them; and my soul enter not into their sects. Only I should beseech, request, and oblige you in the Lord, and by your appearance before Christ, follow the way of the Lord, and the steps trode by the gracious in that place, which the Lord followed with life.

and power. My heart is filled with sorrow, considering what communion with God some of that Countrey had, and how much they were in edifying and helping one another in his way, and how little of that there is now in that Countrey. Your *Mother* kept in life in that place, and quickened many about her, to the seeking of God. My desire to you is, that you would succeed her in that way, and be letting a word fall to your brethren and others, that may encourage them to look toward the way of God; you will have need of it ere be long: See how you may have a gracious Minister, and no *Neutral* there, to succeed & follow the servant of God, now asleep in the Lord. There is a great & wide difference between a name of godliness, and the power of Godliness: that is hottest, when there are fewest witnesses. The deadness upon many, and the defection of the Land is great. Blessed are they who seek the Lord and his face. I shall entreat you to remember me to your *Husband*, and all Friends: I desire to forget none, who are in Christ.

Edinburgh, March 14.

Your Brother in the
Lord, S. R.

1653.

To a Gentle-Woman.

Mistress;

I beseech you have me excused, if the dayly imployments of my calling shall hinder me to see you, according as I would wish; for I dare not go abroad, since many of my people are sick, and the time of our communion draws near: but frequent the company of your worthy & honest hearted Pastor Mr. *Robert*, to whom the Lord hath given the tongue of the learned, to minister a Word in due season to the weary. Remember me to him, and to your *Husband*. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Your affectionat Friend, S. R.

For WILLIAM FULLERTOWN.

Provost of *Kirkcudbright*.

Much honoured and very dear friend.

Grace Mercy and Peace be to you, I am in good case, blessed be the Lord, remaining here in this uncouth town a prisoner for Christ and his truth; and I am not ashamed

ashamed of his cross, my soul is comforted with the consolations of his sweet presence, for whom I suffer. I earnestly entreat you, to give your honour and authority to Christ, and for Christ; and be not dismayed for flesh and blood, while you are for the Lord, and for his truth and cause. And howbeit we see truth put to the worse for the time; yet Christ will be a friend to truth, and will do for those, who dare hazard all that they have for him and for his glory. *Sir*, our fair day is coming, and the court will change, and wicked men will weep after noon, and sorer than the Sons of God, who weep in the morning. Let us believe and hope, for Gods salvation. *Sir*, I hope I need not write to you, for your kindness & love to my Brother, who is now to be distressed for the truth of God, as well as I am. I think my self obliged to pray for you, and your worthy and kind bed-fellow and children; for your love to him and me also. I hope your pains for us in Christ shall not be lost. Thus recommending you to the tender mercy and loving-kindness of God, I rest.

Aberdeen, Sept. 21, 1636.

Your very loving and affe-
ctionat Brother, S. R.

For the right honourable,

My Lady Vicountess of K E N M U R E.

M A D A M;

Grace, mercy and peace be to your La. I long to hear from you, and that dear child; and for that cause I trouble you with letters. I am for the present thinking, the sparrows and the swallows, that build their nests in *Aberdeen*, blessed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation desolat; Alas I am oft at this; *Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.* O earth, earth, cover not the violence done to me. I know it is my faithless jealousy, in this my dark night, to take a friend for a foe; yet hath not my Lord made any plea with me. I childe with him, but he giveth me fair words, leing my sins and the sins of my youth deserved strokes: how am I obliged to my Lord, who amongst many cross hath given me a wailed & a chosen cross, to suffer for the name of my Lord Jesus? Since I must have chains, he would put golden

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chains

chains on me, watered over with many consolations. Seeing I must have sorrow (for I have sinned. O preserver of mankind) he hath wailed out for me joyful sorrow, honest, spiritual and glorious sorrow. My crosses come through mercy and loves fingers, from the kind heart of a brother, Christ my Lord; and therefore they must be sweet and saggard. O whar am I; such a lump, such a rotten mass of sin, to be counted a bairn worthy to be nurtured and stricken with the best, and most honourable rod in my Fathers house. The golden rod, wherewith my eldest brother, the Lord; heir of the inheritance, and his faithful witnesses were stricken withal. It would be thought, I should be thankful and rejoyce; but my beholders and lovers, in Christ have eyes of flesh, and have made my one, to be ten. And I am some body in their books: my witness is above, there are armies of thoughts within me, saying the contrare, and laughing at their wide mistake. If my inner side were seen, my dung would stink, I would lose and forfeit love and respect, at the hands of any that love God; pity would come in the place of these. O if they would yet set me lower, and my welbeloved Christ higher! I would I had grace and strength of my Lord, to be joyful and contentedly glad and chearful, that Gods glory might ride, and openly triumph before view of men, angels, devils, earth, heaven, hell, sun, moon and all Gods creatures, upon my pain and sufferings, providing alwayes, I felt not the Lords hatred and displeasure. But I fear his fair glory be but soiled, in coming through such a foul creature as I am. If I could be the sinless matter of glorifying Christ, howbeit to my loss, pain, sufferings, and extremity of wretchedness, how would my soul rejoyce; but I am far, far from this: he knoweth his love hath made me a prisoner, and bound me hand and foot; but it is my pain, that I cannot win loose, nor get loose hands, and a loosed heart, to do service to my Lord Iesus, and to speak his love. I confess I have neither tongue nor pen to do it. Christs love is more then my praises, and above the thoughts of the angel Gabriel, and all the mighty hosts that stand before the throne of God. I think shame, I am idle, and cast down; so think, that my soul tongue and

my

my polluted heart, should come in to help others to sing aloud the praises of the love of Christ: all I dow do, is, so with the quier to grow throng, and to grow in the extolling of Christ. Woe, woe is me, for my guiltiness seen to few: my hidden wounds still bleeding within me, are before the eyes of no men; but if my sweetest Lord Jesus were not still bathing, washing, balmeing, healing and binding them up, they should rot, and break out to my shame. I know not what will be the end of my suffering: I have but seen the one side of my crosse, what will be the other side he knoweth, who hath his fire in Zion. Let him lead me, if it were thorow hell. I thank my Lord, my onwaiting and holding my peace, as I dow, to see what more Christ will do to me, is my joy. Oh if my ease, joy, pleasure for evermore, were laid in woodser, and in pledge to buy praises to Christ! But I am far from this. It is easie for a poor soul in the deep debt of Christs love, to spit farther then he dow leap or jump, and to seed upon broad wishes that Christ may be honoured, but in performance I am stark nought. I have nothing, nothing to give Christ, but poverty, except he would comprise and arreist my soul, and my love [oh, oh if he would do that!] I have nothing for him. He may indeed seise upon a divours person, soul and body, but he hath no goods for Christ to medle with. But how glad should my soul be, if he would forfeit my love, and never give me it again! *Madam*, I would be glad to hear, that Christs claim to you were still the more, and that you were still going forward, and that you were nearer him. I dow not honour Christ my self, but I wish all others to make sale to Christs house, I would I could invite you to go into your welbeloveds house of wine, and that upon my word, you would then see a new mystery of love in Christ, you never saw before. I am somewhat encouraged that your La. is not dry and cold to Christs prisoner, as some are. I hope it is put up in my Masters count book. I am not much grieved, that my jealous Husband break in pieces my Idols, thaneither they dare not, or will not do for me. My master needeth not their help, but they need to be that serviceable as to help him. *Madam*, I have been that bold as to put you, and that sweet child, in the

prayer of Mr. Andrew Cant. Mr. James Marshall, the lady
 Leyes, and some others in this country that woly love
 Christ; be pleased to let me hear how the child is. The
 blessings that came upon the head of Ioseph, and the top of
 the head of him, who was separated from his brethten, &
 the good will of him who dwelt in the buth, be seen upon
 him & you. *Adam*, I can say by some little experiente,
 more now then before, of Christ to you. I am still upon
 this, that if you seek there a *pose*, a hidden treasure & a
 gold mine in Christ, you never yet saw, then come & see.
 Thus recommending you to Gods dearest mercy, I rest,
 Your own is his sweet Lord Iesus
 at all obedience, S. R.

My Lady Marshall is very kind
 to me, and her Son also.

Aberdeen, 17. Juny, 1637.

For the right honourable,

My Lady Vicountess of KENMURE.

My very Noble and dear Lady,

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: The Lord has brought
 me safely to Aberdeen: I have gotten Lodging in the
 hearts of all I meet with: no face that has not smiled upon
 me; only the Indwellers of this town are dry, cold, and
 general, they consist of Papists, & men of Gallio's mettall,
 firm in no religion; and it's counted no wisdom here to
 countenance a confined & silenced Minister: But the shame
 of Christs cross shall not be my shame. *Queensberries* at-
 tempt seems to sleep, because the B. of Galloway was pleased
 to say to the *Treasurer*, I had committed treason, which
 word blunted the *Treasurer*'s borrowed zeal. So I thank
 God, who will not have me to anchor my soul upon false
 ground, or upon flesh and blood; it is better, it be fastned
 within the rail. I find my old challenges reviving again,
 and my love often jealous of Christs love, when I look
 upon my own guiltiness: And I verily think, the World
 has too soft an opinion of the gate to Heaven, and that
 many shall get a blind and sad beguile for Heaven; for
 there is more ado then a cold and frozen Lord; Lord: it
 must be a way narrower and straighter then we conceive:
 for the righteous shall scarcely be saved. It were good to
 take

take a more judicious view of Christianity, for I have been doubting, if ever I knew any more of Christianity, than the letters of the name. I'll not lye on my Lord, I find often much joy, & unspeakable comfort, in his sweet presence, who sent me hither: and I trust this house as my pilgrimage, shall be my palace, my garden of delights: And that Christ will be kind to poor sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren. I would be sometimes too hot, and too joyful, if the heart breaks at the remembrance of him, & his, his Feast days with King Iesus, did not cool me, and sow my sweet joyes. Oh! how sweet is the love of Christ? and how wise is that love? But her faith first and trust a while, it's no reason, sons offend, that the Father giveth them not twice a year hire, as he doth to hired servants, better Gods heirs live upon hope then upon hire. *Madam*, your La. knoweth what Christ hath done, to have all your love. And that he alloweth not his love upon your dear Child: keep good quarters with Christ in your love. I verily think Christ hath said, I must needs force have *Isaac Campbell* for my self, and he hath laid many Oares in the water to fish & hunt home- over your heart to heaven. Let him have his prey: he will think you well win, when he hath gotten you: it is good to have recourse often, and so have the door open to our strong-hold, for the sword of the Lord, the sword of the Lord, is for Scotland, and yet two or three berries shall be left in the top of the Olivettes. If a word can do my Brother good in his distress, I know your La. will be willing and ready to speak it, and more also. Now the only wise God, and your only, only one, he who dwelt in the bush, be with you. I write many kisses and many blessings in Christ to your dear Child, the blessings of his Fathers God, the blessings due to the fatherless and the widow be yours and his.

Aberdeen. Your La. in his only, only Lord Iesus, S.R.

Postscript.

M. A. D. A. M.

BE pleased at a fit time, to give my Lord of Lersch his mind, if his Lo. Would be pleased, that I dedicate another work against the *Arminians* to his honourable name. For howbeit I would compare no patron to his Lo. and

did I have sufficient experience of his love; yet it's possible, his Lo. think it not expedient at his time. but I expect your Ld's answer: & I hope your Ld. will be plain.

For the right honourable My Lady BOY D.
M A D A M;

I Doubt not but the Love of many, more then ordinary
 favours to his Land, layes goodness upon this Nation:
 The Lord has put us in his books, as a favoured People,
 in the sight of the Nations, but we pay not to him the rent
 of the Vineyard, & we might have had a Gospel at an ea-
 sier rate, then this Gospel; but it should have had but as
 much life as ink and paper has: we stand obliged to him,
 who has in a manner forced his love on us; & would but
 love us against our will. Ancient read Prayers, *Andam* I
 could never see precept, promise, or practice for them in
 Gods word: our Church never allowed them; but men
 took them up at their own choice: the word of God
 makes reading, *1 Tim. 4. 13.* And praying, *1 Thess. 5. 17*
two different worships: in reading God speaks to us, *1*
King. 12. 10, 11. In praying we speak to God, *Pf. 12. 1.*
Pf. 138. 1. I had never faith to think well of them. In my
 weak judgement, it were good they were out of the ser-
 vice of God: I cannot think them a fruit or effect of the
 Spirit of adoption, Seeing the user cannot say of such pray-
 ers, *Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my*
heart be acceptable in thy sight: O Lord my strength and my
Redeemer; which the servants of God ought to say of
 their prayers, *Pf. 119. 14.* For such prayers are medita-
 tions set down in paper and ink, and cannot be his heart
 meditations who useth them: the saints never used them,
 and God never commanded them, and a promise to hear
 any prayers, except the pouring out of the soul to God,
 we can never read. As for separation from a worship for
 some errors of a Church; the Independency of single
 congregations, a Church of visible saints, & other tenets
 of Brownists, they are contrait to Gods word. I have a
 narrative at the press at London against these conceits, as
 things which want Gods word to warrant them; the
 Lord lay it not to their charge; who depart from the Co-
 venant of God with this land, to follow such lying vani-
 ties.

Epist. 10. 11. *LETTER* 11. 675
I did see lately your daughter the lady *Ardisse*, the
Lord has given her a child and deliverance. Now recom-
mending your Ladyship to the rich grace of Christ. I rest,
St. And. Yours at all respective obligations in Christ. S. R.

To JOHN HENDERSON in Rusco.

Loving Friend,

I Earnestly desire your salvation. Know the Lord, and
seek Christ, you have a soul that cannot dye, see for
a lodging for your poor soule. For that house of clay
will fall: Heaven or nothing, either Christ or nothing:
use prayer in your house, and set your tongue loose up-
on death and judgement: this day you are out to be lookt, in the
maner of your salvation: few are saved, men go to Hea-
ven in one or two's, and the whole World lies in sin:
Love your enemies, and stand by the truth. I have taught
you in all things: Fear not men, but let God be your fear:
your time will not be long: make the seeking of Christ
your daily talk: ye may when ye are in the field speak
to God: seek a broken heart for sin, for without that
there is no meeting with Christ: I speak this to your
Wife, as well as to your self: I desire your Sister, in her
fears and doubtings to fasten her grips on Christ's love, I
forbid her to doubt, for Christ loves her, and hath her
name written in his book, her salvation is fast coming,
Christ her Lord is not slow in coming, nor slack in his
promise. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To JAMES MURRAY'S Wife.

My very dear and worthy Sister,

YOU are truly blessed in the Lord, however a frowne
World gloun and frown on you, if ye continue in
the faith, sealed and grounded, and be not moved away
from the hope of the Gospel. It is good there is a Heaven,
and it is not a night-dream and a fancy. Its a wonder that
men deny not, there is a Heaven, as they deny there is
any way to it, but of mens making. You have learned of
Christ, that there is a Heaven: contend for it, and for
Christ: bear well and submissively the hard throst of
this Scorp-mother world, which God will not have to be

Dd 6

you.

yours. I confess it is hard, & would God I were able to lighten you of your burthen; but believe me this World, which the Lord will not have to be yours, is but the dross, refuse, & scum of Gods creation; the portion of the Lords poor hired servants, the moveables, not the heritage. A hard bone cast to the dogs, holden out of the new *Ierusalem*, whereupon they rather break their teeth, than satisfy their appetite. It's your Fathers blessing, & Christs birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and perswade your self also, if it be good for them and you, your soed also shall inherit the earth; for that is promised to them, and Gods bond is as good; as if he would give every one of them a bond for thousand thousands. Ere ye were born, grosses in number, measure and weight were written for you; and your Lord will lead you thorow them. Make Christ sure, and the World & the blessings of the earth shall be at Christs back and heel. I see many Professors for the fashion, Professors of glass, I would make a little knock of persecution ding them in 100 pieces, and the World should laugh at the sheards. Therefore make fast work: see that Christ be the groundstone of your profession; the sore wind & rain will not wash away his building, his work has no lets date, nor to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not laid my weak back; and my pressing burden both upon the stone, the corner-stone laid in *Zion*. I am not twice sain [as the proverb is,] but once and for ever, of this stone. Now the God of peace establish you to the day of the appearance of Jesus Christ.

St. Andrews.

Yours, S. R.

For the right honourable,

My Lady Vicountess of KENMURE.

M A D A M;

GRace, mercy & peace to you. I am glad to hear that your La: is in any tolerable health; and shall pray, that the Lord may be your strength and rock. Sure I am, he took you out of the womb; and you have been casten on him from the breasts; I am confident, he shall not leave you till he crown the begun work in you, there is nothing here but divisions in the Church and assembly,

For

For beside *Brounists*, and *Independents*: [who of all that differ from us, come nearest to walkers with God] there are many other sects here of *Anabaptists*, *Libertines* who are for all opinions in religion; *Flethly* and abominable *Antinomians*, & *Seekers*, who are for no Church ordinances, but expect Apostles to come, and reform Churches, and a world of others; all against the Government by presbyteries. *Luther* observed when he studied to reform, that two & thirty sundry sects arose, of all which [I have named but a part] except these called *Seekers*, who were not then arisen: he said, God should crush them, and that they should rise again; both which we see accomplished. In the assembly we have now well near ended the Government, and are upon the power of Synods, and I hope near at an end with them, and so I trust to be delivered from this prison shortly. The King hath dissolved the Treaty of peace at *Uxbridge*, and adhered to his sweet *Prelats*, & would abate nothing, but a litle of the rigour of their courts, and a suspending of laws against Ceremonies, not taking away of them. The not prospering of your armies there in *Scotland*, is ascribed here, to the sins of the land, and particularly to the divisions, & backslidings of many from the cause, & the not executing of justice against bloody malignants. My wife, here under the physicians, remembers her service to your La: so recommending you to the rich grace of Christ, I rest,

London, March 4. 1644. Your La: at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.

For the right honourable My Lady BOYD.

M A D A M,

Grace mercy and peace to you. I received your letter on May 19. We are here debating, with much contention of disputes, for the just measures of the Lords Temple. It pleaseth God, that sometimes enemies hinder the building of the Lords house; but now friends, even gracious men (so I conceive of them) do not a litle hinder the work. *Thomas Goodwin*, *Jeremiah Burroughs* and some others, four or five, who are for the independent way, stand in our way, and are mighty

opposite to presbyterial Government. We have carried through some propositions for the scripture right of presbytery, especially in the Church of Jerusalem: *Acts* 1. 2. & 4. & 5. & 6. & 13. And the Church of Ephesus, and are going on upon other grounds of truth, & by the way have proven, that Ordination of Pastours belongs not to a single congregation, but to a colledge of presbyters, whole it is, to lay hands upon *Timothy* and others: *1 Tim.* 4. 14. & *Tim.* 5. 17. *Acts* 13. 1. 2. & 3. *Acts* 2. 3. 6. We are to prove that one single congregation has not power to excommunicat, which is opposed not only by Independent men, but by many others: the truth is, we have many and grieved spirits with the works, and for my part, I often despair of the reformation of this land, which saw never any thing, but the high places of their Fathers, and the remnants of *Babylon* pollutions; and except that, not by might, nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord, I should think God has not yet thought it time for *Englands* deliverance; for the truth is, the best of them almost have said, a better reformation is very fair at the first, which is no other thing, then, it is not yet time to build the house of the Lord, & for that cause many houses great and fair in the land are laid desolate. Multitudes of *Anabaptists*, *Antinomians*, *Familists*, *Separatists* are here: the best of the people are the Independent way: as for my self, I know no more if there be a sound Christian (setting aside some, yea not a few learned, some zealous & faithful Ministers, whom I have met with) at *London* (tho I doubt not but there are many) then if I were in *Spain*, which makes me bless God, that the communion of Saints how desirable soever, yet is not the thing, even that great thing, Christ, and remission of sins. If *Jesus* were uncouth, as his members are here, I should be in a sad and heavy condition: The house of *Perry* are no ten men, and hate our commissioners and our cause both: The life that is, is in the house of Commons, & many of them also have their religion to choice. The sorrows of a traveling woman are come on the land: our army is lying about *York*, and have blocked up them of *Newcastle*, and six thousand Papists and Malignants, with *Mr. Thomas Sydeserf*, and some *Scottish Prelats*: and if God deliver them into their hands,

hands, [considering how standing the Parliaments armistice, how many victories God has given them, since they entered in Covenant with him, and how weak the King is] It may be thought the land is near a deliverance; but I rather doubt it, than believe it. We offered this day to the Assembly a part of a directory for worship: no. It shoulder out the service book: it is taken into consideration by the Assembly. Your Son Lindsey is well, I receive letters from him, almost every week.

London, 29 May. Yours at all obedience in God, S. R.

For the right honourable Lady,

My Lady KENMUR.

M. A. D. A. M.

I am a little moved at your infirmity of body & health; I hope it is to you a real warning. And if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men the most miserable. Sure the huge generations of the seekers of the face of Jacob God, must be in a life, above the things that are now much taking with us, such as, to see the sun, to enjoy this life in health, & some good worldly accommodations. And if we be making that sure, it is our wisdom. The times would make any that love the Lord sick and faint, to consider how iniquity abounds, & how dull we are in observing sins in our selves, and how quick-sighted to find them out in others, and what bondage we are in; and yet very oft, when we complain of times, we are secretly slandering the Lords work and wise Government of the world, and raising a hard report of him. He is good and does good, and all his wayes are equal. Madam, I have been to some other [oh if I could to my self] holding out some more of this, to read & study God well, and make the serious thoughts of a God head and a God-head in Christ the work, and the only work, all the day. Oh we are little with God! and do all without God, we sleep and wake without him; we eat, we speak, we journey, we go about worldly business and our calling without God! And considering what deadness is upon the hearts of many, it were good that some did not pray without God, and preach and praise, and read and confer of God without God. It is universally complained of,

that

that there is a strange deadness upon the sands; and on the hearts of his people. Oh if we could help it! But He that waxes every moment his garden of red wine must help it. I believe he will burn the briars and the thorns, that come against him. I desire to remember your La: to God, but little can I do that way. His everlasting good will be with you.

St. Andrew, 24. July. Yours in the Lord Iesus, S. R.

For the right honourable and Christian Lady, the Lady

K E N M U R E.

M A D A M,

GRace, mercy & peace be to you: the Lord is gracious, who keeps your La: in the furnace, when many put out their hand to injury, one way or other. We are now shouldering & casting down one another in the dark, & the Godly hidden from the Godly. We make our own chains heavier, by joyning with the Lords enemies. Hence new sufferings to all; that dare not say a confederacy to those, to whom this people say a confederacy, nor fear their fear, as that is my exercise now, who are not very far from being my alone [tho I know in whom I have believed, at least I should know] in this place, so I am affrayed that the Godly there comply with these declared enemies of God. It will be our strength to walk between enemies & malignants on either side. This is the day of Jacobs trouble; yet these dry bones can and must live; I know not if I shall see it, but I hope to take this quietness & silence of faith, in the midst of the noises of the alarm for war, to the grave with me, that the Lord shall build upon the Church of Brittain & Ireland a palace of silver, inclosed with boards of Cedar. Dear Madam, faint not, the night is almost gone, for the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lye, tho it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and not tarry. Madam, weary not; none can out-bide your lodging in heaven; there is more given for it by him, who hath be-spoken it for *lean Camphel*; and taken it for her, then any can offer: the ransom of blood standeth. My wife remembereth her respects to your La: the child is well. *Mr. Gilleff* is well we hear; but not here. Grace, grace be with you.

St. And. 28. Jan. 1653. Yours in his own L. Iesus Christ, S. R.

For the honourable and truly worthy Collonel Gilbert Ker.

Much honoured in the Lord.

HOW it is, with you, may appear by your letters to some with us. But it is the complaint of not a few of such, who were in Christ before me, that most of us inhabit and dwell in a parched land. The people of the Lord are like a land not rained upon, tho some dare not deny, but this is the garden of the beloved, & the vineyard, that the Lord doth keep & water every moment. Yet O where are the some-times quickening breathings, & influences from heaven, that have refreshed his hidden ones? The causes of his withdrawals are unknown to us: one thing cannot be denied, but that wayes of high sovereignty & dominion of grace are far out of the sight of Angels & men; yea and so above the fixed way of free promises, such as (*this do, and he shall breathe and blow upon his garden.*) As he hath put forth a declaration to his hidden ones in Scotland, that smarting, wrestlings, praying, complaining, gracious missing, cannot earn the visitis from on high, nor reach down thours upon the desert. It may be, when we are saying in our graves, *our bones are dry, & our hope gone*, that temporal & spiritual deliverance may come both together; and that he shall cause us feel both the one way & the other the good of his reign, who shortly comes to the throne, Ps. 72. 6. *He shall come down like rain upon the mow-grass: as showers, that water the earth;* Ver. 7. *In his dayes shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth;* Ver. 12. *He shall deliver the needy when he cryeth, and the poor also, and him that hath no helper.* Ver. 14. *He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence. And precious shall their blood be in his sight.* And tho we cannot pray home a sweeter season that way, yet Christ must bring summer with him, when he come, Ver. 16. *There shall be a husband of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.* I know not, if I apply prophecies as I would, rather then as they are: when the one shepherd is set over them, even he who shall stand (O how much do we see) and feed in the strength of the Lord, the Isles (and this the greatest of them) who wait for his law, are to look for that Ezech. 34. ver. 26. *And I will make them and the places round*

round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the showers to come down in his season. And there shall be shouts of blessing. How desirable must every drop of such a shout be! And Hos. 14. ver. 5. I will be as the dew to Israel, he shall grow as the lilly, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. Ver. 6. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. And Isay. 55. 13. Instead of the thorn, shall come up the firr tree; and instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle tree. And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off. Isa. 41. ver. 19. I will plant in the wilderness the Cedar, the shittab tree, and the oyle tree. Isa. 44. ver. 3. I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon their off-spring. And it shall be no lost labour nor fruitless Husbandry, Ver. 6. They shall spring as among the grass; as willows by the water courses; but when this shall be in Scotland, (and it must be) is better to believe then prophesy; and quietly to hope, and sit still, (for that is yet our strength) then quarrel with him, that the wheels of his chariot move leisurely.

Yet this can hardly say any thing to us, who do so much please our selves in our deadness, and are almost gone from Godly thirst & missing too; being half satisfied with our witheredness: no doubt we have marred his influences, and have not seconded nor smiled upon his actings upon us, nor have we been much of his strain, who Psalm 119. doth eight times breath out that suite, quicken me, quicken me. So much are we desirous to be acted upon by the Lord as blocks and stones; and so prodigal are we of his motions, as if they were no better to be husbanded; but it is good, that it is not in our power, to blast and undo his breathings. But his wind bloweth where he listeth, could we but lean, and cast a quiet spirit under the dewings, and shourings of him, that every moment watereth his vineyard, how happy and blessed were we. We neither open, nor do we discern his knocking, nor feel his hand put in through the key-hole, nor can we give any spiritual account of the walkings and motions of Christ, when He stands behind the wall, when He comes skipping over the mountains, when He comes to his garden and casts, when He feeds among the lillies,

when His Spiknard casts a sinell; when He knocks and withdraws, and is nowhere to be found. Oh how little a portion of God do we see? How little study we God? How rarely read we God; or are versed in the lively apprehensions of that great unknown all in all, the glorious Godhead, and the Godhead revealed in Christ? we dwell far from the well, and complain but dryly of our dryness and dulness; we are rather dry then thirsty.

Sir, there may be artificial pride in this humility; but for me, I neither know what He is, nor his son's name, nor where he dwells. I hear a report of Christ great enough, and that is all. O what is nearness to him? What is that, to be in God, to dwell in God? What a house must that be, 1 John. 4. ver. 13. How far are some from their house and home? How ill acquaint with the rooms, mansions, safety, and sweetness of holy security to be found in God? O what estrangement! What wandering? What frequent conversing with self & with the creature? *Is not here the bed shorter, then that a man can stretch himself out? And the covering narrower, then that he can wrap himself in?* Isa. 28. ver. 20. When shall we attain to a living in only, only God? And be estranged from all the poor created *nothings*, the painted shadow-beings of yesterday, which an hour and less before creation were dark waste negatives, and empty *nothings*, and should so have been for eternity, had the Lord suffered them to lie there forever. It is He, the great He, who sitteth upon the circle of the earth (of the world) and the inhabitants thereof are as grass-hoppers: that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in, that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity, Isa. 40. ver. 22, 23. And He, the only He, and there is no He beside him, Isa. 43. ver. 10, 11. Isa. 45. ver. 5. Men or Angels, they are not any of them an He to him. But a living breathing, dying *nothing* is man at his best, a sick clay vanity; and the angel to him but a mote excellent, living & understanding *nothing*; yet we live at a distance from him, & we die & wither, when we are out of God: oh if we knew how nothing we are without him! Sir, we desire to mind your bonds, & are cheered & refreshed, that we hear of any of his manifestations, and his outgoings.

638 Mr. RUTHIERFOORD'S Epist. 37. 58.
Things, which are prepared as the morning to you. We hope,
nor need we desire you not to faint, & are confident that the
anointing, that abides in you, teaches you so much; wait
upon the speaking vision, behold he comes, behold his re-
ward is with him, & his work before him. The only wise
God strengthen you with all might, according to his glo-
rious power, unto all patience & long suffering with joy-
fulness.

St. And. Jul. 16 53. Yours at all observance in the L. Jesus, S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at Oxame.

Reverend and dear Brothers,

I Saw from C. K. a testimony of your presbytery against
toleration; in which you have been instrumental: the
Lord give strength to do more. I think it both rare & ne-
cessary, & would account it a great mercy, if there were an
addition of a *Postscript* from divers ministers and elders,
out of all the shires of Scotland. It is really the mind of all
the Godly and tender in this land. It is believed by some,
that the protesting party has quite given over the cause? I
hope it is no so; but the Lord shall be yet victorious in his
most despised ones. Our darkness is great, & thick, & there
is much deadness; yet the Lord shall be our light. Thus
recommending you to his grace, whose you are, I am.

St. Andrews, Apr. 1. 1658. Your own brother in the L. S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at Oxame.

Dear Brother,

Faint not, but be strong in the Lord & in the power of
his might. Look in it as a rich mercy, that the Lord is
with you, strengthening you, to quicken fainters, to warm
& warn any that are cold or deadened, or who deaden others.
Believe, it will be your peace in the end; the times are
sad; yet I perswade my self, the vision will not tarry, but
will speak. The Lord will loose our captive bonds. O
blessed he who alone, who is found full & constant for the
desirable interest of Christ. My humble advice would be,
that you see to the placing of the Deacon & Ruling elder;
or to any thing, that may weaken the discipline: our second
book of discipline would be heeded, Sessions purged. Oh! Care-
chasing & personal visiting & speaking to them *sigillatim*,
concerning their interest in Christ, & a state of conversion,

Epist. 59, 60.

LETTERS.

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is little in practise. The practice of family fasts is scarce known to be an ordinance of God. It were good you would confer with Godly brethren in privat, concerning the promoting of Godliness, concerning Christian conference & praying together, worshipping of God in families & solitary fasts. To his grace, who can direct, quicken and strengthen you, I commend you, and am.

St. Andrews.

Your loving Brother, S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at Oxname.

Reverend and dear Brother;

YOur letter, that came unto me of August. 2. to be at Edinburgh upon August. 2. was unknown to me by the subscription; but since it was written for so honourable & warrantable a truth of Christ, as a testimony against Toleration, if my health would have permitted, & my dayly menacing gravel, I should have come to Edinburgh. What either counsel, countenance, or clearing you could have had from the like of me, I cannot say, nor dare I speak much but with a reserve of the help of his grace. I desire, to desire & purpose by strength from above, to own that cause, & to joyn with you, & some in this Church, besides your presbytery, who will own that cause? Be strong in the Lord, & in the power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by faith & wait on a speaking & a seeming-declaying vision, the Lord will not tarry. Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is one who is above millions

St. Andrews. August. 8. 1658. Your own Brother, S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at Oxname.

Reverend and dear Brother;

NOne man owes more to the Church of God with you, than poor and wretched I: But when weakness of body, and the Lord by it, did forbid me to undertake a lesser journey to Edinburgh, I am forbidden far more to journey thither; and believe it, nothing besides this doth hinder. I am unable to overtake what the Lord has laid upon me here; and therefore I desire to submit to sovereignty, and must be silent; if my prayers, and best desires to the Lord, could contribute any thing for promoting of his work, my soul's desire is, that the

the wilderness, and that place, (to which I owe my first breathing) in which I fear Christ was scarce named, as touching any reality or power of Godliness, may blossom as a rose. So desiring and praying that his name may be great among you, & entreating that you may believe, that the names of the Lords adversaries shall be written in the earth, & that, who so will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem, to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain: and that the Lord will create glory upon every assembly in mount Zion. I rest,

St. And. June 15. 1655. Your own Brother in the Lord S. R.

For Mr. JAMES DURHAM,

Minister of the Gospel at Glasgow, some few days before his death.

Sir;

I Would ere now have written to you, had I not known, your health, weaker & weaker, could scarce permit you to hear or read. I need not speak much, the way you know, & have preached to others the skill of the guide, & the glory of the home beyond death. And when he says, come & see, it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the bridegroom. What accession is made to the higher house of his kingdom should not be our loss, tho' it be a real loss to the Church of God: but we count one way, & the Lord counts another way. He is infallible & the only wise God, & needs none of us. Had he needed Moses & the Prophets their staying in the body, he could have taken another way. Who dare bid you cast your thoughts back on wife or children, when he has said, *leave them to me, and come up hither?* Or who can persuade you to die or live, as if that were arbitrary to us, and not his alone, who has determined the number of your moneths: if so it seem good to him, follow your forerunner and guide: it is an unknown land to you, who was never there before; but the land is good, and the company before the throne desirable, and he who sits on the throne is his alone a sufficient heaven. Grace grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 15. June 1658. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

Mr.

Mr. RUTHERFORD'S
Judgment, sent to some Brethren, about petitioning his
Maj. after his return; And for owning such, who
were censured while about that so necessary duty.

Reverend and dear Brethren;

IT is a matter of difficulty to me to write at this distance, not having heard your debates. It seems the Lord call's us to give information to the *Kings Majesty* of affairs. The Lords admirable providence in bringing him to his throne, & laying aside others, who were enemies to the cause and sworn Covenant of God (so that now the Government is in a right line) is to be adored; and I judge (without prescribing) that some should be sent to his *Majesty*, to congratulate that providence; & the reason of our being so slow in sending would be rendered.

1. We would write, not in the name of the kirk of Scotland; but in the name of a most considerable number of Godly ministers, elders, and professors, who both pray for the King, are obedient to his laws, & are under the oath of God the sworn Reformation. 2. It is better now, then after sentences and trouble, to have recourse to him, who is by place *pater patriæ*. 3. We would supplicate in all humility for protection, countenance, far more, for lawful liberty to fear the bond of the oath of the dread'ul and most high Lord, avouching to his *Majesty*, that the Lord, his holy name being interposed, will own that Covenant, and bless his *Majesty* with a happy and successful reign, in the owning thereof, & kissing of the Son of God. And when the Lord shall be pleased to grant that to us, which concerns religion, the beauty of his house, the propagating of the Gospel, the Government of the Lords kingdom without popery, prelacy, unwritten traditions, and ceremonies; let his *Majesty* try our loyalty with what commands he shall be pleased to lay on us, and see if we be found rebellious. 4. We would disclaim such, as have sinfully complied with the late usurpers, produce our written testimonies against them; our not accepting of offices and places of trust from them; our testimonies against their usurpation, Covenant breaking, tolleration of all religions, corrupt sectarian ways, for which the Lord hath

has broken them. 6. We are represent to his Majesty, as such who would not consent, that the Remonstrance of the Western-forces should be condemned by the Commission of the General assembly: whereas, 1. We did humbly desire, that the judicature would not condemn nor censure that Remonstrance, till the gentlemen were heard, and their reasons discussed. 2. Whatever demurr was as to the banding or combining part of it, we were and are obliged to believe, they had no sectarian design therein, nor levelling intention. 3. They are gentlemen most loyal, and never were enemies to his Majesties royal power; but only desired that security might be had for religion, and the people of God; persons disaffected to Religion & the sworn Covenant abandoned, otherwise they were and still are willing to hazard lives and estates, for the just greatness and safety of his Majesty, in the maintenance of the true Religion, Covenant and cause of God. The only difficulty will be where to have fit men to send. But as it will be both sin & shame for us, to desert our undeservedly now censured Brethren; so it will be our sin and reproach, sinfully to comply with such things and courses, as we testified against, and confessed to God. I can say no more at present, but that I am

St. Andrews, 1660.

Your loving Brother. S. R.

Mr. RUTHERFOORD His judgment of a draught or minut of a petition, to have been presented to the Committee of Estates, by those ministers, who were then prisoners in the castle of Edinburgh, for that other well known petition to his Maj. About which they were, when seized upon and made prisoners.

But that no man may mistake or judge amiss of persons so fixed in the cause, and faithful in their generation; know, that this draught was not sent to Mr. Rutherford, as a paper concluded and condescended upon amongst these Brethren, whose love to truth made them in all things so tender, that they were ever found to abstain from all appearance of evil; but it was more like the suggestion of some other men (wherein was laid before them what kind of address would most probably please, waving the just measures of what was simply duty in their circumstances) than any thing flowing from themselves, as the product of a mature deliberation. And Secondly know (which

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confirmeth what it said) that what ever it was, or who ever gave the rise to it, yet it was never made use of, nor presented to the Comitty of Estates, by any of these faithful men, whose praise for their fidelity, fixedness, real and unstained integrity, is in the Churches of Christ.

Dear Brother.

I Am (as ye know) straitned as another suffering man, but dare not petition this Comitty. 1. Because it draws us to capitulate with such, as have the advantage of the mount, the Lord so disposing for the present: and to bring the matters of Christ to yea and no (you being prisoners and they the powers) is a hazard. 2. A speaking to them in write and passing in silence the sworn Covenant, and the cause of God, which is the very present controversy, is contraire to the practice of Christ, and the Apostles, who being accused, or not accused, avouched Christ to be the Son of God, and the Messias, and that the dead must rise again, even when the adversary mistated the question. Yea, silence of the cause of God, which adversaries persecute, seems a tacite deserting of the cause; when the state of the question is known to beholders; and I know the brethren intend not to leave the cause. 3. I know no offence you have given (I will not say what offence may be taken) either as to the matter, or manner, of your petition: for if what you have done but a necessary duty, laid aside by others, a duty can never give an offence to Christ; and so none to men. But Christians will look upon a pious, harmless, and innocent petition, to the Prince, in the matters of the Lords honour, and good of his Church, tho proffered by one or two, when they are silent whose it is to speak and act, as a seasonable duty. 4. The draught of that petition, which you sent me, speaks not one word of the Covenant of God: for the adhering to which, you now suffer, and which is the object of mens hatred; and the destruction whereof, is the great work of the times; and your silence, in this nick of time, appears to be a not-confession of Christ before men: and you want nothing to beget an uncleanly deliverance, but the profession of silence. 5. There is a promise and real purpose (as the petition sayeth) to live peaceably under the Kings authority. But. 1. You do

not to answer candidly and ingenuously the mind of the Rulers, who to your knowledge mean a far other thing, by *Authority*, then you do: for you mean his just authority, his authority in the Lord, and his just greatness, in the maintenance of true Religion, as in the Covenant, confession of faith, and catechisms, is expressed, from the word of God. They mean his supream authority and absolute prerogative above laws, as their acts clear, and as their practice is; for they refused to such, as were unwilling to subscribe their bond, to add *authority in the Lord*, or *just and lawful authority*, or *authority as is expressed in the Covenant*. But this draught of a petition, under your own hand, yields the sense and meaning to them, which they crave. 2. That authority, for which they contend, is exclusive of the sworn Covenant; so that except ye had said, *you shall be subject to the Kings authority in the Lord*, or *according to the sworn Covenant*, you say nothing to the point in hand; and that sure is not your meaning. 3. Whoever promised so much of peaceable living under his majesties authority, leaving out the exposition of the. 5. Command, as your petition doth, may upon the very same ground, subscribe the bond, refused by the godly; and so you pass from the Covenant, and make all these by-past actings of this *Kirk and State*, those years by past, to be horrid rebellion: & how deep that guiltiness draws, consider. 6. A condemning of the *Remonstrance*, simply and without any limitation & distinction, is a condemning of many precious ones in the land, and a passing from the causes of Gods wrath, which is the chief matter of the *Remonstrance*. 7. That nothing is before your eyes but the exoneration of your conscience, is indeed believed by the godly, who know you; but a passing in silence of the honest materials, in your former petition to his Majesty, seems to be a deserting thereof; since in all your petition, you do not once say, *you cannot but adhere to that pious petition, as your necessary duty*: and that you intend in the petition the happiness of his majesty, is also believed. Dear Brother, show to our brethren, the Lord Christ in your persons hath stated a question betwixt him and the powers on earth, the only wise God laid you now, when he hath brought you forth in publick,

so to act, as if ye did see Jesus Christ by you, and behold-
ing you. It is easy for such as are on the shore, to throw
a counsel to those that are tossed in the sea. But only
living by faith, and by fetching strength and comfort
from Christ, can you be victorious, and have right to the
precious promises of the tree of life, of the hidden
Manna, of the gilded morning star, and the like, made
to those who overcome; to whose strength and grace
brethren, who desire with me to remember you, do re-
commend you, I am.

Dear Brother.

St. Andrews. 1660.

Yours in the Lord, S. R.

For the right honourable,

My Lady Vicountesse of KENMURE.

M A D A M;

IT is not my part to be unmindful of you: be not affli-
cted for your Brother the Marquis of Argyll, as to the
main: in my weak apprehension, the seed of God being
in him, and love to the people of God and his cause, it will
be well: the making particular reckoning with the Lord,
& peace with God, & owning his cause, when too many
disown it, will make his peace with the King the surer.
The Lord is beginning to reckon with such, as did forsake
his cause and Covenant; and until we returne to him, our
peace shall not be like a river, and as the waves of the sea.
However the opening of the bosom, to take in all the
Malignants, can produce no better fruits. The Lord calleth
us to flie-in to our chambers, & shoot the doores, till the
indignation be over, Isa. 26: ver. 10. The lilly among the
thorns is so served: he hideth himself & our mountain is
removed, & we are troubled; but the Lord reigns, let the
earth tremble, & let the earth rejoyce. The Lord without
blood broke the yoke of usurping oppressours, and laid
them aside, the same Lord can settle throne and kingdom
on the pillars of heaven: but O the controversy the Lord
hath with Edom, and those who covenanted with us, &
thou sold us; and with those of whom the holy ghost
speaks, Lament. 2. ver. 14. Thy Prophets have seen
vain and foolish things for thee, they have not
discovered thine iniquity to turn away thy captivity;
but have seen for thee false burdens, and causes

of banishment. The time of Jacobs suffering is but short, & the vision will speak, could we be from under deadness, and waech unto wrestling and prayer with the Lord, and live more by faith, we should be more then conquerors. Wait upon the Lord, and faint not: the Lord Iesus be with your spirit.

St. Andrews. 24. July, 1660. Yours at all respective observance in the Lord, S.R.

For Mistress C R A I G.

Upon the death of her hopeful son, who was drowned, washing himself in a river in France.

Mistress;

YOU have so learned Christ, as now in the furnace, what dross, and what shining of faith may appear, must come forth. I heard of the removal of your Son Mr. Thomas; Tho I be dull enough in discerning, yet I was witness to some spiritual favouriness of the new birth and hope of the resurrection, which I saw in the hopful youth, when he was, as was feared, a dying in this city. And since it was written and advisedly appointed, in the spotless and holy decree of the Lord, where, and before what witnesses, and in what manner, whether by a fever, the mother being at the bed-side, or some other way in a far country, (dear Patriarchs died in Egypt, precious to the Lord have wanted burials, *Pf. 69. ver. 3.*) your safest will be, to be silent, and command the heart to utter no repining and fretting thoughts of the holy dispensation of God. 1. The man is beyoud the hazard of dispute, the precious youth is perfected and glorified. 2. Had the youth lien year and day pained, beside a witnessing mother, it had been pain and grief lengtheased out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been a little death; now his holy majesty hath, in one lump and mass, brought to your ears the news, and hath not divided the grief in many portions. 3. It was not yesterdayes thought, or the other years stature; but a counsel of the Lord of old, & *Who can teach the Almighty knowledge?* 4. There is no way of quieting the mind, and of silencing the heart of a mother, but godly submission; the readiest way for peace and consolation to clay vessels,

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is, that it is a stroke of the potter and former of all things, and since the holy Lord hath loosed the grip, when it was fastned sure on your part, I know your light, and I hope your heart also will yield; it is not safe to be at pulling and drawing with the omnipotent Lord; let the pull go with him, for he is strong; and say, *thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven*. 5. His holy method and order is to be adored, sometime the Husband before the wife, and sometime the son before the mother, so hath the only wife God ordered, and when he is sent before & not lost, in all things give thanks. Meditate not too much on the sad circumstances, the mother was not witness to the last sigh, possibly cannot get leave to wind the son, nor to weep over his grave, and he was in a strange land: thereas a like nearness to heaven out of all the countreys of the earth. 7. Thus did not spring out of the dust, feed and grow fat by this medicine, and fair of the only wife Lord; it is art and the skill of faith to read what the Lord writes upon the cross, and to spell and construe right his sense; often we mis-call words and sentences of the cross, and either put nonsense on his rods, or burden his majesty with slanders, & mistakes, when he minds for us thoughts of peace and love, even to do us good in the latter end, 8. It is but a privat stroke on a family, and little to the publick arrows shot against grieved Joseph, & the afflicted, but ah! dead, senseless and guilty people of God; this is the day of Jacobs trouble. 9. There is a bad way of wilful swallowing of a temptation, & not digesting it, or laying it out of memory, without any victoriously of faith; the Lord, who forbids fainting, forbids also despising; but it is easier to counsel than to suffer; the only wife Lord furnish patience. It were not amiss to call home the other youth. I am not a little afflicted for my lady Kennures condition: I desire, when you see her, remember my humble respects to her: my wife heartily remembers her to you, and is wounded much in mind with your present condition, and suffers with you; grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 14. Aug. 1660.

Yours in the

Lord S. R.

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A letter

thereof, by evading the same mischief, and framing it into a law, may heavily provoke our sweetest Lord; yet there are a few names in the land, that have not defiled their garments; and a holy seed, on whom the Lord will have mercy, like the four or five olive berries upon the top of the shaken olive-tree, and their eye shall be toward the Lord their maker. Think it not strange, that men devise against you, whether it be to exile, the earth is the Lords; or perpetual imprisonment, the Lord is your light and liberty; or a violent and publick death, for the kingdom of heaven consists in a fair company of glorified Martyrs, and witnesses, of whom Iesus Christ is the chief witness; who, for that cause was born, and came into the world. Happy are ye, if you give Testimony to the world of your preferring Iesus Christ to all powers; and the Lord will make the innocency and Christian loyalty of his defamed and despised witnesses in this land, to shine to after-generations, and will take the man-child up to God and to his throne, and prepare a hiding-place in the wilderness, for the mother, and cause the earth to help the woman. Be not terrified: fret not: forgive your enemies: bless and curse not: for though both you and I should be silent, sad and heavy is the judgment and indignation from the Lord, that is shiding the unfaithful watchmen of the Church of Scotland. The souls under shaghter are crying for justice, and there is an answer returned already. The Lords salvation will not tarry, cast the burden of wife and children, on the Lord Christ, he cares for you, and them: your blood is precious in his sight. The everlasting consolations of the Lord bear you up, and give you hope: for your salvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

St. Andrews, Feb. 13, 1641. Your own Brother,

S. R.

To ABERDEEN.

Reverend and dearly beloved in the Lord;

GRACE be to you and peace, from God our Father, & from the Lord Iesus Christ. There were some who rendered thanks, with knees bowed to him, of whom is named

named the whole family in Heaven and earth, when they heard of your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus; and rejoiced not a little, that where Christ was scarce named in favouriness and power of the Gospel, even in *Aberdeen*, that there Christ hath a few names precious to him, who shall walk with him in white. We looked on it (He knoweth, whom we desire to serve in our spirit, in the Gospel of his son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, *the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose.* But now it is more grievous to us, than a thousand deaths, when we hear, that you are shaken, and to soon removed from that, which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. *Dear beloved, the sheep follow Christ, who called them by name, a stranger they will not follow; but they flee from him; for they know not the voice of a stranger.* You know the way, by which you were sealed to the day of redemption; and ye received the Spirit by the hearing of faith; part not with that way, except ye see there be no rest for your souls therein; neither listen to them, that say, many were converted under *Episcopal*, as well as under *presbyterial* government; And yet the godly gave testimony against Bishops: for the instruments of conversion loathed *Episcopacy*, with the ceremonies thereof, and never sealed it with their sufferings. But we shall desire instances of any engaged by oaths, and by the sufferings of the faithful messengers of God, and the manifestation of the Lords presence, in the way you now forsake, who yet turned from it, and went one step toward sinful separation, and did it in that way you now aim at, and did yet flourish and grow in grace. But we can bring proofs of many, who left it, & went further on to abominable ways of error. And you have it not in your power, where you shall lodge at night, having once left the way of God, & many, we know, lost peace and communion with God, and fell in a condition of withering, and not being able to find their lovers; were forced to return to their first Husband. We shall entreat you, consider what a stumbling it is to malignant opposers of the way and cause of God, who with their ears heard you, and with their eyes saw you, so strenuously take

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A letter from

MR. SAMUEL RUTHERFOORD

To Mr WILLIAM GUTHRY.

When the Army was at *Stirling*, after the defeat at *Dunbar*, & the godly in the west were falsely branded, with intended compliance with the Usurpers: about the time when these debates, and that difference concerning the publick resolutions, arose.

Reverend Brother;

I Did not dream of such shortness of breath, & fainting in the way toward our countrey. I thought, I had no more to do, but die in my nest, and bow down my sinful head, and let him put on the crown, and so end. I have suffered much, but this is the thickest darkness, and the straitest step of the way I have yet trod. I see more suffering yet behind, and I fear from the keepers of the vine. Let me obtain of you, that you would press upon the Lords people, that they would stand far off from these merchants of souls, com't in amongst you. If the way revealed in the word, be *that way*, we then know these soul-keepers and traffickers shew not the way of salvation. Alas! Alas! poor I am, utterly lost, my share of heaven is gone, and my hope is perished, and I am cut off from the Lord, if hitherto out of the way: but I dar not judge kind Christ; for, if it may be but permitted, (with reverence to his greatness and highness be it spoken) I will before witnesses produce his own hand, that he said, *this is the way, walk thou in it*, and he cannot except against his own seal. I profess, I am almost broken and a little sleepy, and would fain put off this body; but this is my infirmity, who would be under the shadow and covert of that good land, once to be without the reach & blast of the terrible one. But I am a fool, there is none that can over-bid, or take my lodging over my head, since Christ hath taken it for me. Dear Brother, help me, and get me the help of their prayers, who are with you, in whom is my delight. You are much suspected of intended compliance: I mean not of you only, but of all the people of God with you.

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It is but a poor thing, the fulfilling of my joy; but let me obtest all the serious seekers of his face, his secret sealed ones, by the strongest consolation of the Spirit, by the gentleness of Jesus Christ, that plant of renown, by your last accounts, and appearing before God, when the white throne shall be set up, be not deceived with their fair words: Though my spirit be astonished, at the cunning distinctions, which are found out in the matters of the Covenant, that help may be had against these men; yet my heart trembles to entertain the least thought of joyning with these deceivers. Grace, grace be with you, Amen.

St Andrews.

Your own Brother in our common

Lord and Saviour, S. R.

For my reverend Brother, Christ's Souldier in bonds,

Mr JAMES GUTHRY,

Minister of the Gospel at Stirling.

Dear Brother,

WE are very oft comforted with the word of promise, tho we stumble not a little at the work of holy providence. Some earthly men flourishing as a green herb, and the people of God counted as sheep for the slaughter, & killed all the day long; and yet both word of promise, and works of providence are from him, whose ways are equal, straight, holy and spotless. As for me, when I think of Gods dispensations, he might justly have brought to the market-cross, and to the light, my unseen & secret abominations, which would have been no small reproach to the holy name, and precious truths of Christ; but in mercy he hath covered these, and shapen and carved out more honourable causes of suffering, of which we are unworthy. And now, *Dear Brother*, much depends upon the way and manner of suffering, especially, that his precious truths be owned, with all heavenly boldness; and a reason of our hope given, in meekness and fear; and the royal crown, and absolute supremacy of our Lord Jesus Christ, the prince of the Kings of the earth, avouched, as becomes. For certain it is, Christ will reign the Fathers King in mount Zion. And his sworn Covenant will not be buried. It is not denied, but our practical breach of Covenant first, and then our legal breach these-

thereof, by enacting the same mischief, and framing it into a law, may heavily provoke our sweetest Lord; yet there are a few names in the land, that have not defiled their garments; and a holy seed, on whom the Lord will have mercy, like the four or five olive berries upon the top of the shaken olive-tree, and their eye shall be toward the Lord their maker. Think it not strange, that men devise against you, whether it be to exile, the earth is the Lords; or perpetual imprisonment, the Lord is your light and liberty; or a violent and publick death, for the kingdom of heaven consists in a fair company of glorified Martyrs, and witnesses, of whom Iesus Christ is the chief witness; who for that cause was born, and came into the world. Happy are ye, if you give Testimony to the world of your preferring Iesus Christ to all powers; and the Lord will make the innocency and Christian loyalty of his defamed and despised witnesses in this land, to shine to after-generations, and will take the man-child up to God and to his throne, and prepare a hiding-place in the wilderness for the mother, and cause the earth to help the woman. Be not terrified: let not forgive your enemies: bless and curse not: for though both you and I should be silent, sad and heavy is the judgment and indignation from the Lord, that is hiding the unfaithful watchmen of the Church of Scotland. The souls under the altar are crying for justice, and there is an answer returned already. The Lords salvation will not tarry, cast the burden of wife and children on the Lord Christ, he cares for you, and them: your blood is precious in his sight. The everlasting consolations of the Lord bear you up, and give you hope: for your salvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

St. Andrews, Feb. 13. 1661. Your own Brother,

S. R.

TO ABERDEEN.

Reverend and dearly beloved in the Lord;

GRACE be to you and peace, from God our Father, & from the Lord Iesus Christ. There were some who rendered thanks, with knees bowed to him, of whom is named

named the whole family in heaven and earth, when they heard of your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus, and rejoiced not a little, that where Christ was scarce named in favouriness and power of the Gospel, even in *Aberdeen*, that there Christ hath a few names precious to him, who shall walk with him in white. We looked on it (He knoweth, whom we desire to serve in our spirit, in the Gospel of his son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, *the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose.* But now it is more grievous to us, than a thousand deaths, when we hear, that you are shaken, and so soon removed from that, which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. *Dear* beloved, the sheep follow Christ, who called them by name, a stranger they will not follow, but they flee from him; for they know not the voice of a stranger. You know the way, by which you were sealed to the day of redemption, and ye received the Spirit by the hearing of faith, part not with that way, except ye see there be no rest for your souls therein; neither listen to them, that say, many were converted under *Episcopal*, as well as under *presbyterial* government; And yet the godly gave testimony against Bishops: for the instruments of conversion loathed *Episcopacy*, with the ceremonies thereof, and never sealed it with their sufferings. But we shall desire instances of any engaged by oaths, and by the sufferings of the faithful messengers of God, and the manifestation of the Lords presence, to the way you now forsake, who yet turned from it, and went one step toward sinful separation, and did it in that way you now aim at, and did yet flourish and grow in grace. But we can bring proofs of many, who left it, & went further onto abominable ways of error. And you have it not in your power, where you shall lodge at night, having once left the way of God, & many, we know, lost peace and communion with God, and fell in a condition of withering, and not being able to find their lovers, were forced to return to their first Husband. We shall entreat you, consider what a stumbling it is to malignant opposers of the way and cause of God, who with their ears heard you, and with their eyes saw you, so strenuously take

part with the godly in their sufferings, and profess your selves for religion, truth, doctrine, government of the house of God, his Covenant and cause; if now you build again what you once destroyed, and destroy what you builded; and shall you not make your selves, by so doing, transgressors? How shall it wound the hearts of the Godly, stain the profession, darken the glory of the Gospel, shake the faith of many, weaken the hands of all, if you, and you first of all in this kingdom, shall stretch out the hands to raze the walls of our *Jerusalem*, by reason of which the Lord made her terrible, as an army with banners; for when Kings came, and saw the palaces and bulwarks thereof, they marvelled and were troubled, and hasted away, fear took hold upon them there, and pain as of a woman in travel. And we shall be grieved, if you should be heirs to the guiltiness of breaking down the same hedge of the vineyard, for the which the sad indignation of God pursueth this day the royal family, many nobles, houses great and fair, and all the prelati- cal party in these three kingdoms. And when your dear brethren are weak and fainting, shall we believe that you will leave us, and be divided from this so blessed a conjunction? The Lord Jesus Christ, we trust, shall walk in the midst of the golden candlesticks, & be with us, if you will be gone from us. Beloved in the Lord, we cannot but be perswaded of better things of you, and we shall not conceal from you, that we are ignorant what to answer, when we are reprov'd, on your behalf, in regard that your change to another Gospel way (which the Lord avert) is so much the more scandalous, that the sudden alteration, unknown to us before, now overtaketh you, when men come amongst you, against whom the furrows of the fields of *Scotland* do complain. Forget not, dear Brethren, that Christ hath now the fan in his hand, and this is also the day of the Lord, that shall burn as an oven; and that Christ now sitteth as a refiner of silver, purifying the sons of *Levi*, and purging them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness, and these that keep the word of his, (not their own) patience, shall be delivered from the hour of temptation, that shall come on all the earth to try them. If you exclude.

exclude all non-converts from the visible city of God, in which daily multitudes in Scotland, in all the four quarters of the land, above what ever our Fathers saw, throng into Christ, shall they not be left to the lions and wild beasts of the forrest, even to Jesuits, *seminary priests*, and other seducers: for the magistrat hath no power to compel them to hear the Gospel, nor have you any Church power over them, as you teach; and they bring not love to the Gospel and to Christ out of the womb with them, and so they must be left to embrace what Religion is most suitable to corrupt nature. Nor can it be a way approved by the Lord in scripture, to excommunicate from the visible Church (which is the office-house of the free grace of Christ, and his draw-bet) all the multitudes of non-converts, baptized, and visibly within the Covenant of grace, which are in *great Britain*, and all the reformed Churches; and so to shut the gates of the Lords gracious calling upon all these, because they are not, in your judgment, chosen to salvation, when once you are within your selves. For how can the Lord call *Egypt his people*, and *Assyria the work of his hands*, and all the gentiles (who for number are as the flocks of Kedar; and the abundance of the sea) the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, if you number infants, as many do; and all such as your charity cannot judge converts, as others do, among heathens and pagans, who have not a visible claim and interest in Christ? The candlestick is not yours, nor the house; but Christ fixeth and removeth the one, and buildeth or casteth down the other, according to his sovereignty. We in humility judge our selves, tho the chief of sinners, the sons of Zion, and of the seed of Christ: if you remove from us, and carry from hence the candlestick, let our Father be judge, and shew us, why the Lord hath bidden you come out from among us. We look upon this visible Church, tho black and spotted, as the hospital and guest-house of sick, halt, maimed and withered, over which Christ is Lord, Physician and master; and we would wait upon these that are not yet in Christ, as our Lord waited upon us and you both. We therefore your Brethren, children of one Father, cannot but, with tears and exceeding sorrow of heart, earnestly entreat,

beseech and obtest you by the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, by his sufferings, and precious ransom he payed for us both, by the consolations of his Spirit, by your appearance before the dreadful tribunal of our Lord Jesus, yea and charge you before God and the same Lord Jesus; who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing and in his kingdom: Break not the spirits and hearts of those, to whom you are dear as their own soul, forsake not the assemblies of the people of God, let us not divide. Not a few of the people of God, in this shyre of *Fife*, in whose name I now write, dare say, if you depart, you shall leave Christ behind you with us, and the golden candlesticks, and shall cast your selves (we much fear) out of the hearts and prayers of thousands, dear to Jesus Christ in Scotland. Therefore, before you fix judgment and practice on any untrodden path, let a day of humiliation be agreed upon by us all, and our Father's mind and will enquired, through our one common Saviour, and let us see one anothers faces at best conveniency, and plead the interest of Christ, and be comforted, and not stumbled at your ways. So expecting your answer, we shall pray, that the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: and shall remain.

St. Andrews.

Your affectionat Brother
in the Lord, S. R.

The

The POSTSCRIPT

By another Author.

Christian Reader, whoſoever thou art, into whoſe hands theſe letters may come, in order to thine own eſtabliſhment in the truth, & continuing in the faith of Gods elect, grounded and ſetled, and that thou mayeſt not be moved away from the hope of the Goſpel, whereof thou haſt heard, by the flight of men, & cunning craftineſs, wherewith they ly in wait to deceive, thou art deſired to take notice, to what dreadful and ſtrong deluſions, ſuch who were ring-leaders in this ſeparation, together with not a few of their followers (ſome I except, becauſe God hath excepted them; and I pray, that he may ſtill both except them, and let them ſee alſo the ſin of what ſceſſion they had to this, which is ſo puniſhed in others, while they are purſued and preſerved) have been left, and given up of God. Remember with fear and trembling, how the great God, who confirmeth the word of his ſervants, and performs the counſel of his meſſengers hath fulfilled upon many of thoſe, who fell off from, and forſook the communion of his Church in Scotland, that which this great *ſeer* (much upon his maſters ſecrets, becauſe he had frequent acceſs to lean his head upon his breaſt, who came out of the Fathers boſom) foreſaw would follow upon this turning aſide, and fall upon the head of ſuch forſakers of a Church, ſo often honoured by receiving ſignal teſtimonies of the great Bridegroom's love towards her, as his ſpouſe, in rejoycing over her with ſinging, and ſo frequently helped, to give him teſtimonies of her endeared affection to him, as her Head, Huſband, ſupreme Lord, and Governour. In this we may through grace humbly boaſt, (nay deſpiſe or envie who will, we cannot do leſs, without being guilty of the baſeſt ingratitude) that we have not been interior (O bleſſed be his grace, to whom we owe it) and it is for the commendation of his glorious goodneſs we mention it) whatever we were beyond them to any Church we know upon the earth. It is true this ſceſſion ſeemed at the firſt but a ſmall remove (O that there they had ſtopped their career and ſtood, without going forward when it was downward) and in a matter, wherein the great foundarions of the Goſpel were not ſo immediately concerned, nor ſtruck at, yet, after they had gone forth from us (as a witneſs of his diſpleaſure againſt that rent & ſchiſm made in his body; and that the truth of what his faithful ſervant had foretold them, would be the iſſue of that courſe, might be verified, we, that if they departed, they would leave Chriſt behind them, keeping houſe with their mother, as his wite, in whoſe ſide they had ſpit, and in running thus away, had made fool'a haſte from home) there was no ſtanding nor fixing, till the moſt ferred and furious drivers in that rent, rolled themſelves headlong into this abyſs of all abominations, deſperate Quakers,

and so that place became the theatre the seat, seminary, and seed plot, whence this root of bitterness, whereby the Church of Christ is troubled, and many desiled, has sprung up. And I would also stir up thy pure mind by way of remembrance, that thou mayest be established in the present truth, in beseeching thee to consider with awful regard, how, one parish particularly in the west of *Scotland* with some persons in the adjacent places forsaking us, and falling off from us, upon the same pretence, were likewise in the same manner (after other significations of his displeasure against their way, evident beyond denial, and contributive to the establishment of such, who take notice thereof) left of the Lord, after their many other wanderings, to plunge and precipitate themselves into this ditch, and deep pit, in which posture they still lie, without plying themselves, or imploring the help of others. And tho these and the like might have been warning sufficient, to all the professors of the truth, to have continued in his goodness, while they beheld the just severity of God upon them which fell; yet I cannot conceal it, that, as it is a grief, beyond all that the serious servants of the Lord have groaned under, or do find, because of their other sufferings, to see, how many have followed these pernicious ways, by reason of whom, the way of truth is evil spoken of, so, it fills them with amazement, anxiety, yea sinking and insupportable sorrow, to see not a few professors of the truth, so little touched at the heart for and troubled at, the power and prevalency of these soul-murthering delusions; but walking with as little care, circumspection and fear or coming near this spreading contagion, as if they did not thereby provoke the Lord to leave them to that, which ought to be equally loathsome and hateful to their souls, with hell. Is it not strange? that some will stand aloof from Prelats, and profess a hatred at, and abhorrence of *Papery, Arminianism, Brasianism, Socinianism, Arrianism, Pelagianism, Familism, Antinomianism, Atheism, & Heathenism, &c.* And yet, there will be a fearless, yea familiar conversing with abominable *Quakers*, without all due dread of being deserted of God, and left to a defiling of themselves with Satans slime, wherewith they are beset, and that botch of hell, which is running upon them, wherewith many, because of their too neer approach, have been and are infected; yea and speaking of them as a kind of innocents [which if they be, Satan, himself, in his warring against Michael and his angels is not nocent:] and with less loathing and abhorrence, then of any of the former; whereas, *Quakerism* may be truly called; [if the term be sufficiently expressive of the thing] pure *Devilism*. I mean not only because of what special power & influence Satan has been observed by gracious and grave men, to have had over, and upon the bodies and spirit, of not a few of that monstrous brood; but also because, these have licked up, and swallowed down the dung of all these desperate soul-destroying heresies, hatched in hell by the Father of false-hoods and lies, and whatsoever is in any of these most dead.

deadlie and damnable, that is to them their *doings*; And whatsoever is the most mortal poison in the cup of their abominations, and has the most close and clear connection with the destruction of the immortal soul, this they swallow down, and vomit it up, and spue it out again, in every place; and with a piece of the black art, peculiar to that tribe, dish up this dung of hell, and set it as *manna* before such, as they would make disciples, to be supped up and swallowed down; that they may thereby poison, beyond the power of an antidot, those souls, whom they seduce; and while they draw them after them, drown them in the same perdition with themselves. These are the poor innocents you talk of. What a wonder and astonishment is it, that the very stink of hell, which cometh forth at their impure and polluted mouths, in blasphemies against God, his Christ, his Spirit, his Word, his precious and pure Ordinances, the purchase of the blood of Christ, and the means of fellowship, with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ, should not make all who are, or would be reputed lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, abhor them, as the most odious vermin, and black locusts, that ever crawled out of the infernal lake, or croaked upon the face of the earth, and hear the sound of their blasphemous belchings, as the very sibilation of the old serpent. If the Spirit of God, call a forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, the *doctrins of devils*, what name, or notion, can be fallen upon, or found fit, to unfold the nature of that doctrine, comprehensive of all these doctrines of devils, whereby the Gospel has been from the beginning opposed, through Satans black art and utmost malice? as if in this one shape, and size of enemies to the Gospel, were gathered together and cemented all the several parties, that ever *Abaddon* and *Apollyon* commanded, in his several expeditions against the Prince *Michael*. For this at once, and for ever, not in parcels, & by consequence, makes void the whole Gospel of the grace of God, and the all of that blessed contrivance of salvation, by the son of God, as a slain Saviour. This is such an explicit, unmasked, & gross perversion of the Gospel, that if the *Apostle*, who had the Spirit of God, who had the mind of Christ; who had received the Spirit of love, and of a sound mind, who being filled with the holy ghost, spoke to a seducing *Elimas*, seeking to turn away the Deputy, desiring to hear the word of God, from the faith (the persons are of the same practice, & this is the point, here the captain sets them to stand centry) in these termes, *O full of all subtilty, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right wayes of the Lord?* Would he have spoke to them in another stile or strain, being persons of the same practice? and this is the prey they hunt for, by perverting the right wayes of the Lord, to turn men from the faith, once delivered to the saints, & to turn away the ear of any, whom they observe desirous to hear the word of God, from the truth, that they may turn them unto

their

their blasphemous fables, and bewitch even these into a disobedience to the Gospel, before whose eyes Jesus Christ has been evidently set forth, crucified amongst them. Yea if he would, & actually did cause, even an angel from heaven, upon a supposition of a less and lower degree of perversion of the Gospel of Christ; how would he have sent this race of men packing, without more to do, the way he sent *Hymenæus & Philetus*, whom he delivered unto Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme? As after his example, many of them were dealt with, by our faithful men, when in else; who, by drawing out Church censures, delivered the body from being gangrened by such members: but while we are now kept, from making use of this most proper remedie, the holy ghost has supplied it in a most tremendous manner, and with such a witness, as he must be blind, who seeth them not, carry about with them, the black-like badge, & most unquestionable-like character and cognisance of being cut off from that Church, that he washeth with his own blood, which they are left to blaspheme, and trample under foot, that ever any race of Apostates were stigmatized with. And that other disciple likewise, who breaths forth so much of love, is most peremptory in pressing those, whom he persuades to the love of Christ, and of the brethren, to a professed detestation of such enemies to Christ; in so much, that he will not have any, who would witness their love to him, who witnessed his love to his people, in sending his only begotten son into the world, to be a propitiation for their sins, and that they who were dead in sins and trespasses, might live through him, to receive them into their houses, or give such factors for Satan, the least of countenance or encouragement. And here, by the way, let me set before thee the practice of that great man of God, Mr. *John Lavington* (of whom, without vanity, or being judged to hold mens persons in admiration for advantage, I fear not to say, that in the day he was taken up from us, I knew not so great an ambassage for Christ left behind upon the earth. O to see some, on whom this *Elijah's* mantle is fallen?) as a fit pattern in the case for thy imitation; who, when one of these master seducers, and grand traffickers, to defile the world, and bewitch it into the same damnable delusion, whereto he, as a just punishment for his levity in Religion, and what he himself may know besides, was left, pretending old acquaintance, came to make him a visit, would not receive him into his house, as judging, he could not otherwise have witnessed, his having received Jesus Christ to dwell in his heart and house, then by such a practice; and herein he made himself an example for us, to follow such a follower of God, as a dear child. O let all, who hope to be saved by Jesus Christ, and to whom God hath made him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption: All, who know no other way of being justified before the tribunal of God, but by the imputed righteousness of him, whose name is the Lord our righteousness; or saved and sanctified by his working in them to will and to do, who hath redeemed them from their

their vain conversation by his own blood: All, who being justified by faith, have ever had, or hope to have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: All, who now sit together in heavenly places in Christ, and who are preserved by the power of God through faith unto salvation: All, who know no other fountain to bath their leprous soul in, nor stream to bleach their spotted and black soul by, that they may appear before God without spot, but the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all iniquity, even his blood, who for this purpose did, through the eternal spirit, offer up himself without spot unto God: All, who have found the sweetness of the scriptures, and have felt, how their heart burnt within them, while he talked with them, and opened these unto them, and their ear, and heart receive what was said: All, who have been by these made wise unto salvation: All, that ever have had access to God through Christ, and know no other way of being accepted, but in the beloved: All who see themselves (and the devil hath put out his eyes, who sees it not) under a necessity, though in a clean state, of making daily use of the blood of Christ, in order to keeping up of fellowship betwixt them and the Father and his son Jesus Christ, while here, and of being admitted to have a part with him hereafter (for that mans feet shall never stand within that glorious city, whereinto nothing that defileth or worketh abomination can enter, which Christ doth not wash; *if I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me*, is his own word, to a person in a clean state) All, to whose souls, after they had received the sentence of death in themselves, God has spoken peace upon the account of his Christ, who is our peace: All who, knowing they can do nothing without him, live under a seen necessity of daily drawing strength from Christ, who works in them both to will and to do, and must perfect that which concerneth them, and look only for the acceptance of their service, in and through Christ: All, whose great *All* it is, to be found in him, in the day of their appearance, not having their own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, even the righteousness which is of God by faith: All, who because they have sinned and come short of the glory of God, know no other way, but to throng in amongst these ungodly, who are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood: All, whose eyes God has opened, and turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified, through faith that is in him: All, who have, or hope to have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: All, to whom he hath given an understanding to know him that is true, and in whose heart he has written his law, and put his fear, that they shall not depart from him: All, into whose soul he hath infused, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, while this

Gospel

Gospel is hid from others: All, who have received that Spirit, which is of God, and not that Spirit, which is of the world, whereby the child of God is distinguished from a natural man, who receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, (for the highest pitch and perfection of natural mens light judgeth these things foolishness. *The world through wisdom knew not God*) neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned: All, who ever have been made glade in his house of prayer, and have been admitted to walk with the King in the galleries, where he is held: All, to whose soul he has endeared and commended ordinances, and who have found the Gospel, to be the power of God unto salvation: All, who are begun partakers of the glory to be revealed, and who hope to lie down in the grave, under the comfortable hope of a glorious resurrection, and mur their eyes singing, in the expectation that their vile body shall be changed, that it may be fashioned like his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things to himself; and that they shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the aire, and so shall be ever with the Lord: All, who would obtain the salvation, which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory: In a word, all, who are Christians, on whom that worthy name is called, as the badge of their profession: Who profess faith in him, whom God has sent and sealed to be the saviour of the world; that one Mediator, which is between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all; to be testified in due time; he who is the second person of the blessed Trinity, the eternal Son of God, equal to, and consubstantial with the Father, but personally distinct from him; incarnate, by assuming the nature of man, in the womb of the virgin *Mary*, by which he became *Immanuel*, God and man in two distinct natures; unite in one singular person: who is the substance of the Gospel, and the mystery of Godliness. This which comprehends the *All* of our salvation, and consolation; yea the *All* of Christian Religion, is so wrapt up hetein, that, whatsoever strikes at this, strikes at name and thing of Christian Religion, robs us of the whole Gospel, and turnes us over into pure *Heathenism*, shuts us out eternally from all access to God, and makes our salvation forever simple impossible; for if we believe not, that He is *that He*, we shall die in our sins; and yet every Article of this, that they may forever destroy the foundations of salvation, is by them oppugned and subverted. They, putting a false Christ instead of the true Jesus, the Son of David, our only Saviour; Denying Christ to be the second person of the trinity; Denying Christ to be a singular person; Denying Jesus the son of *Mary*, to be the alone true Christ; but affirming Christ to be a common sort of thing, to be found in every man, as it was in the Son of *Mary*, even the common light, to be found in the mind of every man in the world; Affirming Jesus the true Christ, the son of *Mary*, to be only an ordinary vessel,

Vessel, which containeth this light, as the spirit of every other holy man doth; & so. not only pulling down our exalted Prince from his throne of glory; but putting their false prophets in his place, cloathing them with the glory of his proper titles, as being Christ as well as He; because containing the same light with his. Thus do they blaspheme that worthy name, by the which we are called. Thus do they rob our Saviour, the only Lord Jesus Christ, who is the brightness of the Fathers glory, & the express image of his person, of his glorious prerogative and majesty, and in contempt of this exalted Prince, and Saviour, cloath themselves with the spoiles of his honour. And thus do they rob the Church of him, whom God hath given, to be her Head, and Saviour; that so, having turned the world with themselves into a synagoge of Satan, they may enrich hell. This is the great mystery of their iniquity, and a monster it is, in shew and substance, and in all dimensions of devillry, prodigious, beyond any shape, Satan ever yet assumed, or wherein he shewed himself in the world. The Lord rebuke thee O Satan! even the Lord, who has sent his only begotten son into the world, to be the alone propitiation for sins, and prepared him a body for that purpose; *rescue them*, ought to be the constant language of the heart of every one, to whom Christ is become a saviour. till he cast forth this blasphemous spirit out of those demoniacs. For what else is this, which proceedeth out of the mouths of such persons, but pure *Hellishness*? no man sure, who hath ever heard the Gospel of the grace of God, or is acquainted with the very first principles of the oracles of God; but, he must conclude, men of that spite, malice and dialect, men who talke at this rate of railing against our *Immortal*, against his holy child Jesus, that child born unto us, and that son given unto us, who is yet the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace, must be the very candidates of hell, and have commenced in the infernal regions. where, more black, more abominable, more horrid & bold blasphemies, cannot be belched forth. I say therefore, O let all, who have the name of Christ called upon them; All, to whom that blessed name is an ointment poured forth, and to whom he is precious, even he whom the Father has laid in *Zion*, for a foundation, and corner stone; disallowed indeed of these builders, but chosen of God & precious: All, who seek a sure resting place for their soul; for whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. And all, who know no other solid foundation, for other foundation can no man lay, then that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, be is the sure & sole foundation; let them carry towards this race of *runagades* from the very real profession of Christianity. as Satans special agents and emissaries, who with a malice, infused by their master, and resembling him, and a peculiar keenness, fury and rage, as set on fire by hell, blaspheme the true Saviour, our blessed Lord Jesus, who, being come of the Father according to the flesh, is God over all blessed for ever; and fight against that one, that alone way of salvation, which is now made manifest, by the appearing

pearing of our Saviour Iesus Christ, who has abolished death, and has brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. And in prosecution of this war, and pursuance of this open hostility against heaven, and that it may appear whose angels they are, under whose banner they fight, who sends them, serves himself by them, sets them on work, and drives them, in their restless compassing of sea and land, to profelyte poor souls, and draw them into the same conspiracy with themselves, against our only Lord Iesus Christ, and the alone way of salvation by him, they oppose, as incensed with malice and rage, the mediators ministers and messengers, sent forth to preach this everlasting Gospel, and to point forth the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. And while they are preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Iesus Christ, setting forth Christ evidently crucified before their eyes, that they may look unto him and be saved: And preaching salvation in the name of this Iesus of Nazareth, and testifying, that as God has exalted him to be a Prince and a saviour, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins; so, there is no other name given under heaven, by which men must be saved. These are the glad tidings of great joy for all the people, which make the feet of him who publisheth them beautiful, and this is the main of the Gospel of the grace of God (yea that without which there is no Gospel and no salvation) that all may know assuredly, that through this man, who is both Lord and Christ, is preached unto them the forgiveness of sins, and that by him, all that believe are justified, from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of *Moses*: while I say, his ministers are about this, striving according to his working, which works in them mightily, these false prophets, and seducers, after the same method & malice of *Bar-Jesus*, withstand them, and seek to turn away their hearers from the faith, yea they seek to dissuade the people from hearing the Lords messengers in the Lords message, in the very stile and frame and spirit of *Kablahah*. Let not these men (say they of ministers of Christ) deceive you: Neither let them make you trust in the Lord Iesus Christ, saying this Lord Iesus will surely save you to the utmost. Hearken not unto them, turn you to the light within you. This common thing, that is to be found in every man, That's the Christ which must save you, and nor this Christ, the only son of God (as they, talk, and would persuade you) incarnate by assuming the nature of man in the womb of the virgin Mary. And if among all these Ambassadors, to whom the ministry of reconciliation is committed, there be one, more eminently qualified than another, to whom his master has given a special spiritual dexterity, in beseeching, praying, and persuading men to be reconciled unto God, who has made his only begotten son, the Lord Iesus Christ, sin for them, that they may be made the righteousness of God in him: One whose shining light, and burning zeal proves him to be a star held in his masters right hand: One, whom Iesus Christ does most remarkably countenance,

nance, in his administrations, in making manifest the favour of his knowledge by him amongst the people: One, highly esteemed for his works sake, and endeared to the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his caring naturally for the flock, and travelling in birth till Christ be formed in his hearers: One, by whose ministry Satans dominion over souls is destroyed, and they vindicated into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; then, as if they were the sole *Troopers* that Satan had upon the earth, and his only *Jam-aries*, fitted for that work; or, as if they were sent *express* from hell, they set themselves in opposition to this man, and all who walk with him, in the same spirit, and in the same steps, and do all they can, by their bawling, to blast the ministry of such a worker together with God. As the ministers of Jesus Christ are the men in the World against whom they have the most pure and perfect hatred; so, it is against those ministers, more particularly, who are most tender and edifying, and by whose labour amongst the people, their Lord and master, who sent them, sees off the travel of his soul and is satisfied, that they, as the ministers of Satan, set themselves. Very fit messengers of Satan are they, if any were caught up to the third heaven, to buffet him. I appeal in this matter to the experience and observation of all, who take notice of their way, and how little they trouble others, their master fearing little, or finding little damage to his dominion and kingdom, by these *lazy lybians* and idle *Laiters*.

Let this short hint of that unhallowed generation put us, not only to weep, to see, what a dominion Satan has obtained over such poor unsettled souls, who every day wax worse & worse deceiving and being deceived; but also, to study more caution and circumspection in our way, for the future, and that in order, both to our own preservation, that that wicked one touch us not, nor have access to rumble us headlong in this gulf, and also in order to the recovery (if it be possible) of some, at least, of those, out of this snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his pleasure, let all who would be saved themselves, or would not become a snare to others, by emboldning them by their example, to converse to their perdition with such deceivers, save themselves, and stand aloof from this generation, that they may be saved.

It may and ought to be remembred, and regret by all of us, that when Satan first set up by these *provers*, and appeared in this disguise to act upon the stage, he gained not a little at his first assault, by our contempt and security. For every one thought, the devil was turned *dumb*, & had plaid the wrong card, and failed in his politicks, in falling upon the least probably taking way, that ever he had yet attempted, how either to promote his own kingdom of darkness, or oppose the coming of the kingdom of the Son of God, in so clear a day of the Gospels shining bright-ness. And therefore, however men were amazed at the appearance of such a monster, (and the more they were amazed at its size and shape, the more they thought themselves exempted from

from all care, to trouble themselves in telling the world, that it was such, and whence it came, and whither it went; it was taken by the most discerning for granted, that the devil intended this piece of ridiculous pageantry, only for an interlude, that so, while we were gazing and mocking, he might fill the stage with some abominations. And the more judicious cannot but discern, how the devil in this dress, hath had the assistance of his old *Cabal*, the *Councils*, and by the brimston, which issue out of their mouths, wherewith so many are killed, they may well be judged to make up one of *Abaddons* legions; yet it was put out of doubt with most, that the Christian world, especially these Churches, which had enjoyed so fair a day, and had been in a manner the valley of vision, could not be cheated into a liking of this hell-blak compound of all the most damnable heresies; and judged, that there was but little reason to fear, that Satan should prevaile much, or make any notable inroads upon the Church, while he appeared so like himself; Yea it was thought impossible, that any, who had but the use of his reason, much less any, who professed religion, could be bewitched and profelyted into a way, which seemed to carry its own antidot with it, because its poison was so palpable, and Satan had been at so little pains to buske this hooke, or hid his malice, in designing to murder as many, as should swallow this sopp. Nay, some were puffed up, and trusted at the fear of others, in stead of being deeply affected, to see, what spiritual judgments and plagues, we were thereby threatened with, and like to be poured forth, upon a people, who had walked, so unfureably to that degree of glorious Gospel light, which had shined amongst us; but Alas! it is our folly, to think, that Satan plays the fool alwayes, when he puts on hood and bells! for, he perceiving the temper & untenderness of many high pretenders, who had not received the truth in love, and perceiving how in place of pure religion and undefiled before God, a giddy gaudiness was entertained, as the badge of a progressive knowledge, and looked upon, as an high attainment: Satan, I say, observing the propension of many, to turn away their cares from the solid substantial and saving truths of the Gospel, and how ready they were to be turned unto fables, appears in this dress, and when men in their gaudy gliddiness came to gaze, when they ought to have looked on with the teare in their eye, all on a sudden, he opens this sluice of hell upon them, and spues this flood out of his mouth after the woman, who had brought forth the man child of reformation (by which he was enraged, because thereby cast unto the earth) that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood. Oh if this day we could remember our faults, and weep over our folly, who carried in that day, as ignorant of Satans devices; for, though we our selves had been someway secured against his success, in this garbe and shape, after the light had shined in such a meridian brightness amongst us; yet it became us, to have been deeply affected at this dismal appearance, lest the rumor of the rise of such a

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generation, after so much endeavour to reform the Church, should have given Satan the advantage of treating such a prejudice, against all attempts for reformation. In other Churches, as that they, upon hearing what giddiness and prodigious delusions some were delivered over unto, in a Church of these endeavours, might abandon all essays that way, & bless themselves in a supine neglect, of what is yet unquestionably their duty. But that which gave Satan the greatest advantage of all, was this, that most men at first did, (and not a few continue to do so to this day) out of a kind of foolish pity, look upon them, as a well meaning kind of harmelefs, though half hallocked, persons. And therefore conversed with them, without all fear or apprehended necessity of fearing a being infected with that leprosy, which was got up into their head, and for which they should have been put out of the camp of the Israel of God, as utterly unclean. And hence it came to pass, that he who in disdain & contempt of that snare, said to day, am I dog to do this great evil, began to bark with them to morrow, at the sun of righteousness, and all the healing that is under his wings, & to belch forth blasphemies against the way and word of God. Let no man therefore wonder at Satans success, under this shape, or at the spreading of this contagious leprosy: Nay, let him conclude without a peradventure, that it will certainly spread further, if the course, so proper to preserve our selves and cure them, prescribed by our blessed Lord, the great physician of his Church, be not followed. Let them therefore be muned, that they may be ashamed, when they find themselves sink in the nostrils of all, who favour the things of God; and shut out from all, who are called by his precious name, as persons bearing and branded with another name and mark. Let no man who would not expose himself to the snare of the devil, and harden them to destruction, listen unto them, receive them into his house, or carry any otherwise towards them, than towards Satans agents & angels, who are so known by their talk and tokens, that scarce can it be said, they transform themselves into angels of light, that they may with the greater facility promote the kingdom of darkness. Let me therefore beseech, and obtest all the fearers of God, to whose hands these lines shall come, by their love to him, by their longing after the coming of Christs kingdom, and their desires of the earth's being filled with the knowledge of his glory, as the waters cover the sea; by the love they have to their own immortal souls, & the salvation of the present generation and posterity. Yea, let me make bold to charge them, in the name and authority of the great God, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and by their dreadful appearance before him, and as ever they expect to be admitted to Christs company, and find a place amongst them, who are saved & washed, in his blood, & made Kings & Priests unto God, & his Father, make more conscience hence-forth of abstaining from all converse, beyond the unpleasant constraint of pure necessity with this race of the most degenerate brood, and dis-

paracarpies to the true foundation-principles of salvation, that ever hell yet hatched, or Satan set on work, to counter-work and obstruct the progress of the Gospel. The adequate remedy, it is true, is not in the hand of every, nor any privat Christian; but God has put his plaister into every mans hand, and has made it easy for him to apply it, while other remedies are not within his reach, whereby he may, through grace, preserve himself unpolluted, and pure from the plague of the spreading contagion; yes and possibly recover some of them. Let him but in compliance with the will of God, discountenance these traders & traffickers for Satan, & let him shun all converse with them. Enter not into the path of these wicked persons, and go not in the way of these evil men, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. For their house inclines unto death, and their paths unto the dead. None (at least few) that go unto them, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life. If any despise our Lord prescription, and do otherwise, let neither himself nor others wonder, if as a just punishment of this presumptuous contempt, he be left and caught into the snare. O fear this infamation, which has over-taken so many, to that height, that they wrangle and wrest, without a blot, the word of life, and the scriptures, holding forth the plain path way of salvation, to their own perdition; yes, and as persons sick of an *Hydrophoby*, fear only, and flee from the proper remedy. O beware, lest while you see such a doleful, and to amazeing a spectacle and document of divine displeasure before your eyes, you also being led away with the error of the wicked fall from your own steadfastness! But labour to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and then it is impossible, nor to grow in an abhorrence at name and thing of this abomination, which his soul hates, as the most pure, and perfect opposition to that salvation, which is in Christ Jesus, and the most explicit and plain attempt against the pleasure of the Lords prospering in the mediator's hand, and his seeing of the travel of his soul and being satisfied, that ever Satan made or managed by any mortal. But, I have possibly exceeded the just limits of a Postscript, and therefore comming thee to the guardings and guidings of his grace, who is of power to establish thee, and keep thee from falling, and present thee faultless, before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy, I here submit.

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